

# SCREENLAND

AUGUST, 1925

PRICE 25 CENTS



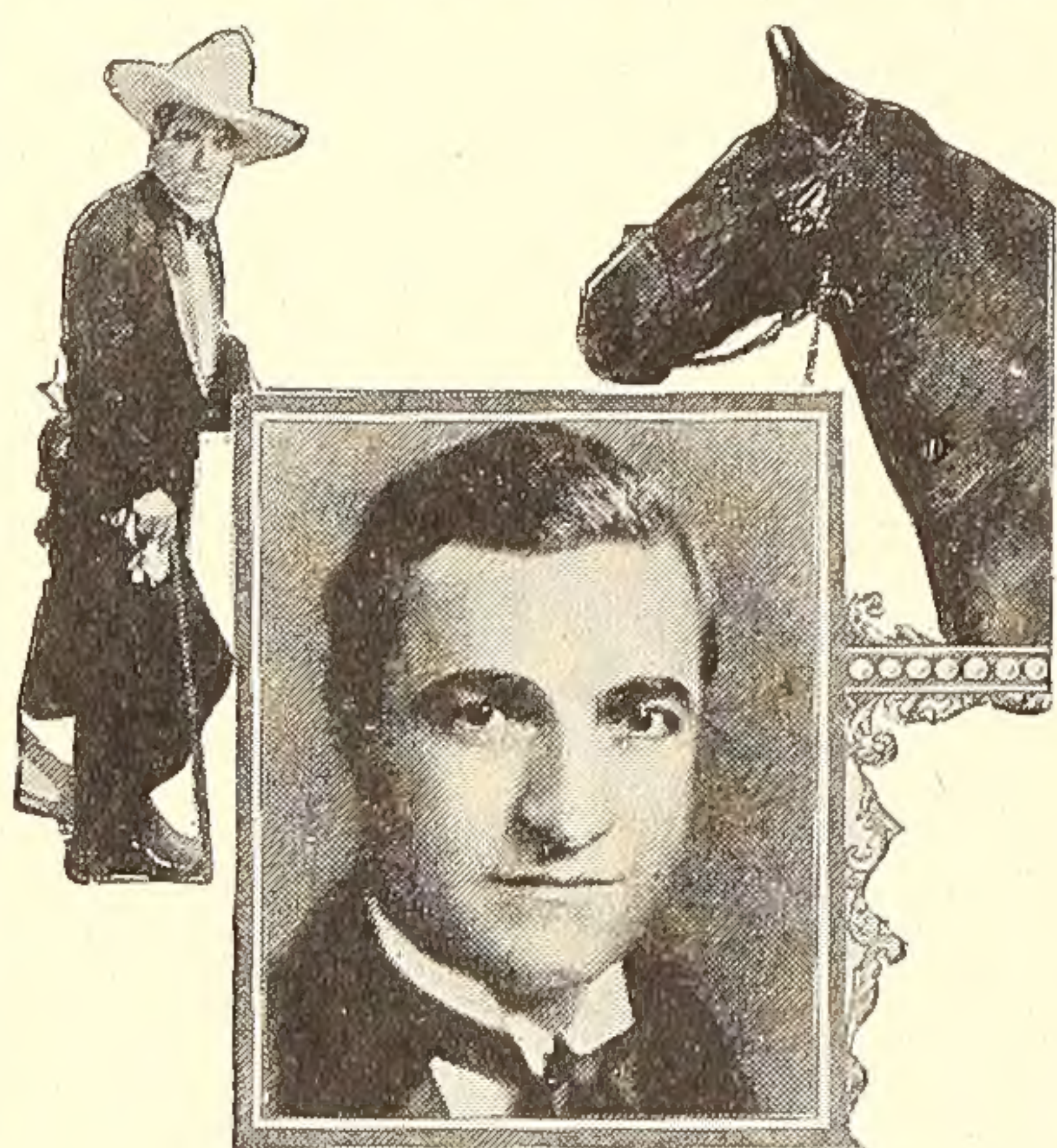
MARY BRIAN, Colorgraph by Paul Hesse

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“Mary Brian, the girl on the cover, is working in ‘The Street of Forgotten Men.’”

# SCREENLAND

August, 1925

*“The Spirit of the Movies”*

VOL. XI, No. 4

Eliot Keen, Editor

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# More Stars than there are in Heaven

LILLIAN GISH

NORMA SHEARER

MARION DAVIES

RAMON NOVARRO

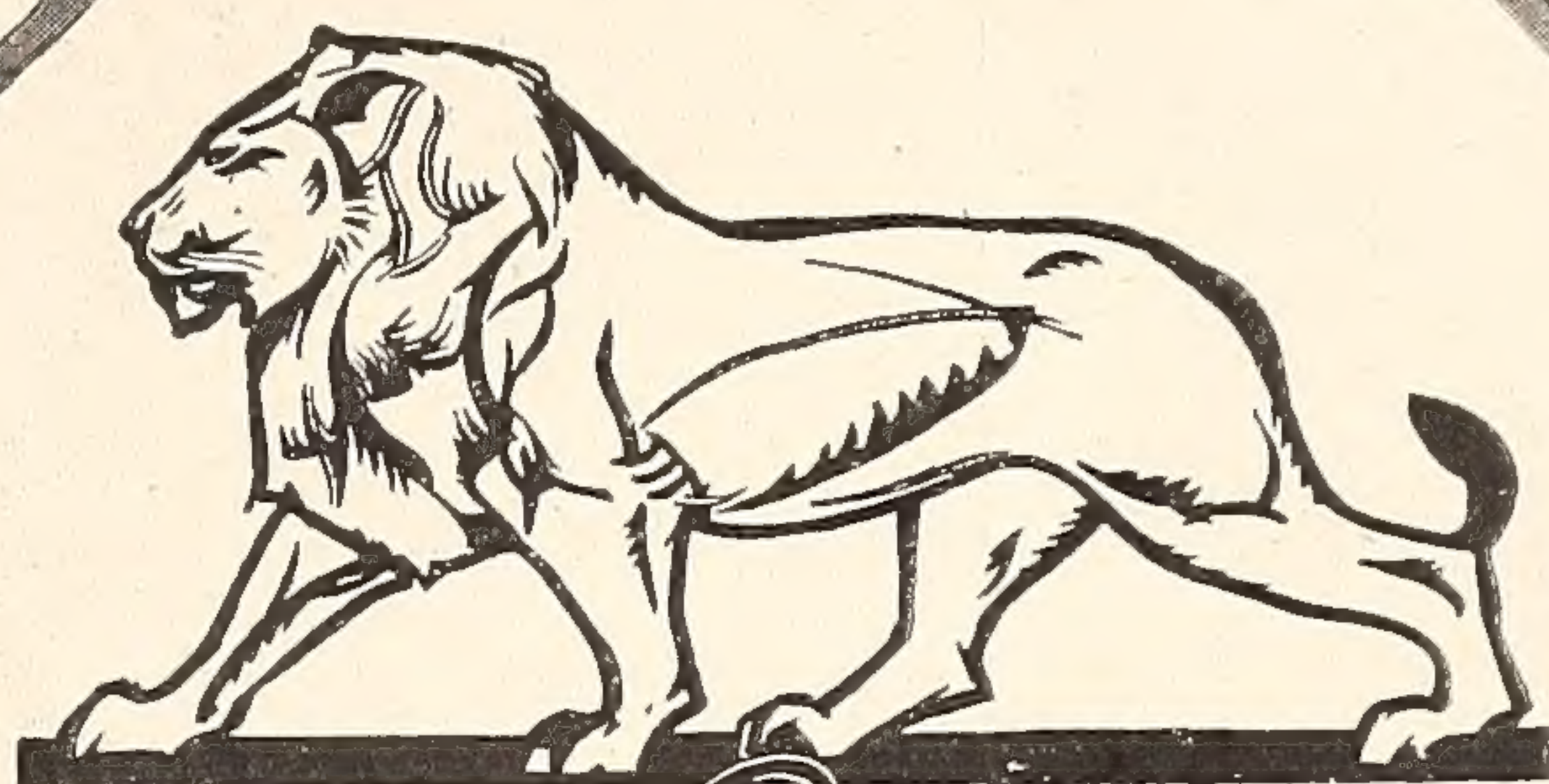
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BUSTER KEATON

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## Metro Goldwyn

In listing the forty best films of 1924-5, the National Committee of Better Films place Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer first with ten out of the forty.

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## *"And many More"*

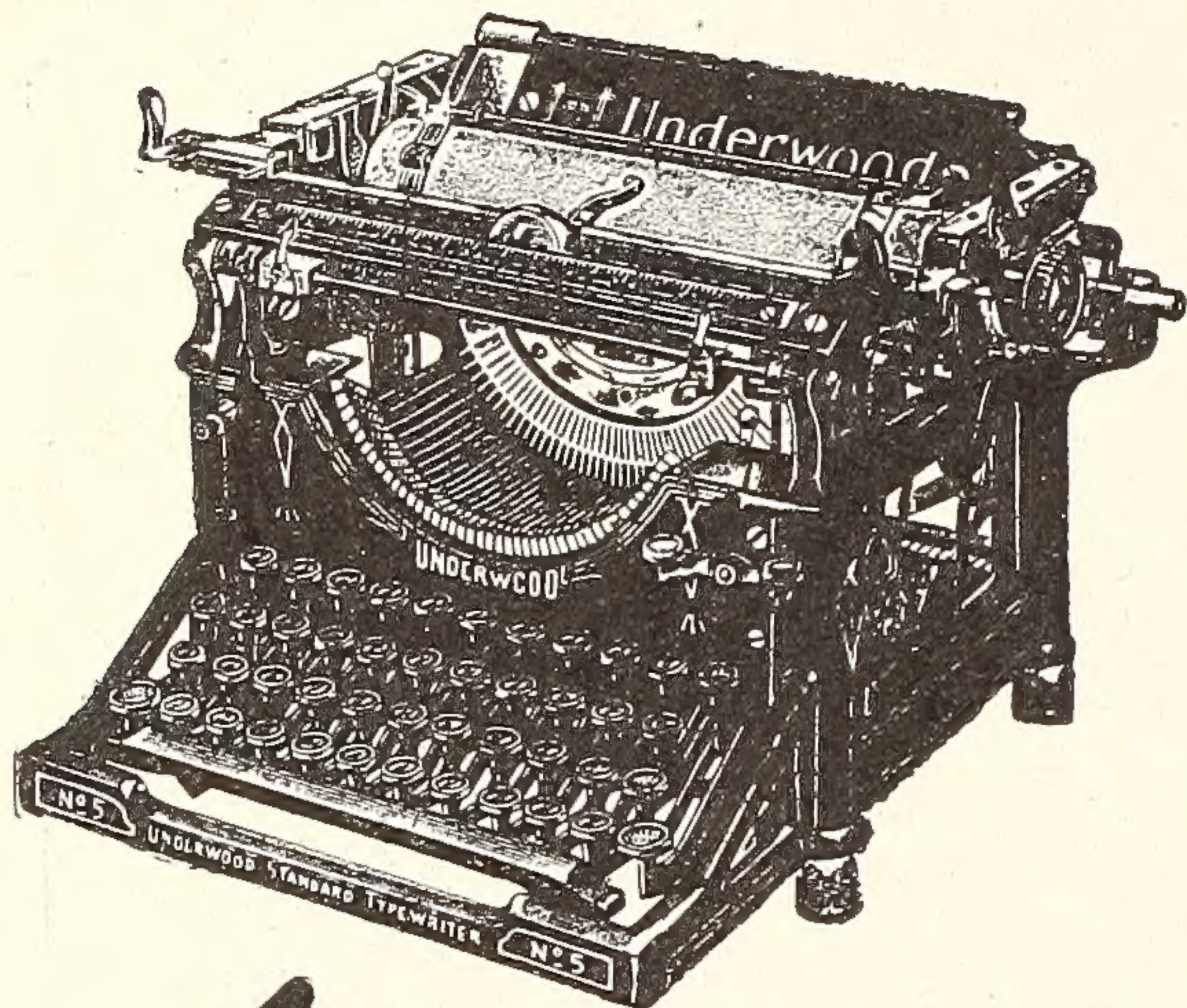
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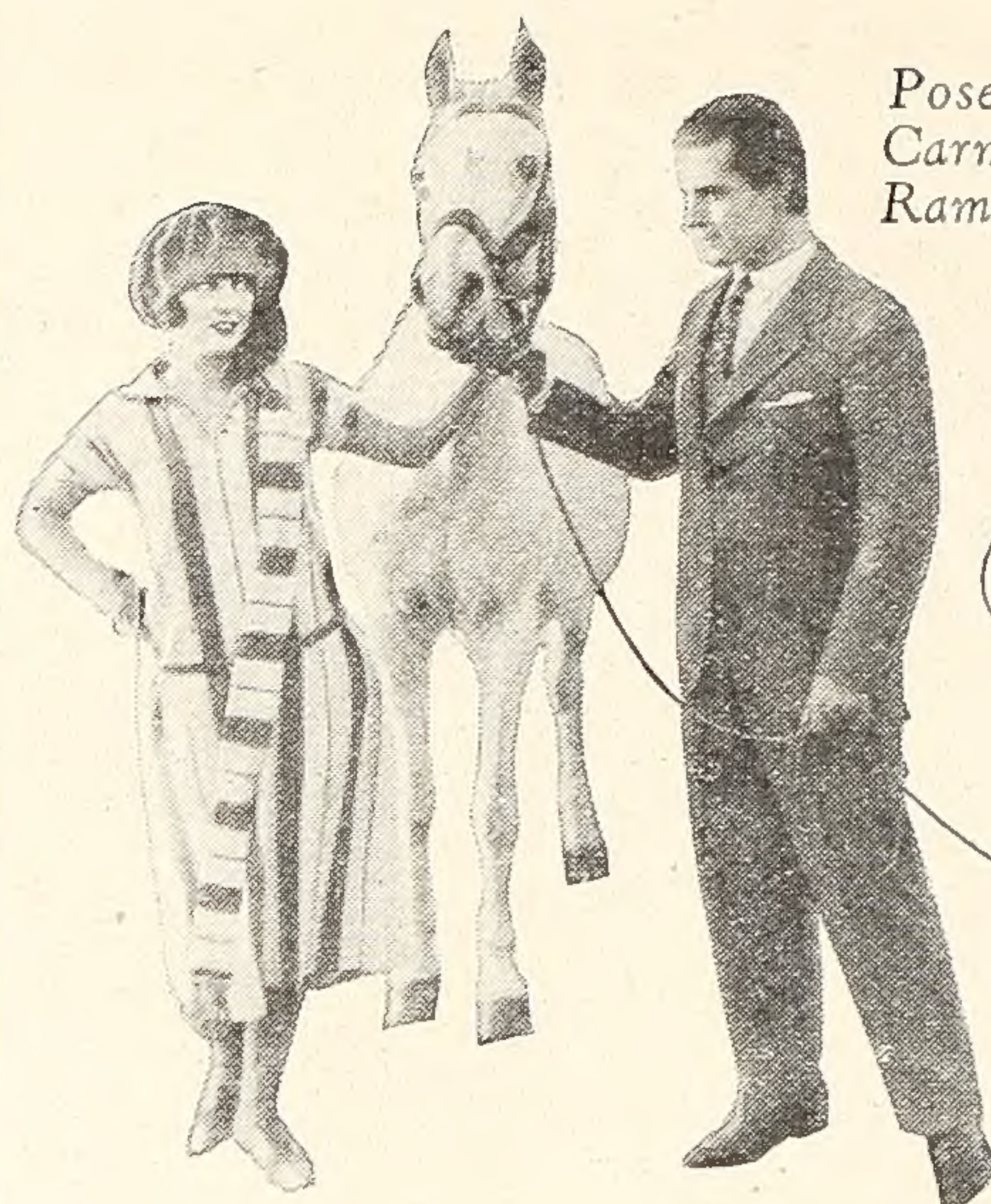
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# Ask Me

An Answer Page of Information.  
Address: Miss VEE DEE,  
SCREENLAND, 236 W. 55th St.,  
New York City.

**G**UARDIAN (Savannah, Ga.). I'll return the compliment and say I think you must be a mighty nice girl. I enjoyed your letter very much and can't do better than recommend the Famous-Players Lasky school. The ages are 18 to 30 for the girls and 16 to 25 for men, so your friend picked a good year to be born in. The school is situated at Astoria, Long Island—just a short subway run from New York City.

**Geo. de Haven.** Estelle Taylor is about 24. Did you know she was very ill while in England?

**Miriam.** Etta Lee has a French mother and Chinese father. She ought to be able to cook, eh? Anyhow that's where she gets her exotic appearance from, and exotic as my boy-friend defines it is "a dame that don't live in the suburbs."

**Celeste (Iowa).** Take my word for it, Aileen Pringle's hair is really bobbed, or is at time of writing. Fred, the very clever hairdresser at the Paramount studios, told me he did the awful deed himself.

**M. H. B. (Rochester).** See answer to "Guardian." The fee is \$500 and an additional \$25 per week over a period of 23 weeks. If you can adapt yourself to any part assigned you, as you state, then I wave my lipstick and burst my gloves applauding a Barrymore in embryo. Much as I'd like to have your picture, I'm afraid I would be too prejudiced. These 'and-some 'eroes with their fatal beauty "git" me every time, and I've got pieces to write!

**W. A. Styles (Montreal).** "The Last Man on Earth" and "The Iron Horse" are Fox Productions. "Marriage Market" had Leatrice Joy as its star and Laska Winter made a great hit as the native girl. Bebe Daniels, Doris Kenyon, and Lois Wilson were the principal female members of "Monsieur Beaucaire." Corinne Griffith, Louise Fazenda, Hedda Hopper, Lilyan Tashman and Gale Henry gave class to "Declasse." "White Rose" was a Griffith film with Mae Marsh and Ivor Novello as featured players. "Fighting Coward" is a Paramount picture, as is "The Golden Bed." Yes, Lon Chaney was the star in "The Hunchback of Notre Dame."

**E. L. H. (Washington).** Edmund Lowe born in New York thirty years ago; Doris May in Seattle (Washington). Edna Murphy is 22 and Chicago claims both her and Blanche Sweet. John Patrick is 25. Vera Reynolds was born in 1906 in California; Percy Marmont hails from Surrey, England. Robert Fraser from Worcester, Mass. Bob's 34. Pat O'Malley is a Dubliner be gob, and 1892 was the year of his birth. Jack

Pickford born 1896 in Toronto, Canada.

**Lura Vaughn.** Thanks for the particulars regarding Robert Fraser, and I note his address is 6356 La Mirada Ave., Los Angeles. Hope the fans do likewise. Change that in your card indexes, girls! I'm a great admirer of the handsome Bob! Wish more stars would send in correct personal data as you have done for him.

**The Orphan.** Sorry, orphan, I'm not in a position to go handing out jobs around the studios. Try them yourself—but keep smiling.

**A. J. D. (Texas) and Nosey Country Girl.** Robert Agnew is at present working on "Private Affairs." He's five feet eight weighs 145, and is twenty-four with blue eyes and dark brown hair. You can probably reach him at the Metro-Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, Cal. Lots of letter about Roberto have come in lately—and that's the sign of a rising star.

**Lillian Rosen.** Since I received your letter, Lil, I've had to go around bare headed, haven't a hat large enough to fit me, honest! Virginia Lee Corbin born December 5, 1909. That is her correct name I believe. Bobbed hair? Yea—even as you and I. You can reach her at the F. B. O. Studios, Hollywood. Her next picture will be "Lillies of the Street." Aileen Pringle care of Famous-Players, Astoria, L. I. John Gilbert at the Metro-Goldwyn Studios, Hollywood. Corinne Griffith care of First National, 383 Madison Ave., N. Y. Betty Compson, Famous-Players Lasky Studios, Vine Street, Hollywood. You should enclose a quarter when writing to stars for their photographs, but I don't know what they do with the quarters.

**Anxious-fan.** Arthur Rankin played Bobby Allen "grown-up" in "Broken Laws." This was an F. B. O. picture.

**Dorothy Jones.** Here are the addresses you ask for:—Ricardo Cortez, Rod La Rocque, Vera Reynolds, Lois Wilson, Betty Bronson and Allene Ray care of Famous-Players Lasky Studios, Vine Street, Hollywood. Robert Agnew, John Gilbert and Ramon Novarro care of Metro-Goldwyn, Culver City, Hollywood, Cal. Ben Lyon, Lloyd Hughes, Viola Dana and John Bowers care of First National, 383 Madison Ave., New York. Constance Talmadge and Claire Windsor, United Studios, Hollywood. Gareth Hughes is playing on Broadway in "The Dunces Boy." See reply to Lillian Rosen.

**Rollo D.** "The Beautiful City" will be Richard Barthelmess' next after "Short Leave." James Rennie appeared as lead in the original stage play opposite France



Starr. James, as doubtless you know, is the handsome husband of Dorothy Gish.

F. Sampson (Chicago). Corinne Griffith will have Jack Mulhall, Ward Crane and Carroll Nye to support her in "Classified," which is from Edna Ferber's story, so Edna can look for better screen treatment than "So Big" received. Wasn't that murder? Corinne is married to Walter Morosco, son of the famous Oliver. First husband: Webster Campbell the director.

Glorious-Gloria's Ardsley-on-Hudson Admirer. Some nom-de-plume, eh! So you are just back from Nice. Well how did you leave the Hotel O'Connor and did you stumble over Rex Ingram around those parts? You see I know something about Nice, too. If you will write direct to the Famous-Players Exchange, 331 West 44th Street, N. Y. C., and ask for the booking dates and towns where the pictures you mention are playing, you'll probably be able to see the films you love over again. Gloria is twenty-eight and was born in Chicago, Ill. A quarter is the usual sum sent to cover postage of photograph.

Arnemalie Thomsen (Kobe, Japan). The nationality doesn't matter, Little Girl in Japan, it's the heart that counts. What can I tell you—you are so far away from the studios that it is perhaps just a little longer than opportunity's arm. Your English is splendid; wish I could write as well in your language, and your photographs are very sweet. Let me hear from you again.

S. N. G. (Jasonville, Ind.). Tom Terriss can be reached at the Famous-Players Lasky Studios, Astoria, L. I.

M. L. P. (Harrison). You want Ramon Novarro on the cover. Alright, I've told the editor of your desires! Ramon is still heart-whole and fancy free as far as I know. Come forth, Ramon, and tell us if you have a nickname; Mary wants to know. Anyhow Ramon legally christened himself Ramon Novarro before a Los Angeles judge the other day. Bebe Daniels' real honest to goodness name is Phyllis and she was born in Dallas, Texas, in 1901. Vera Reynolds is 19. Lois Wilson was born June 28, 1896, and Lon Chaney is about 36. Ernest Torrence is in his forties. Norman Kerry, whom most people believe to be a Londoner, born in New York City. Eleanor Boardman is her very own name.

Esme. Lois Wilson, Ernest Torrence, Jack Holt and Noah Beery in "North of 36." Yes, certainly a wonderful line-up. Robert Ellis with Priscilla Dean in "A Cafe in Cairo."

Theo. Address letters to Jack Joyce care of Famous-Players Lasky, Vine Street, Hollywood.

Two Fellows, School of Pharmacy (Portsmouth, Va.). You may get a kick out of my stuff as you say, but I certainly got a kick out of your letter. Much as I'd like to help you, boys, it's right outside my line. Just because Paramount started a school for stars is no reason why I should start a school for matrimony. I guess the commencement exercises would be held at the registrar's office and the class reunions at the Alimony Club. Why do you want three girls to write to you? Wouldn't two be enough? If I were still twenty I might apply myself. A medical man in the family is such a saving, isn't it? Aren't there any nice girls in Portsmouth? Always thought the Virginia girls were such stunners.

Selina. Ben Lyon's next picture will be "The Pace That Thrills" and then he will do a story called "The Savage," dealing with a young rancher who lands in the big city and tries to cut a dash. You see Ben simply has to wear evening dress somewhere or it wouldn't be a picture.



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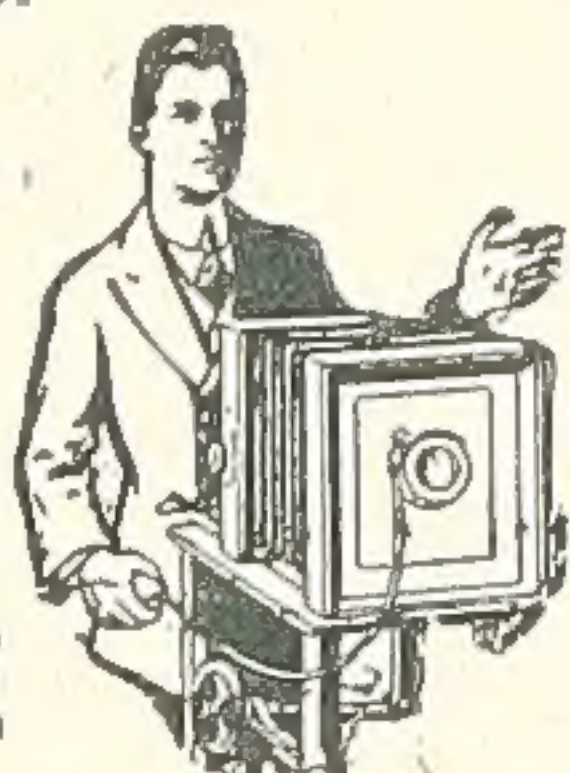
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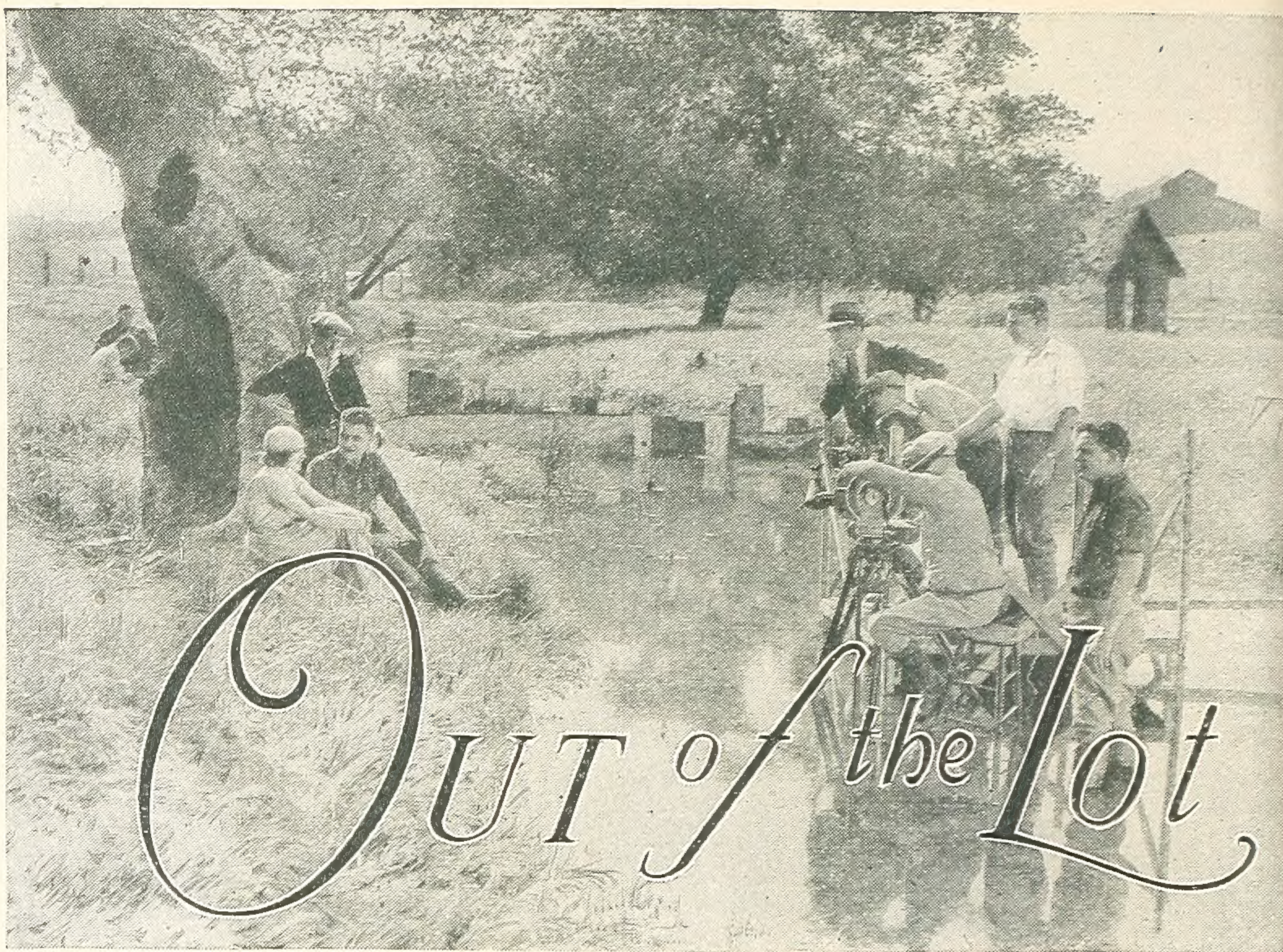


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John Gilbert and Renee Adoree on location making "The Big Parade," a screen play by Lawrence Stallings, co-author of "What Price Glory."

JOHN BARRYMORE, quizzical as ever, returned from his triumphs in London as the greatest Hamlet of his generation, and after a short stay in New York, proceeded to California, where he is now at work in *Captain Alvarez*, the first picture under his new contract with Warner Brothers. Barrymore visited the Warner offices in the usual way of stars while in town; and even smiled at the stenographers; and maybe they don't brag! John nonchalantly remarked that he considered Menjou the best actor on the screen, and went his way.

\* \* \*

SPRING in Manhattan seemed even springier than usual, with Corinne Griffith here. She was accompanied by her husband, Walter Morosco, which is nothing unusual because she always is. She tells a funny one on herself. Seems in California Walter decided to grow a little mustache, a very little one. The first time he wore it in public was at the theatre, with Corinne. The next day reporters called to ask if Miss Griffith was preparing to divorce Mr. Morosco and annex the strange young man she'd been seen with the night before. Mr. Morosco now appears without the mustache.

Richard Rowland interrupted the filming of Edna Ferber's *Classified*, which was the purpose of his star's visit, to give her a tea dance at Sherry's. It was a charming party, with Miss Griffith looking her loveliest in lace and a picture-hat. But there's a story about that hat. She wanted to wear any old thing but was told that, as the star of the occasion, she should dress the part. So she gave in and appeared, regally beautiful. That isn't Corinne at all. Beautiful, but not haughty. Alice Joyce was there, also Johnny Hines. Miss Joyce and Miss Griffith used to work in Vitagraph pictures in Brooklyn and occupied adjacent dressing rooms. Edna Ferber was also present; she sells her stories to First National, you know, and is one of the brightest and most popular of our "literary lights."

TAKE these, or leave them. They may be rumors or they may turn out to be true:

Jackie Coogan is said to be about to place his artistic future in the hands of David Belasco, who will train the boy for several years with the idea of presenting him in *Hamlet* when he is sixteen.

Mabel Normand, according to report, has signed a contract with the stage producer, A. H. Woods, to play in the legitimate under his direction, beginning with a comedy next fall.

Barbara La Marr, as soon as she gets her divorce from Jack Daugherty, will marry Ben Finney—it is stated.

\* \* \*

MAE MURRAY came back from Paris, where a gallant judge separated her from her former title of Mrs. Bob Leonard in record time, even for Paris. Mae didn't linger long before rushing out west to begin a new picture; but she did pause to say she had attended several parties given in honor of Mr. and Mrs. John Harrison Dempsey—one by Dempsey's former foe, Georges Carpentier. Estelle Taylor Dempsey has received several offers from German companies to star in films over there, and may accept after she has exhausted the treasures of the Parisian ateliers, a pleasant task which Jack's devotion is assisting his wife to perform. Among others in the American film colony in the French capital are Pearl White and Sessue Hayakawa. However, maybe we can't claim them any more, as offers from our producers have not tempted them so far. Pearl has become a Parisian institution.

\* \* \*

AT last the plans of both Gish sisters are settled, with Lillian in California making—well, last reports had it that Mimi in *La Boheme* was her first rôle for Metro-Goldwyn; and Dorothy in New York at work in *The Beautiful City*, with Dick Barthelmess. Dorothy's future pictures will be stellar vehicles under her new contract with Inspiration Pictures. Incidentally, the



director of the Barthelmess-Gish combination is an old friend, Elmer Clifton, who has been in the far corners of the world mingling life in the rough. Clifton and Miss Dorothy used to be associates in the old Griffith-Fine Arts Company.

\* \* \*

LOIS WILSON came to town on a vacation, which means that if she can find any time between interviews, sitting for photographers, fittings for dress-makers, and what-not, it's all her own. Lois, at luncheon before she left again for California, looked as fresh and as sweet as she did in the days when she was Jack Kerrigan's leading woman. Why shouldn't she? Despite her protests, she remains the outstanding example of Sterling Young Womanhood in the Movies. The only fault anybody can find with Miss Wilson is in her taste in clothes. As a girl-friend of hers was heard to say, "Lois can't blame people for calling her a nice girl when she wears hats like that." Diana Kane, Lois' sister, who lives with Bebe Daniels and occasionally works in pictures, is one of the smartest young women in New York.

\* \* \*

BEGGAR ON HORSEBACK opened on one of the hottest June nights that any Broadway-ite can remember. Consequently, the audience was not as sparkling as usual. Present, just the same, were Bebe Daniels, and Mr. and Mrs. Jesse Lasky—Mrs. Lasky looked, as always, perfectly charming—the way so many movie actresses wish they looked, and can't.

\* \* \*

FAMOUS PLAYERS apparently reasoned that if sending Herbert Brenon over to England to confer with Sir James Barrie as to the casting of *Peter Pan* was a good story, sending Herbert over to confer about *A Kiss for Cinderella* was even better. Unfortunately, the announcement that the company had other plans for Betty Bronson which would prevent her from appearing in her second Barrie rôle, necessitating the substitution of some other actress, did not meet with the shocked surprise expected; for it was suspected all along that there was only one girl who would play *Cinderella*, with Paramount's approval and Barrie's and Brenon's; and the name of that girl was Betty Bronson. So, though Mr. Brenon did journey to Europe and did confer with Sir James, when he returned he announced that little Betty would get the next plum of her happy career, despite previous arrangements. Thus *A Kiss for Cinderella* may be awaited with almost as much interest as was *Peter Pan*.

\* \* \*

SHORTLY after she became Mrs. Samuel Goldwyn, Frances Howard decided to renounce her career for domesticity, which, declared Frances, is a career in itself. She seems perfectly happy in her decision, too, and so does her husband. Miss Howard was released with regrets from her Paramount contract; and her only future association with the films, she says, will be as a spectator. Since she's a devoted fan she'll have a good time. But maybe she'll change her mind; and here's hoping she does.

\* \* \*

WORK has started at the Paramount Long Island studio on "Lovers in Quarantine," a comedy which ran successfully on Broadway. Alfred Lunt, Harrison Ford, and Bebe Daniels are playing in it, with Frank Tuttle directing.

## Valentino Medal awarded to JOHN BARRYMORE



John Barrymore's "Beau Brummel" was selected by a jury as the finest screen performance of 1924, and the medal, given by Rudolph Valentino, has been awarded to America's Greatest Actor.

The medal is an evidence of Mr. Valentino's ambition to do everything, both through his own effort and through his vision, to raise the standard of screen performances. The medal, cast in gold, symbolizes victory of photographic drama.



The September cover of SCREENLAND is a remarkable autochrome photograph of Marion Davies. This is one of the most successful direct color photographs yet achieved in this new art. Photographs of the actual colors of the stars taken on a peculiarly sensitized plate are only to be found on the covers of SCREENLAND.

## Make your figure slender!

Take off those excess pounds and bring back the graceful lines to your body by using this simple method which reduced the weight of more than 100,000 people last year!

You want to reduce your weight and become slender—of course you do. But you have hesitated to try starvation diets, violent exercises, torturous reducing garments and other strenuous methods of reducing. You would rather be stout than endanger your health by such methods.

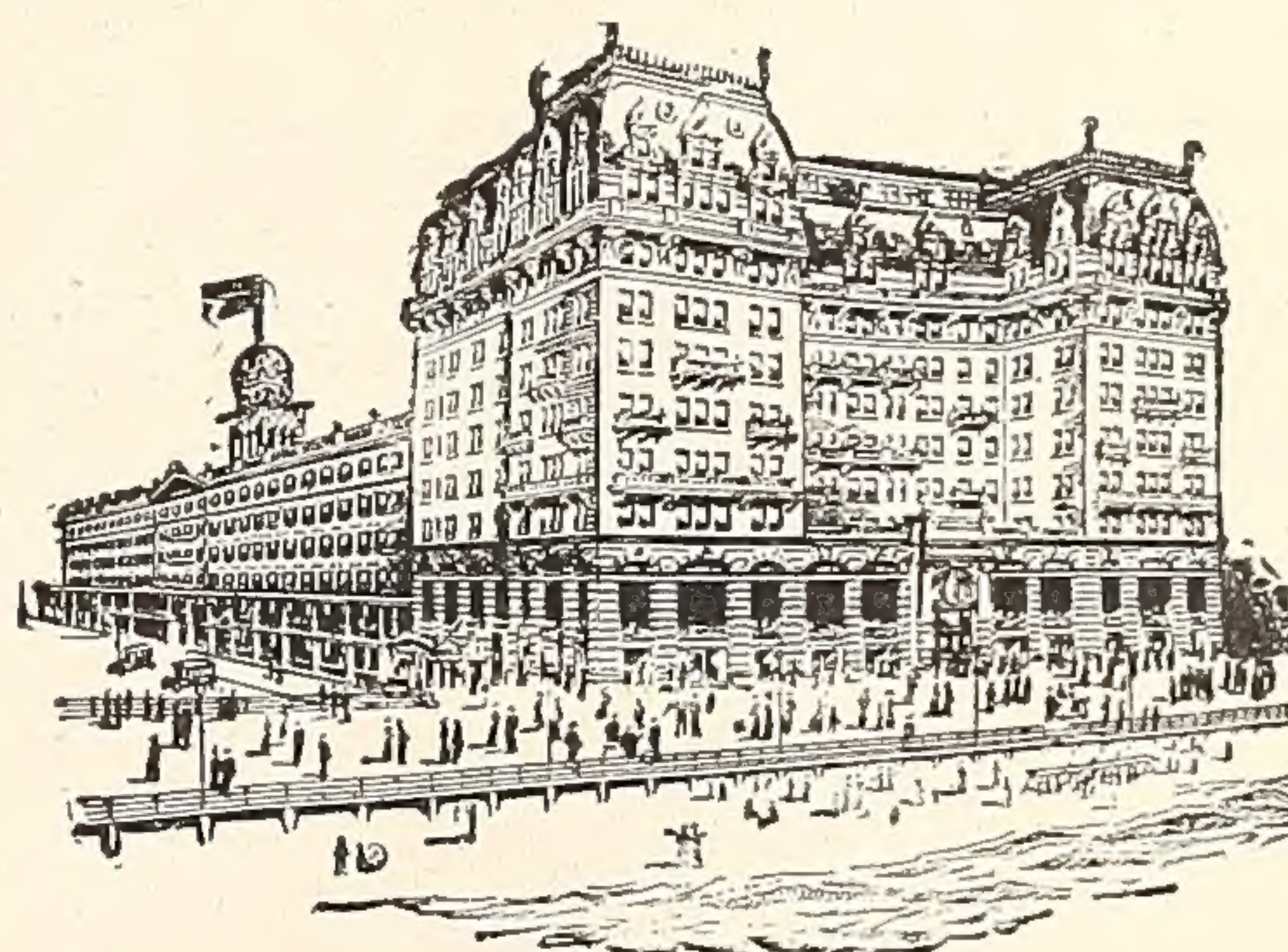
You are right! Don't endanger your health in order to reduce! You don't have to—you can reduce your weight the same way that more than 100,000 people used successfully last year!

Why should you try some new method when you can use the famous *Marmola Tablets* which hundreds of thousands of women and men have found successful during the past twenty years!

This pleasant way to reduce is so easy to use, so satisfactory that no matter whether you have been overweight for years or if you are just starting to become stout, you should use *Marmola Tablets* now. Then watch your excess weight disappear—pound by pound until you have taken off as much weight as you want.

Surely this is the way you want to reduce—pleasantly, easily, without any inconvenience, without any bad effects, without letting anyone else know what you are doing!

Go to your druggist and get a box of *Marmola Tablets* (\$1.00 a box) and start using them today. You will soon be enjoying the good health which slenderness brings. (If you prefer, a box of *Marmola Tablets* will be sent to you in plain wrapper, postpaid, by the Marmola Company, 1740 General Motors Bldg., Detroit, Mich.)



## The Breakers Atlantic City, N. J.

### On the Ocean Front

Fireproof

*American and European Plans*

ORCHESTRA

DANCING

GOLF PRIVILEGES

THERAPEUTIC BATHS

GARAGE

JOEL HILLMAN  
President

JULIAN A. HILLMAN  
Vice-President





**BLANCHE ARRAL**

Beautiful prima donna soprano of the Opera Comique in Paris, the Theatre Royal de la Monnaie in Bruxelles, and des Theatres Impériaux of St. Petersburg. Her beautiful soprano voice is also known to thousands through her Victor Red Seal Records. Blanche Arral's girlish beauty is the wonder of all who know her age. Read here of her discovery of the wonderful Egyptian beauty secret.



# In an Egyptian Harem I learned this amazing secret

**S**INCE the days of Cleopatra, Egyptian ladies have been envied for the clearness and transparency of their complexions—fresh as lilies and roses—with the delicate texture and tint of fine oriental pearls.

What secret of lasting loveliness do they know? What secret of perpetual youth, handed down from generation to generation as a priceless heritage?

On a concert tour to Egypt, Blanche Arral, famous French prima donna, was invited to tea with the famous court beauties in the "harem" of Abbas II. She was amazed at the splendour and beauty she saw. In palace rooms whose furnishings would have graced an Arabian Night's tale, were lovely, languorous women with complexions more alluring than she had ever seen before.

A pretty custom of this "harem" was to invite guests to select a present from among the rich furnishings that formed a suitable background for such surpassing feminine charm. But Mme. Arral, always interested in the enhancement and preservation of her own beauty, requested as her gift the secret of the lovely complexions about her.

Embarrassing moments resulted! The ladies of the "harem" were politely distressed. It seemed that this was a secret to be jealously guarded—one that had been handed down for countless generations—to a fortunate few!

## Great Prima Donna Discovers Beauty Secrets of Egyptian Courts

But Mme. Arral had sung so enchantingly! And the ladies were appreciative. They decided to

The story of how Blanche Arral, famous prima donna, obtained the magic formula that gives Oriental women their ravishingly beautiful complexions.

grant her request—to reveal to her the wondrous secret. She was led to a splendid private pavilion—initiated in the mystic rites—given the name of a famous skin specialist in a distant Egyptian village, who alone knew how to make the creams that these court beauties used with such enviable results.

### You, too, Can Know These Secrets

Speaking of her trip to the Egyptian beauty specialist, in the distant village, Mme. Arral said, "It required many months of pleading on the part of influential friends and myself—it required the attraction of much gold—before the owner of these recipes revealed the secret formulas to me with full authority for their exclusive use.

"The little wrinkles are gone and my face is as smooth as velvet. Everyone compliments me on my complexion, and I owe it to you in no small degree."—G. B. W., Rutland, Vt.

"I want to tell you how pleased I am with the Fleurs d'Orient and the Creme d'Oree. They have done me more good than any other face treatment I ever used. I cannot praise them too highly."—Mrs. P. S., Jersey City, N. J.

"I am so pleased with the treatment. I really see a great change in my face."—Mrs. E. W. L., Bronxville, New York.

"My friends do not know what has happened to me. They say I look as young as my daughter."—Mrs. A. D. B., Los Angeles, Cal.

"In my own laboratories I have made up a small supply of the two magic creams whose formulas I learned in mystic Egypt. I now invite other women to try them and enjoy their marvelous results."

Packed in the loveliest of blue and gold boxes—an ornament to any dressing table—Creme d'Oree and Fleurs d'Orient are now ready to bring to you the same loveliness that they have been bringing to Egyptian beauties for centuries past. Blanche Arral now offers you in her two creams the same beautifying oils, the same enchanting perfumes!

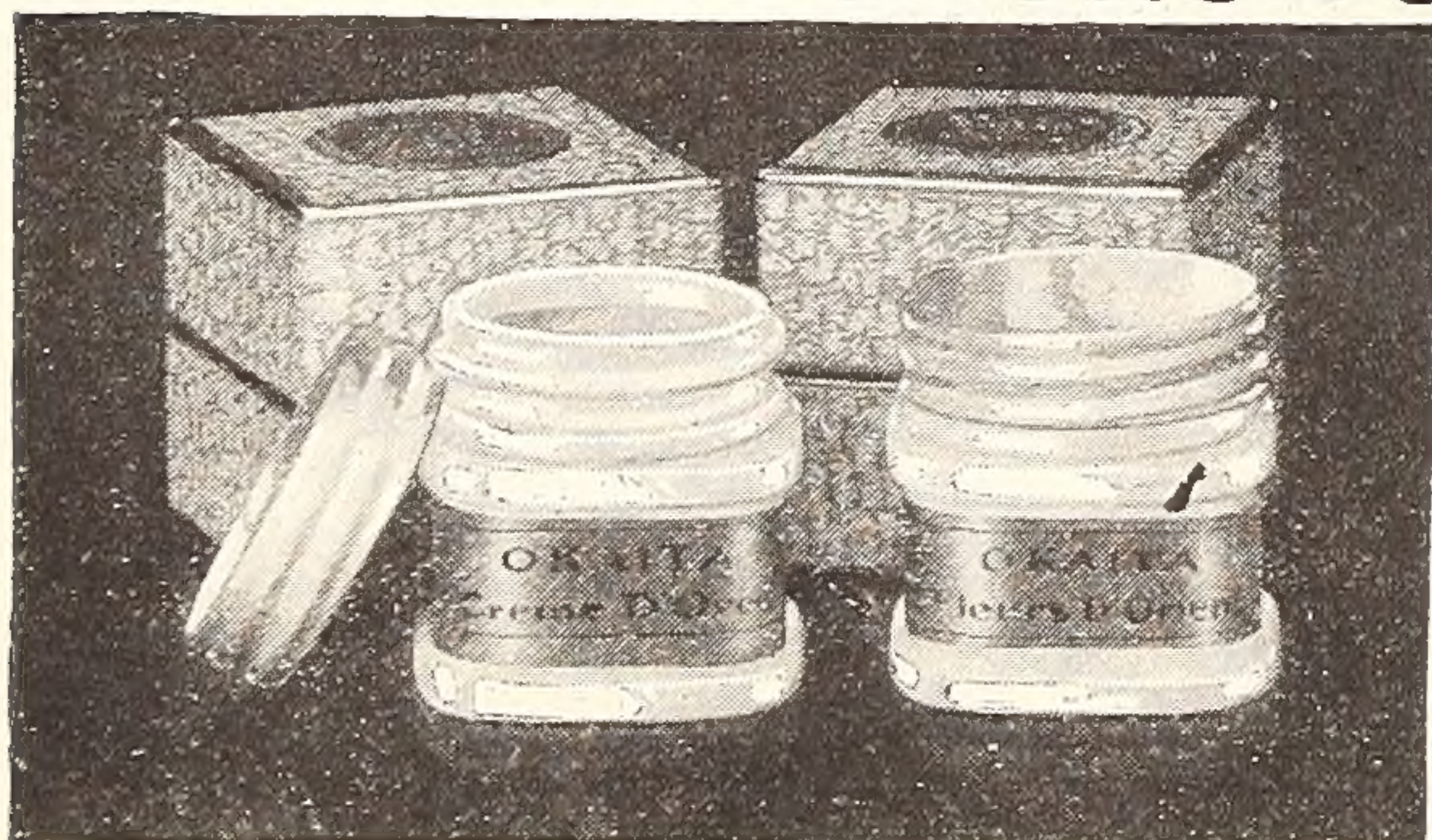
Instant benefits follow the application of these two creams: Lines and wrinkles magically disappear; the face becomes more firm; pimples, black-head, tan, freckles and discolorations vanish; oily skins and enlarged pores are corrected; facial blemishes go. A wondrous new softness and smoothness suffuse the skin. Unlike anything you have ever used before are these two wondrous creams—the true secret of that exquisite, silken loveliness of Oriental complexions.

### SEND NO MONEY—SIMPLY MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY!

You do not need to send a penny in advance. Simply mail the attached coupon and the two jars of Cream will be sent you immediately. Pay the postman only \$2.85, plus the few cents postage, on arrival. The regular price for the two jars is \$5.00, but this liberal Introductory Offer saves you \$2.15. Moreover, Blanche Arral guarantees to return your money in full if you are not thoroughly amazed and delighted when you see the magical beauty that these two wonderful, harmless creams bring. You take no risk, so—Mail the coupon now!

BLANCHE ARRAL, Dept. 18,  
9 Washington Place, New York City

## SPECIAL INTRODUCTORY OFFER



### Let these two Egyptian Creams Bring You a Skin of Enchanting Beauty

Up to this time, these two miracle working creams have been obtainable only in a few of the most exclusive beauty parlors of New York, the price being \$5.00 for the two jars. Specialists have charged as high as \$10 for a single application! In order to introduce Creme d'Oree and Fleurs d'Orient to a wider clientele, this remarkable offer is now made. Both creams for only \$2.85. A clear saving of \$2.15. Mail coupon quickly.

BLANCHE ARRAL, Dept. 18,  
9 Washington Place, New York City.

Dear Madame: I should like to try your two miracle working creams, Creme d'Oree and Fleurs d'Orient, made from the true Egyptian formulas. I shall pay the postman the special low introductory price, of only \$2.85 plus few cents postage, for the two jars when they arrive. You guarantee to return my money if I am not delighted. (If you prefer to enclose \$2.85 with this coupon, we will pay postage. Same Money-Back Guarantee.)

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

CITY.....STATE.....



# SCREENLAND

AUGUST

1925

*A* NEW comedienne has come to town riding high with "THE BEGGAR ON HORSEBACK." Her name is Gertrude Short. We have needed a real comedy actress and now our yearnings are answered . . . in Short, we are delighted.



☞ Her little round face is just made for comedy.



☞ She plays the Cady girl in "The Beggar" with a bright air of pretending.



☞ Her beauty is in her figure and a fascinating profile.



### *The Veterans Win the Laurels*

NOT LONG SINCE the cry for "New Faces" was raised and the industry was told that the public was tired of the old players; as if old friendships could be so easily uprooted from our hearts and their places filled by strangers. . . . ¶ Then a little girl played "Peter Pan," and we gladly made room for her in our affections. This was interpreted to mean that we had ceased to love the talented and trained players who have given their energies to pictures. . . . ¶ While new players were pushed ahead and stars were being discovered overnight, something happened — Gloria Swanson came home. Her remarkable film again put us beneath her sway, and, captured once more by her charm, we smiled calmly at the hue and cry for new faces. . . . ¶ The other day we had the pleasure of viewing "The Little French Girl" and had the fun of seeing Alice Joyce dominate the theatre and heard as well comments on the wonder of this perfect actress. An artist she is, and a beautiful woman; and it is her art that makes her utterly disarming. ¶ Chaplin, the Master, hears no "New Faces" cry. Nor does James Cruze filming "Welcome Home" hesitate to give us lovable Luke Cosgrave. . . . ¶ The youngsters are welcome, but let them learn that Motion Pictures is an Art. Let them qualify one step at a time gracefully and properly to parade the glory of their youth.





Photograph by Kenneth Alexander

Will play "Mimi" in "LA BOHEME"  
which will be her first picture for  
Metro-Goldwyn.

*Lillian Gish*





¶ Mary Pickford is going to give us "Little Annie Rooney"—"America's Sweetheart" in the rôle we love.

# "Let's ALL go

¶ *The bigger and better pictures are here. They represent more money spent, more care taken, and more genius disclosed than any films ever made.*

By  
Vohdah Dexter



¶ Norma Talmadge's public has been begging for another picture with Eugene O'Brien—and not only do we get it but the story is the beloved "Graustark." We always look to Norma for beautiful melodrama.

THIS being Greater Movie Season, I started to interview the Infant Industry; to extol the child's rosy cheeks, the romance in its eyes and the splendid visions behind them; to wax poetic about its smile that sets a drab world smiling. Thus I started out—but stopped ignobly to look in the kid's money-box.

Millions? And authentic millions, too, quite different from those seven-figured fancies we used to hear about. So hold your breath.

\$520,000,000 is paid annually in admissions by the 50,000,000 people who go to movies every week.

\$1,250,000,000 is the sum invested in the industry.

\$200,000,000 is spent annually for production.

\$75,000,000 is the combined yearly payroll of all studios where some 50,000 people are engaged.

While delving I discovered more statistics that answer what most fans want to know. When a picture costs \$100,000, where does the money go? Well, actors' salaries take \$25,000; directors and camera-men receive \$10,000; the story and scenario account for a similar amount; sets cost \$19,000; costumes and crowns, \$3,000; studio rent and managerial and editorial charges, \$20,000; rent of ground and properties of exterior locations, and transportation total \$8,000; while raw film disposes of the balance of \$5,000. But that's merely by the way. The millions amazed me. After examining them I looked again at the Infant Industry and discovered a husky fellow of twenty-nine who really hasn't been an infant since the days of 1896 when pictures were born publicly at Koster and Bial's music hall on Broadway.

Greater Movie Season is the screen's twenty-ninth birthday party. Almost all the important producing companies are participating, to demonstrate the advances the art has made since "the good old days"—which wouldn't look so good if those flickering antiques were revived for contrast not merely with the best but with the poorest productions we see today. Studio work has

been pushed ahead to permit the release of new pictures this month instead of late in the Fall. Naturally every star has desired to contribute to public festivities and the programs reflect their efforts.

For a start, one new star debuts. Greta Nissen, who by her blonde loveliness might be Anna Q. Nilsson, appears with Ricardo Cortez in Paramount's "In the Name of Love." Oddly enough "The Beggar on Horseback," the play that brought Greta dancing unforgettably to Broadway, comes out as a James Cruze screen production at the same time.

Of course Norma and Constance Talmadge are included in the list of celebrating celebrities. Why, it wouldn't be a party without them! George Barr McCutcheon's "Graustark" gives us Norma once more—oh yes, and Gene O'Brien is with her—while Constance introduces "Her Sister from Paris" whom Ronald Colman proceeds to love. Born lucky, that chap!

Mention of "Graustark" reminds me that popular taste must be returning to cloaks and swords and palpitating princesses; because Elinor Glyn also has mixed those ingredients into "The Only Thing" as her Greater Movie Season offering.

An evening at New York's most famous supper club without paying the cover charge is provided by "Night Life of New York." Although Rod La Rocque, Dorothy Gish and Ernest Torrence are the principals, the big event is the appearance of Texas Guinan and her company from El Fey Club. And if you want to know just how the El Fey charmed film folk last season, the only movie immortal this writer didn't see there at some time or other between midnight and morning was Jackie Coogan.

There's unconscious prophecy in two consecutive titles on First National's list: "The Marriage Whirl" followed by "The Lady Who Lied." Corinne Griffith stars in the first, while Virginia Valli and

(Continued on page 95)



# To the Movies"



☛ Mae Murray is coming with "The Merry Widow," a part that fits her perfectly. She selects the idol of the hour for the part of Danilo — John Gilbert.



☛ The much-heralded "Ben Hur" — two years in the making and involving millions of dollars — will be released during this campaign. Truly "Greater Movies!"

☛ Charlie Chaplin's "The Gold Rush" will be the peak of the year's comedies.



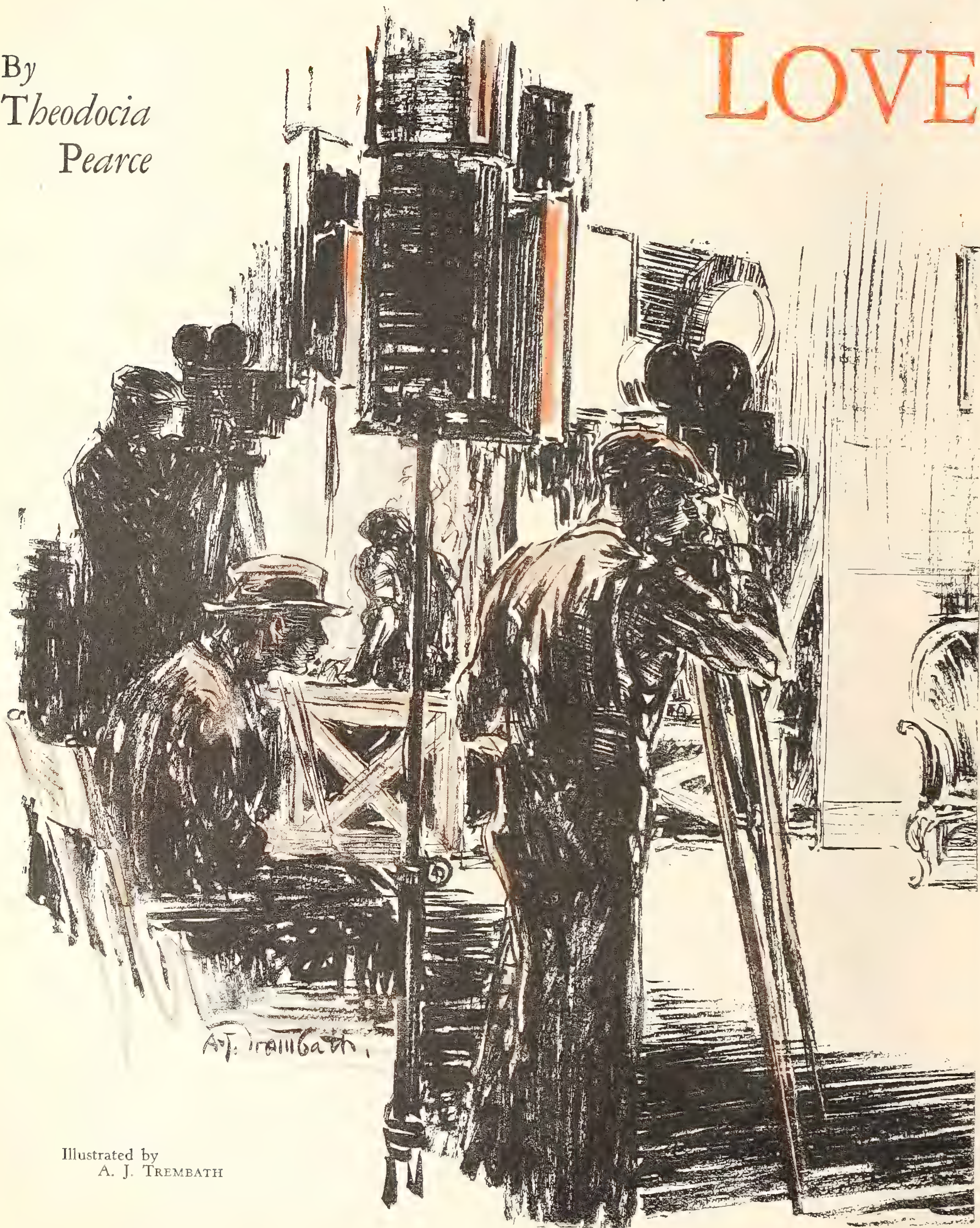
☛ Jay Hunt has brought the lovable old character of "Lightnin' Bill Jones" to the screen, the part made familiar and well loved by Frank Bacon.





# *The* Little Ways *of* LOVE

By  
*Theodocia*  
Pearce



Illustrated by  
A. J. TREMBATH



*Every woman plays a part when she is in love,  
and sometimes the part has a "close-up"*

KITTY O'HARA danced a little jig about her small yellow and white bedroom, while Aunty Peck, coming upon her suddenly, kept time with her clapping hands as she leaned in the door-way. Kitty's eyes, blue as corn-flowers out in the fields, were filled with happy laughter. Her short, dark hair bobbed saucily up and down with each dainty, roguish step. Suddenly she dropped down in the middle of the bed,

pert and breathless.

"Well——" she managed to speak after a moment—"Aunty Peck—you'll never guess what has happened this time!"

The middle-aged woman, slightly grey of hair and given to a generous share of poundage, ceased to clap and rubbed her pudgy hands together.

"You aren't telling me now that they have given you a star part in one of the new pictures?"

A faint trace of shadow crossed the girl's face: "No—it isn't that—not yet," she admitted. "One has to be patient and wait——" she burst into a rollicking, little laugh—"But what do I care about being a star tomorrow, when I am going to have dinner with Herb Boynton tonight!"

Aunty Peck sniffed audibly: "So it's that Herb again," she said. "When are you going to stop being crazy about him?"

"Why, I'm not crazy about him," Kitty got up then and stamped a determined foot, "I'm not crazy about him at all! Not the way you'd think. But I do say I like him a whole lot. And who doesn't—" Kitty flung her arms in a wide gesture—"Why millions of people do—all the film fans across the country. They are still talking about his last picture—and when I saw him today he said he had a peach of a story for his next release. That's just like Herb—always giving credit to the story and none to himself. I'll never forget the fun we had that time I had the little sister part in his *The Wild and Woolly Wests*. All the folks in the cast had more laughs out of Herb than they ever got at the circus——"

"Oh—I've heard all about that," Aunty Peck waved a warning hand. "Tell me a new one, dearie."

Kitty made a wry little face at her: "Well, you talk enough about some of the character parts you have had," she teased, "I guess I have heard that story about your falling in the river when you weren't supposed to fall in at all, about half a

(Continued on page 87)



*In a minute now she would lift her lips for his kiss—and in that minute, precious, fleeting, she must tell him, must let him know . . .*



# "My Public"

*Q The Stars no longer "act" all the time. They save it for the set.*

**M**y Public!"

Can't you just see her, standing up there all ruffles, and curls, and smiles, and sweetness? Before she leaves the stage she will sing a song about flowers, moonlight, or mother, and as she exits will wave her hand and blow a kiss to "the dear little kiddies who come to see my pictures." You remember her.

The rest of the speech might vary a little, but it almost always began, "Whatever I do, I think of them—of that vague mass we call our audience; and if I can hear only the teensiest, weensiest ripple of applause, I will know that I have not worked in vain." Sometimes a daring star would add that, whatever she had accomplished, she owed to her mother, or maybe her little brother; or, in extreme cases, her director. Whatever it was she owed it to somebody; and she gave everybody to understand that what she owed was a great blessing to the world.

What she really meant to say was, "My Box-Office! How was I supposed to know that they liked me better in society parts? Why can't they stick to one kind of picture? What a life, anyway, trying to please a lot of dumbbells!" And, exiting, kissing her fingers to the audience, she wished she could thumb her nose at them.

You remember—I remember. It wasn't so long ago that a star seized upon the chance,

*Q D. W. Griffith introduced methods and fathered beauty and made "pictures" into a real art.*



*Q Gloria offstage with Richard Arlen and Lawrence Gray. As unpretentious as she is talented.*



# A confidential chat with a girl who knows the players.

By  
Delight  
Evans

at personal appearances, or at banquets, to say something about her dear Public. If there was anything she loved more, she added, it was her Art; but, after all, it was for her Public's sake that she lived for her work, just to lay it at their feet. You got the impression of the poor little soul struggling through fire and water, and worse, just to please her "fans." It was not too much for her to do for them—no, no! But she did hope, now that she had done so much, that she would be appreciated.

As far as actual suffering



Q They put Shirley Mason in the third part of "The Talker" and she stole the picture.



Q Yes, this is the new "find," Larry Gray.



Q Pola has found her friends so numerous that she doesn't highlight any one NOW.

was concerned, I think the interviewers could have given the stars a few tips. That vamp, for instance, who received us in a cabalistic gown in a darkened room reeking with incense. She crooned about her Egyptian ancestry. It would have been no surprise to see a serpent glide out from the heavy hangings. When such was intimated in an interview, the vamp wrote burning letters in purple ink. I got mine. It said: "There is One who avenges all lies, insults, and betrayals. I put it up to Him." This letter, with its savage signature engraved at the top and scrawled at the bottom, may still be seen, under glass, in the interviewer's palatial hut, admission one diamond pin; children barred.

Then there was the little lady who occupied a big house in a smart suburb. There was a fountain on the front lawn. She put on a one-piece bathing suit and posed for a cameraman splashing about her fountain. Soon after, she moved. The neighbors, clearly, did not appreciate her Art.

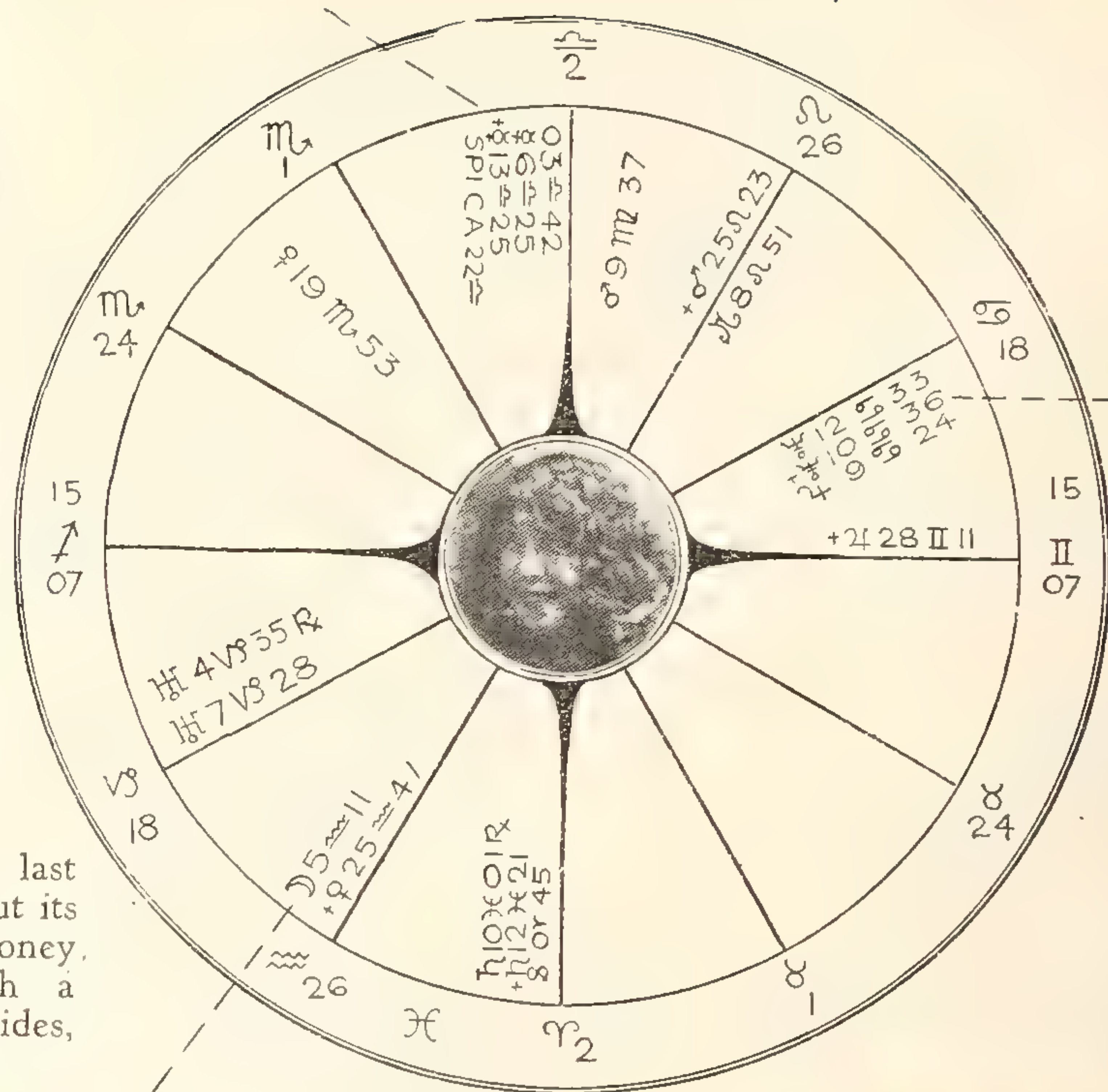
There was always the ingenue who received her Public's special representative while reclining on a lacy chaise-longue, stroking her pet Pekingese—a detestable pup. All she hoped for, she said, was to get a chance to do finer, more artistic things. The vulgar masses might not appreciate her efforts, but the *hoi polloi* certainly would. She also said that if she could not play the parts as she felt them, she would be content to go about in rags, or practically nothing at all. I believed her.

At this same session, she escorted me into her boudoir and showed me her new negligees and squirted imported perfumes in my face. Art? What was his last name?

But times have changed. So have styles in vamps and ingenues. It is no longer smart to talk about art. The thing to do now is to disparage it. Movies are an industry. The motion picture star, new model, is a working girl—she admits it herself. The girl. (Continued on page 80)



THE theory of astrology is that at the moment of birth the planets influence the child. This chart of Minette Humphreys shows that constellation Libra was above her and the sun in the sign of Libra, and also shows the position of the other planets on September 27, 1906, when, at 11:48 A. M., she began the life which is now about to be filmed. The Libra influences blessed her with artistic abilities. Mercury, also overhead, bestowed a quick-acting mentality. Spica is a star that gives fame and it, also, was over Bedford City, Virginia, the day she was born.



JUPITER is Miss Humphreys' ruling star. At her birth it was about to set, but it left behind a blessing of health on the little First National player—and a flair for appearing in public.

THE moon, nearing the last quarter, had not risen, but its influence will draw money toward Minette through a career, and, like the tides, this flow will fluctuate.

# Minette Humphreys WINS

## SCREENLAND HOROSCOPE CONTEST

Miss Minette Humphreys,  
1108 Upper Third Street,  
Evansville, Indiana.

My dear Miss Humphreys:

Miss Carleton, the astrologer for SCREENLAND, after weeks of most careful study has found that you, among all the girls who sent in their birth dates, have the most favorable horoscope and so, young lady, this is to tell you that the first step up toward your very bright future has been made.

I took your photographs to the office of the First National Pictures and showed Mr. Rowland and a number of his associates your smiling face and read to them the report which Miss Carleton had written; within a few days you will receive a letter from Mr. Rowland arranging for you to come to New York and play a part in a picture.

How exciting and overwhelming this news must be to you! In the first place all your friends in Evansville will be happy at your good luck; then you will come on to New York and your picture will be in the papers; and finally, after you have been introduced

to Mr. Earl Hudson and other great directors of the First National Studios, and perhaps to Doris Kenyon, Dorothy Mackaill, Ben Lyon, Anna Q. Nilsson and the other successful players, the day will come when your part will be outlined to you.

First National Pictures will supply you with whatever clothes you may need for the part as, of course, they will supply you with your expenses and pay you a salary while you are working. You will have some tests made probably, and I suppose you will be very frightened. But when you come to try out the part that they have given you, everyone will be very kind and patient, and even though these are important people, you will find them the most simple and lovable friends that you ever had. And then the great day will come when you play the scene through with the lights flashing and the music playing, and your great moment will be upon you.

The camera is a wonderful machine and it shows what the actors are thinking about. If, when they take these scenes, you can forget Minette Humphreys, and think only thoughts which are in character with your part, then when the film is shown, the next day the experienced directors and the cameramen will know that you are a little actress. This will be a very happy day for you.



☾ The stars show that for Minette Humphreys 1925 is a year of opportunity.





☾ The favorable relationship between the sun and the moon, both in artistic signs, and Jupiter, her ruler in the sensitive and adaptable sign Cancer, make this girl an artist from head to foot.



☾ Minette Humphreys is shown by the stars to be gifted with quickness, activity, versatility and originality.

☾ Minette is seated in front in the little red wagon which fate has decreed shall be transformed into a glorious coach and four of success.

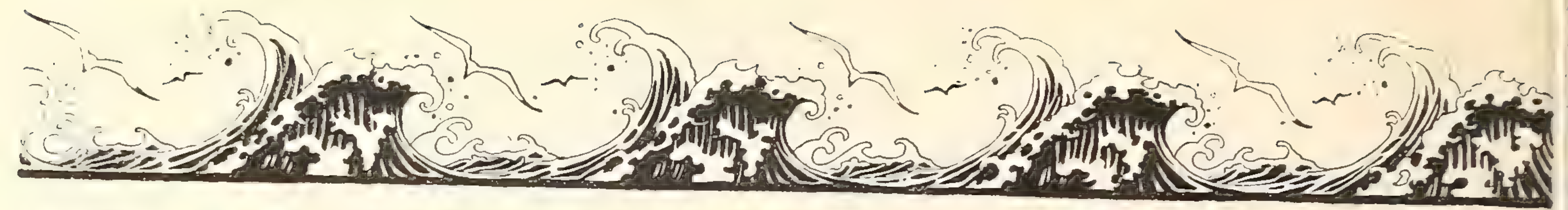
Miss Carleton tells me that your horoscope does not indicate that you are bound to be a successful actress but simply that you have within you the capabilities on which hard work will enable you to build a success on the screen. It is with your talents as it was in the old bible story, if you use these talents which your friendly planets have given you, you will be able to win your place in the world.

We feel sure that you will take advantage of your opportunity and we wish for you all success and happiness.

Sincerely,  
ELIOT KEEN,  
Editor of Screenland.





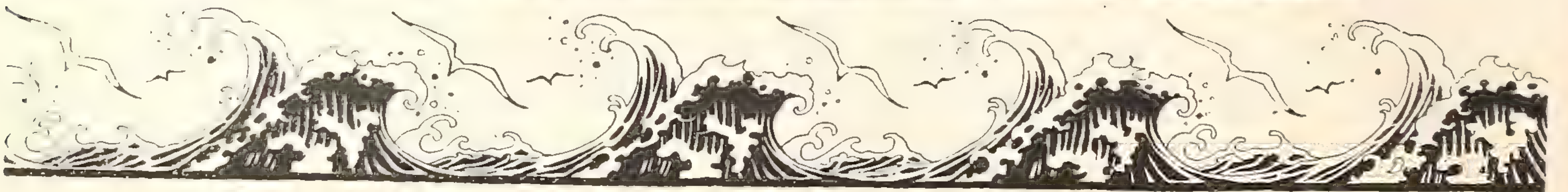


# *The* BIGGEST *Thing* *in the* Pictures

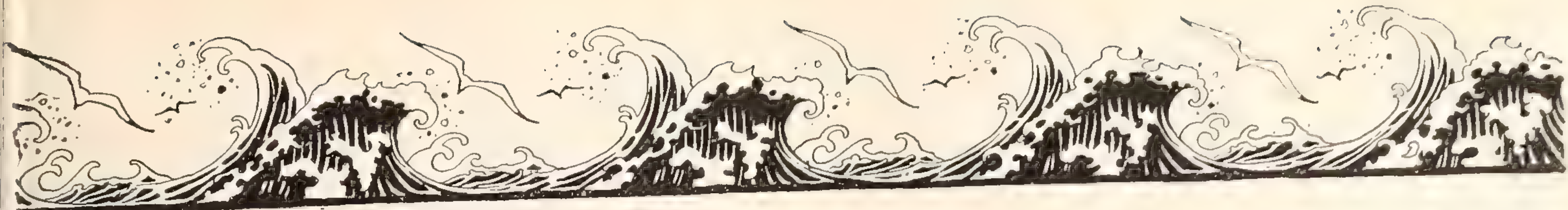
By Robert Cyril O'Brien



¶ Margaret Oliver gazing all over her favorite ocean. Paramount uses only the most experienced oceans.







¶ It's the little things that count most. The littler they are the more they count. This is especially true of bathing suits.

¶ Now we know why King Canute wanted to turn the waves back.

¶ An inebriated citizen perambulated into an enclosed beach and inquired if there was any cover charge.

¶ A girl, applying for a job as a bathing beauty, brought along her own suit. The director insisted on one of the company's suits. "I'll wear this or nothing!" she said. . . . She got the job.

¶ Betty Compson, now appearing in "Eve's Secret," going upstairs to the ocean.



¶ Iris Nicholson of "The Night Club." Memberships still open.

**B**ALBOA discovered the Pacific Ocean. The movie people discovered its possibilities.

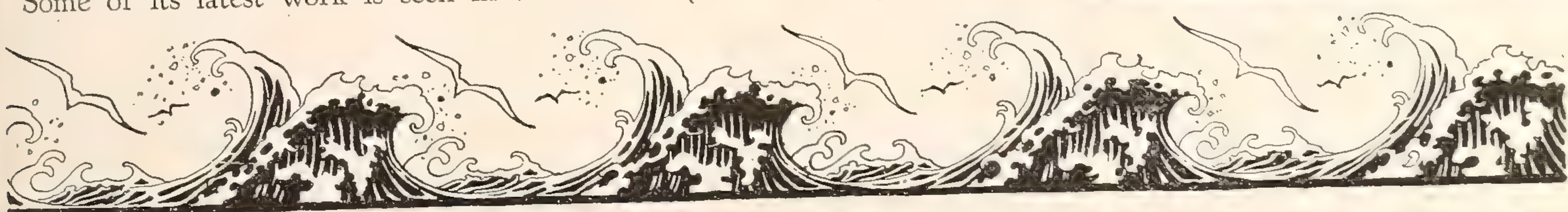
Although most fans do not appreciate it, the fact remains that the Pacific Ocean is one of the biggest things in pictures today. It has appeared in more pictures than Lew Cody, Adolphe Menjou, Ernest Torrence, Wallace Beery, Raymond Hatton, Lon Chaney and any other seventeen character actors combined.

It has never taken any part, it has always appeared simply as itself. Calm and dignified, it has furnished background for countless productions. Co-starring with Old Sol it has helped put over picture after picture — the two veteran luminaries sharing the final close-ups with the lovers' embraces.

It has appeared in support of such stars as Gloria Swanson, Douglas Fairbanks, Mary Pickford, Lillian Gish — in fact, it has supported all the stars at some time or other.

Some of its latest work is seen in the

(Continued on page 76)



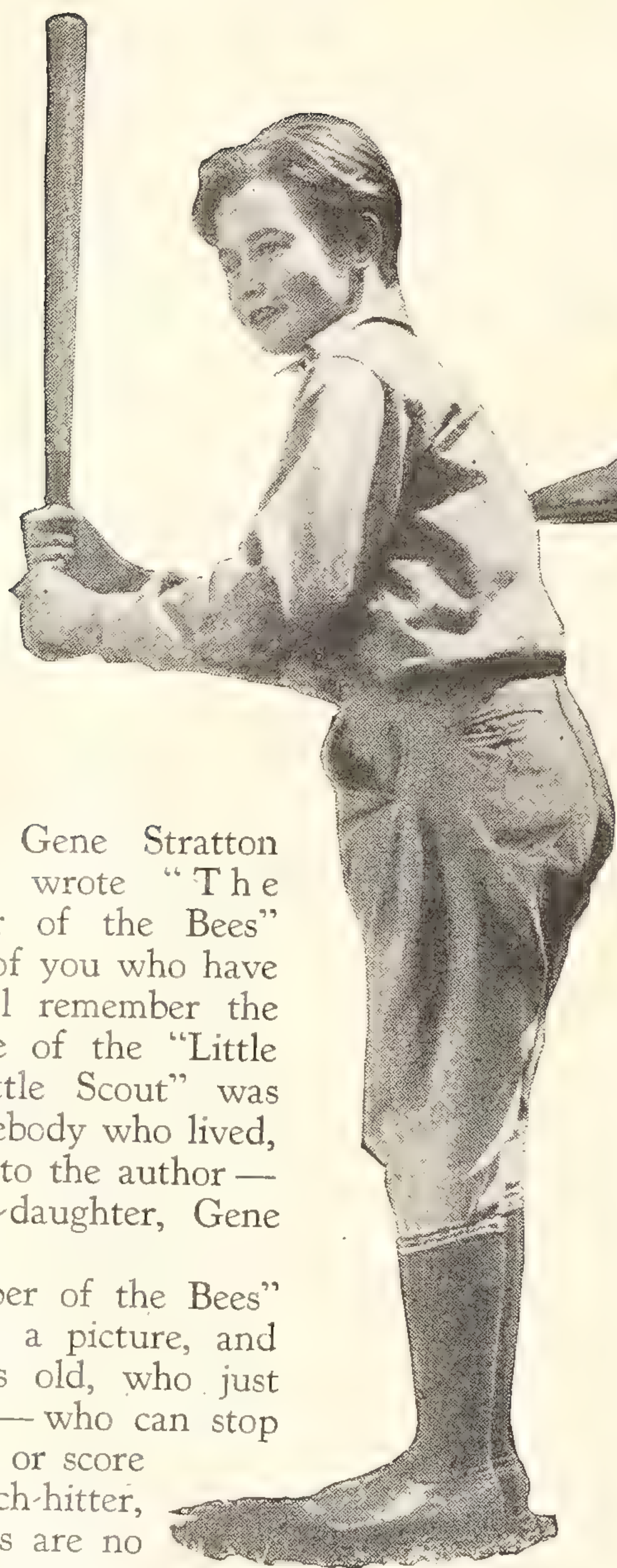


# The NEW TYPE

Q With plays of passion passing out, with vamps slipping from vogue, with feminine wiles no longer running wild, the screen turns to tom-boy Gene Stratton.



Q A girl who can throw like this and still, by just the tip of her tongue, stay a girl, deserves a film of her own.



Q Babe Ruth never swung a more business-like bat.



Q Little Gene Stratton is healthy and wholesome and plays to win.

WHEN Gene Stratton Porter wrote "The Keeper of the Bees" those of you who have read the book will remember the character she made of the "Little Scout." The "Little Scout" was somebody real, somebody who lived, and was very dear to the author — her little grand-daughter, Gene Stratton Munroe.

Now "The Keeper of the Bees" is being made into a picture, and Gene, eleven years old, who just loves boys' clothes — who can stop a daisy-cutting liner or score a single like a pinch-hitter, who feels that "girls are no good," is in it. Gene, tree-climbing, fishing for frogs, tumbling around the way only boys are supposed to tumble, is playing her own self, "Little Scout," in the production. It will be interesting to watch the little girl make herself live again not only in the book, but in the form of the much realer little girl in the motion picture.



# of MOVIE GIRL



Q A high one speared. Gene Stratton has famous blood in her veins and every drop is charged with dynamic youth.



Q Gene makes a hit with us.



Q Little Gene Stratton in her grandstand clothes.



Q Gene Stratton — The First Tom-Boy of the Screen.

And what joy for this little girl who is already loved by the readers of "The Keeper of the Bees" to help to make her beloved "Granny" more famous.

J. Leo Meehan, son-in-law of Mrs. Porter and noted magazine and newspaper editor, is directing little Gene. Others in the cast include Robert Frazer, Clara Bow, and Alyce Mills.



# Up from Banking!

¶ *Lawrence Gray took the course. College? No, Experience. Diploma? A fat film contract.*



¶ *Lawrence Gray was a bank clerk with a bright future. But—*

IF Larry Gray wrote his own success story, it might sound something like this:

"One million, three hundred fifty-eight thousand, six hundred and ten other men wanted the job I am holding down now. I had no previous training or knowledge of the business, in fact I had been doing the simplest kind of work. But I decided to take the course and learn the business from every angle; and, sure enough, in four years my salary was increased 1,000 per cent!"

Lawrence Gray, he made his way. Yesterday, glad to get extra work. Today, mentioned as Gloria Swanson's next leading man. Dizzy rise? Ask the boy himself. Remember the expression on his face when he shook Betty in *Are Parents People?* That's the way he'd look at you if you said "Pretty soft!"

And it wasn't. Four years ago he worked in a bank in San Francisco, a city which at that time hardly expected to point to him as "local boy who makes good." His family was of the "old and socially prominent" kind; but that didn't stop Larry when he had a chance to get out of bonds. George Melford's company came to town on location for *Moran of the Lady Letty*, Valentino and Dorothy Dalton picture. The production superintendent met Lawrence Gray and hired his smile. Though he came back to Hollywood with the company, Lawrence discovered his infectious grin was to work in the production department. He got the job—of production superintendent of the Sam Wood com-

pany. Sounds pretty; means work. It means keeping the company going—holding it to its schedule and within its expense quota; carrying it bodily on location and bring-



¶ *In "Are Parents People?" Larry discounted the fast company of Adolphe Menjou, Betty Bronson and Florence Vidor and put his stock to par in true banker's fashion.*



# By Cordelia Crooker



Q Tom White, casting director of Lasky's, saw Smiling Larry through the grating of a San Francisco bank. Next you will probably see him as Gloria Swanson's leading man.

ing it back intact; watching every scene and checking up costs. After eight months, Larry found himself out of a job. He hadn't mislaid a prop. His job was just cut off, without a nickel.

Back to bonds? Never. The young man came east — only to find studio doors locked and barred against him—as a production superintendent. But as an extra, his smile counted. Now, from a rather important person in the production department of a film studio — a guy who gives orders, you understand — to an extra is some jump, and not everybody could land with both feet. Larry's smile worked hard in those days; it had to. But he stuck it out, for a year. He took the crumbs from the studio table when he wanted a square-meal job. He took orders where he had given them. He kept on smiling. Meanwhile, out in Hollywood, his Columbus, Tom White, had become casting director at the Paramount studio. Soon Larry was singing, "California, here I come!"

A bit in Pola's *East of Suez*; a part in *The Dressmaker from Paris*; and Lawrence Gray was chosen to answer the question, *Are Parents People?* Then another bit in *The Coast of Folly*; and Gloria, enthusiastic, wants him for her leading man. Notice his name — Larry Gray? The other big boys have nicknames, too—Wally, Doug, Charlie, Dick, Tommy. Sounds auspicious.

But no matter how rich or famous he gets, Larry will never say, "Mary, I owe it all to you"—because there isn't any Mary.







# Before They

## Were

## Famous

¶ *A story of Norma Talmadge's school days. Perhaps you have memories of a movie star. Write to SCREENLAND.*

By Mabel Bellis Steinbach

I LIKE to go back to the time when Norma Talmadge was a school girl about ten years old. Not only was she my playmate, as we lived only one block apart, but she was also my school chum and close companion from the sixth grade in Grammar School No. 92, Flatbush, Brooklyn, N. Y., through a year and a half in Erasmus Hall High School.

There never was anything bold or sassy about Norma; she was always dear and sweet and adorable, and absolutely square in all her dealings with every one. She was more than generous, and always ready to divide whatever she had with all the rest of us.

Among her accomplishments were jumping rope, roller skating, running, and riding a bicycle. In other words, Norma was a real girl. In our school fancy dancing was essential along with our studies, and Norma scored the highest in this.

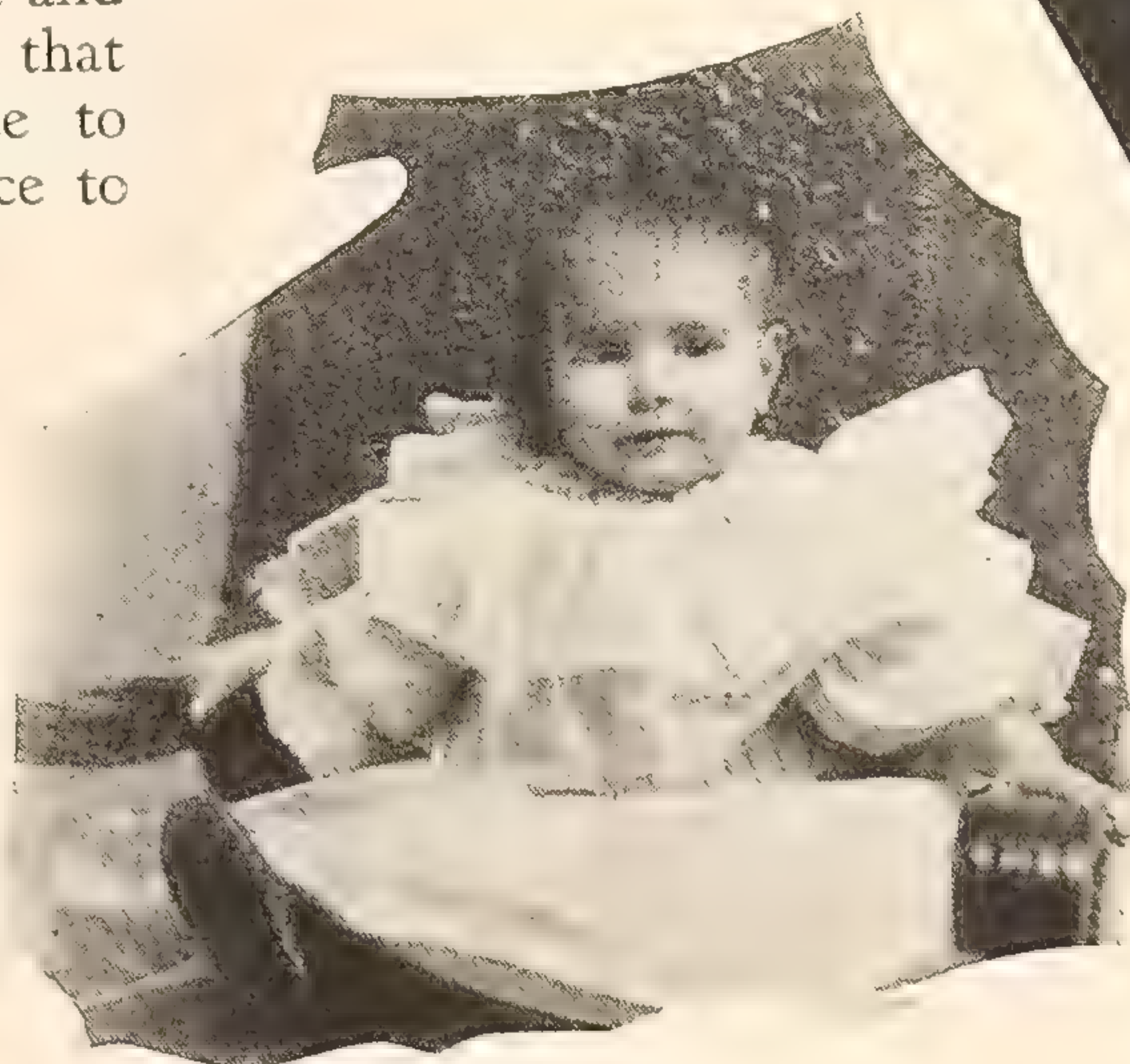
All during Grammar School we sat in a double seat and desk, which, by the way, was located right in front of the teacher's desk. During the different classes, as the teachers came and went, Norma and I always had to stay seated right in that one spot. We never had a chance to escape a single subject, never a chance to play much mischief. Norma was not what you might call a "student." She never studied hard, but always "passed" just because she was naturally bright and clever. Our English teacher was the one instructor, though, who always had faith in Norma and predicted great things for her. When we were studying the "Lady of the Lake," she portrayed Norma as this type of girl.

When we were graduated from the eighth grade, Norma with three others danced the stately minuet in costume. After we got home that evening, my mother said that Norma was the prettiest girl she had ever seen. We didn't realize then that the whole country a few years later would be saying that same thing!

Four of us girls chummed together — Dorothy King, Norma, and the two of us Bellis sisters. My sister Irene



¶ *There was never anything bold or sassy about Norma; she was always dear and sweet and adorable.*



¶ *When Norma was a tiny baby.*

loved to boss, and she and Dorothy had a lot of fun telling Norma and me what to do. One incident I remember because it was funny after it was over, but terribly tragic while it lasted. We were all coming from Erasmus Hall one

hot summer day and Irene suggested that we stop in an ice cream parlor to cool off. We picked a corner table, gave our orders, and enjoyed our ices. Then Irene and Dorothy said they wanted some candy and went over to the counter to make their selection. Norma and I were so busy talking

(Continued on page 78)



# When the MOVIES come to

¶ *The schooner of the copra trader who brings films is always welcome, and our screen favorites have many a dusky jungle friend.*

By Gayne Dexter

¶ Scene from  
"NEVER THE TWAIN SHALL MEET."

IN fairness to Douglas Fairbanks this might have been told years ago when he needed the publicity and hired a press-agent to prod fame his way by leaps and bounds, since fame refuses to be leaped upon or bounded upon despite any man's athletic prowess. Ten thousand miles from here, on a strip of civilization fringing a stark emptiness, I used to edit a film magazine so small that twenty copies wouldn't equal one of SCREENLAND in thickness. But there Doug's press-agent wrote me. Not that he knew me; even now he doesn't. But press-agents don't wait for personal introductions to editors any more than the world waits for the sunrise—although the song says otherwise. Simply the sun comes up, swats the world, and there's no escape. Anyhow I had ceased to be an editor by the time his letter followed and overtook me where I had wandered, low in mind and worldly estate — magazine, me, everything "all-gone-feenesh!"

"Do me a favor," or words to that effect, requested the press-agent. "Tell me the strangest place you've seen a Fairbanks film. I can use it as a newspaper story here."

H-m-m-m! The strangest place?

Picture Alice Springs, a telegraph station lost in the center of Australia's outback, so far from anywhere that Heaven seems closer than civilized earth. Two telegraph-operators roast beneath a tin-roofed shanty. Not another house. A desolate aborigines' camp squats in the scrub. Sunset and crazy skies. Out of the wild-hued immensities a camel-train winds north — north to nowhere it seems. Filthy Afghans lead the beasts. They bear stores for Alice Springs; stores and the square can of movies that will flicker through a battered old projection machine with a dozen black-outs as the acetylene gas expires plop-

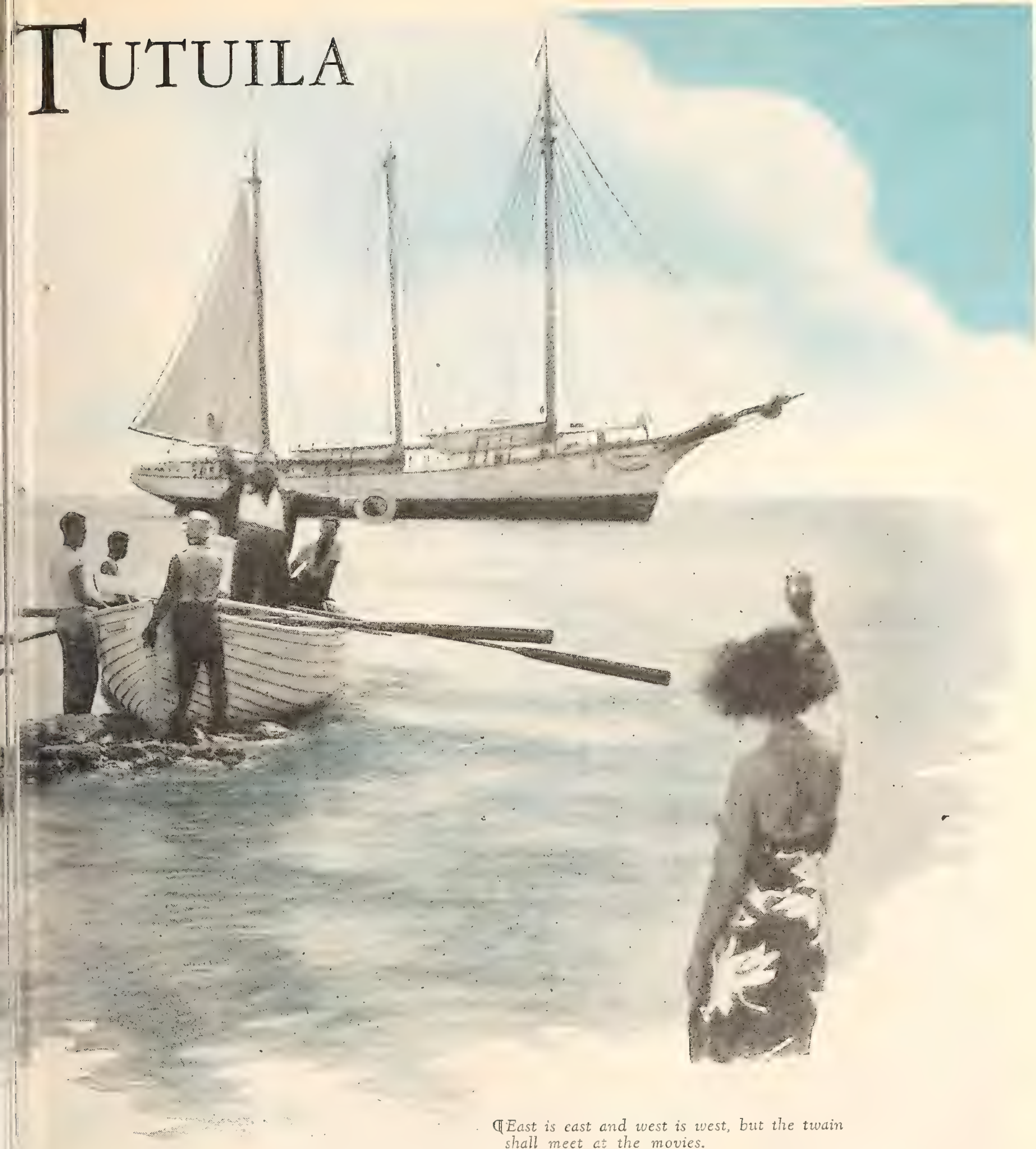
slop-flop! Some friend in the picture business fifty horizons south pities the exiles and sends them films when the camel-train passes through.

Once he forgot and the operator tapped a desperate S. O. S. — "Have a heart! Let's see something besides bush and sand!"

Night and the show goes on, the screen white paper pasted upon the outer walls. Natives come; scraggy, tattered creatures. One man wears the remnants of a shirt, nothing else; his gin — his wife — sports trousers that are no longer trousers; a lubra — a girl — possessing only the skin God gave her, attends *au naturel*. Children and dogs arrive. Not yet able to understand why the two whites chuckle, the audience watches the magic shadows.



# TUTUILA



*East is east and west is west, but the twain shall meet at the movies.*

"I've never seen this chap before," an operator remarks. Yes, the pictured face is new. Jumping extraordinarily, the actor lands in unexpected places until presently the aborigines also find him funny and laugh after the wild unrestrained fashion of a dying race—as if each outburst will be its last. Their yells find echoes in night's emptiness. A dingo howls. A mo-poke bird takes humor mournfully. "Mo-poke! Maw-pawk! Mo-poke!" The picture ends.

"Run it again and we'll see who this lad is.

In that lost community Douglas Fairbanks was a star long before millions of movie-fans ever heard of "The

Lamb," the first he ever made. Southward down the wire to the film exchange ran the operator's thanks, which certainly never reached Doug. "Give us Fairbanks again when you can spare one." The boys screened that picture seventeen times before the camel-train on the return journey collected it. . . .

Well, I didn't write that for the press-agent, because the evening his letter was delivered to me, almost a year after he dispatched it, a lazy surf stirred the beach of Tutuila, crooning and flashing phosphorescently across the reef. The dim groves whispered. Where the white road wound into Pango feet (Continued on page 78)





Q Noah Beery. "If she wears a smile, I like her."



Q Ernest Torrence. "Sincerity — or the lack of it!"

# The FIRST THING

By Noah Beery:

I THINK I first notice her expression. If she wears a smile, I like her. Not a false grimace, but a real smile — happy or joyful, or perhaps just kindly. A woman who looks bored is never an interesting woman I think; nor is one who has little peevish lines about her mouth. I don't feel drawn to a "catty" woman, and I believe that this trait shows in the very expression she wears. A real woman is gentle, unselfish and lovable, and these qualities are apparent in her face.

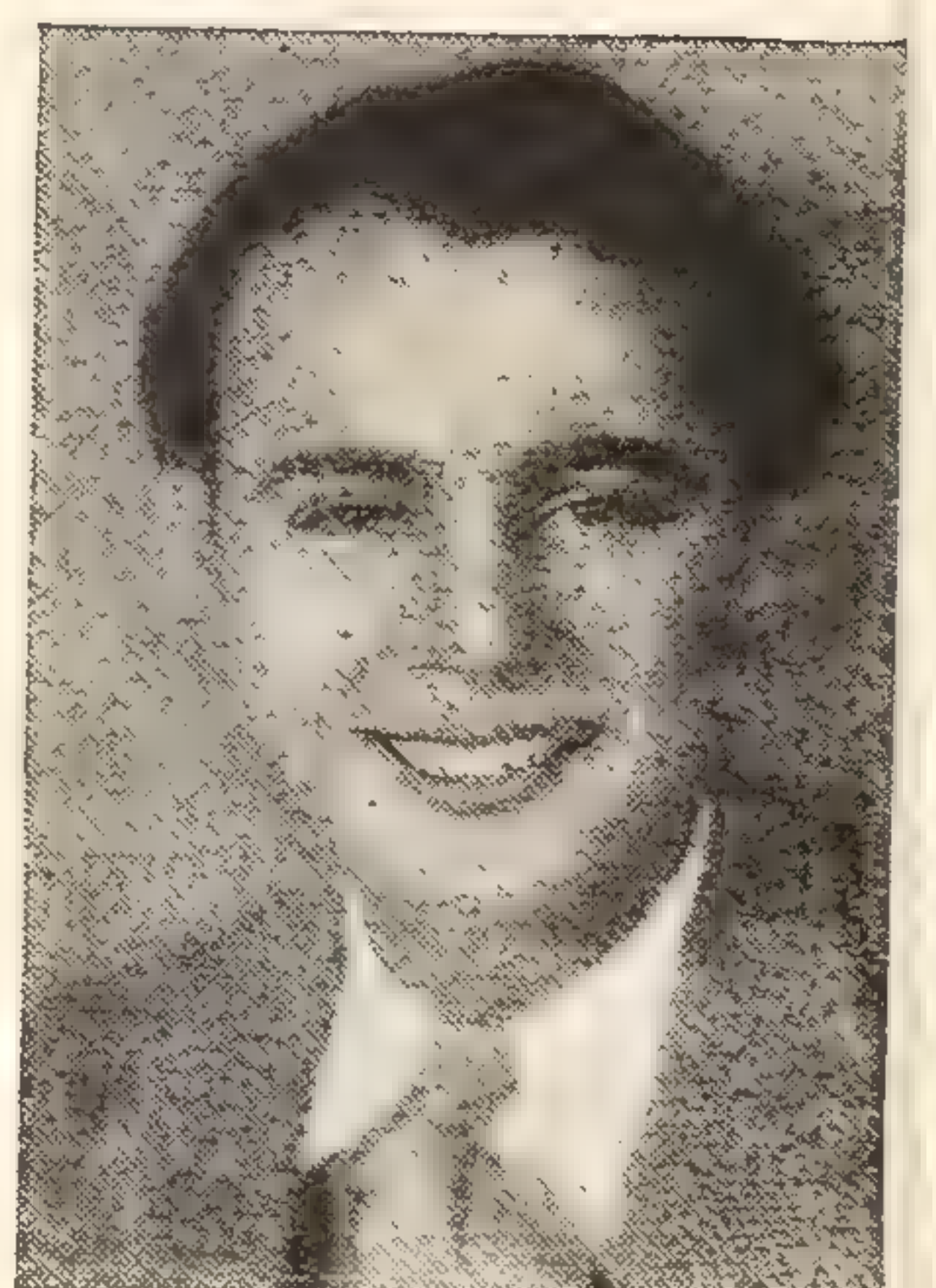
By Ernest Torrence:

SINCERITY — or the lack of it! It is hard to explain how I know when I first meet a woman



Q Edmund Lowe. "I never feel that I really know a woman until I have seen her smile."

Q Edmund Lowe and Barbara Bedford



Q William Collier, Jr. "I notice her feet."



# NOTICE

## ABOUT A GIRL

By some experts of the  
"Double O"

Whether she is sincere or not, but the fact remains that I do know.

Affectation, of course, is easy to detect and is something I abhor, but there is a certain feeling of sincerity that a truly sincere person conveys to me without words. Words may later show me that my first impression was justified, but I do not depend upon what is said.

Truth and loyalty and absence of pretence appeal to me. Beauty can be discounted, for whom among us can keep forever the bloom of youth? Our faces and our figures may change for the worse with the passing years, but the hidden part of us can change for the better — and very frequently it does!

By Edmund Lowe:

A GREAT deal can be told from a smile. Not only smiles around lips, but smiles around eyes, for I think eye smiles most delightful!

There are the smug smiles of the self-satisfied; the supercilious smiles of the superior; the empty smiles of the vapid; the cruel smiles of the catty; the heart-warming smiles of the kind.

Some women seem to think that



Photograph by Waxman

¶ Rudolph Valentino. "Eyes are the first thing I notice."



¶ Bert Lytell. "The thing I judge a woman by is her conversation."



¶ Wallace MacDonald. "I look for charm when I meet a woman."



¶ Walter McGrail. "A beautiful hand will hold me enthralled."



¶ Huntly Gordon. "I notice her carriage first."



¶ Warner Baxter. "Her lips and teeth."



¶ Cecil B. de Mille. "Shoes are an almost invariable test as to character."

by showing their teeth they are expressing mirth or pleasure. There are some who smile with every feature. Some grin at everything and nothing. Others have the rare radiant illumination that is worth waiting for.

But I never feel that I really know a woman until I have seen her smile.

By William Collier, Jr.:

¶ NOTICE her feet.

Of course I don't deliberately do so. I don't step back two or three paces, look at the lady's shoes, register pain or pleasure, and then shake hands with her, but it's a sort of automatic thing.

Shoes can spoil the whole effect or add the last right touch. If a woman keeps her feet trimly shod, she will invariably be well groomed (Continued on page 76)





Q The First National's "Chickie" company eating lunch in Florida. They are, left to right—June Jeffy, Florida visitor; James Dunne, assistant director; John Francis Dillon, director; Helen Klumph, magazine writer; Dorothy Mackaill, who plays "Chickie," and James Van Trees, cameraman.

## Try a Motion Picture

# "Location Lunch"

By Harold R. Hall



Q Dorothy Mackaill takes a personal interest in Rusty's diet.

NAPOLEON said that an army marched on its stomach, and many an assistant director in charge of the commissaries has felt that he would like to walk on the stomachs of the motion picture extras as lunch time approached and the raid on his supplies began.

Take a cast on location and forget the lunch and there will be very little picture making after the noon hour. All of which leads up to the important question of what to eat on location.

The cast that filmed "The Spaniard" were on location at a ranch for two days and consumed two thousand box lunches in that time. Which means that they ate four thousand sandwiches, two thousand pieces of pie, the same number of pieces of cake, an equal amount of salad in paper cups, and a bottle of milk for each person every meal!

In one month at Lasky's alone there were twenty-seven thousand box lunches consumed!

If a director happens to have an all-star cast, each fussy about his or her food, the assistant in charge of the commissary department will have his



# a SCREEN TEST

Q "Do your stuff". It's now or never when the camera is grinding, the lights are glaring down on you and excuses are all wet.

By Coral Clyce



Q Tom White, casting director at the Paramount Hollywood studio, directing the screen test of Lolita Lee, the first applicant for admission to the Paramount Pictures School.

When I got back, a rather pretty and extremely nervous blonde was in the camera's glare. At sight of me she broke down completely and confessed she couldn't act.

At which an electrician pulled a nifty:

"What's that got to do with pictures? She's blonde, isn't she?"

She wasn't really. She simply had not allowed a false start in life prevent her becoming one. The blonde retired dismally, and a good looking brunette advanced to center of the set with the air of an early martyr. She answered the phone and read the letter and then essayed youthful abandon. At least, I supposed that was what she intended to depict. From where I sat it looked as though she were risking her life and trying hard to be brave about it. That's the trouble with tests—you never look as you mean to look.

Mr. White looked in on the tests and told me these girls were testing for the Paramount school. I was prompted to enquire if anybody ever got a part through an initial test. Mr. White said they had taken a test the day before of Joe Striker. It was his first time before the camera, and they had sent for him to sign a contract. That rarely happened, Mr. White admitted.

A man was being prompted by the director. Few admonitions are given while the camera is grinding, but there is preliminary instruction, of course.

This man — Arnold Gregg, I think his name was — held attention. I was struck by his self-possession and a positively startling resemblance to Wally Reid.

"Does he photograph as much like Wally as he looks?" I asked Mr. White.

"That's what we are trying to find out." Mr. White watched him keenly and with obvious anticipation. There was a sureness about the man. I felt as though he registered something — left it there.

And now — from Lasky's to Warner's. Deadly dull. Not a test in sight.

Over at Fox's — that's covering ground — I saw an excruciatingly funny test. Not much fun for the testees, perhaps, but a riot for the onlookers. A number of girls were being tested for the O. Henry stories. They were told to advance to a certain spot, turn, and exit gracefully. The different ideas

(Continued on page 74)



Q Print from the actual test film of Eleanor Boardman. This bit of celluloid became the mystic thread from which the regal robes of her success have been spun.



# New Screenplays

Reviewed By Delight Evans

## SCREENLAND'S BEST BET

### *Of the Month:*

If you're really looking for something different in celluloid, here's your chance to prove it. See *BEGGAR ON HORSEBACK*, and like it. If you're just one of those who shrink before innovations, *BEGGAR* will call your bluff and scare you to death, which is all right, too.

☞ You will not find such stirring entertainment as *DON Q* very often.

## Don Q

☞ *A Whip Off the Old Block.*

**D**OUGLAS cracks his whip again, and we have *Don Q, Son of Zorro*. Romance is revived by the Fairbanks magic. Stirring days in Spain, about 1850, peopled with picturesque Dons and Senoritas, come to life again on the screen. Feel young with Fairbanks; see *Don Q*.

He has the unquenchable spirit of adventure, this star. He will never grow old or permit his audience to. He looks right out at them and says, "Come along; we're in for a wild time." And the wilder it gets, the better you like it. Finally, when you see the final fadeout, you feel as gay and venturesome as a small boy or girl. That is Fairbanks' great gift.

*Don Q, Son of Zorro* is not his masterpiece. But it may be more popular than anything he has ever done, for it is a sort of sequel to *The Mark of Zorro*. Zorro himself, the magnificent old fighter, comes back to fight for his son. When the audience at the Fairbanks first night saw the flash of an old scene from the original *Zorro*, it acted like a dismissed kindergarten. When the star, in a really marvellous make-up as the father of the present hero, carved the well-known initial "Z" on a victim's cheek, as he fought side by side with himself as

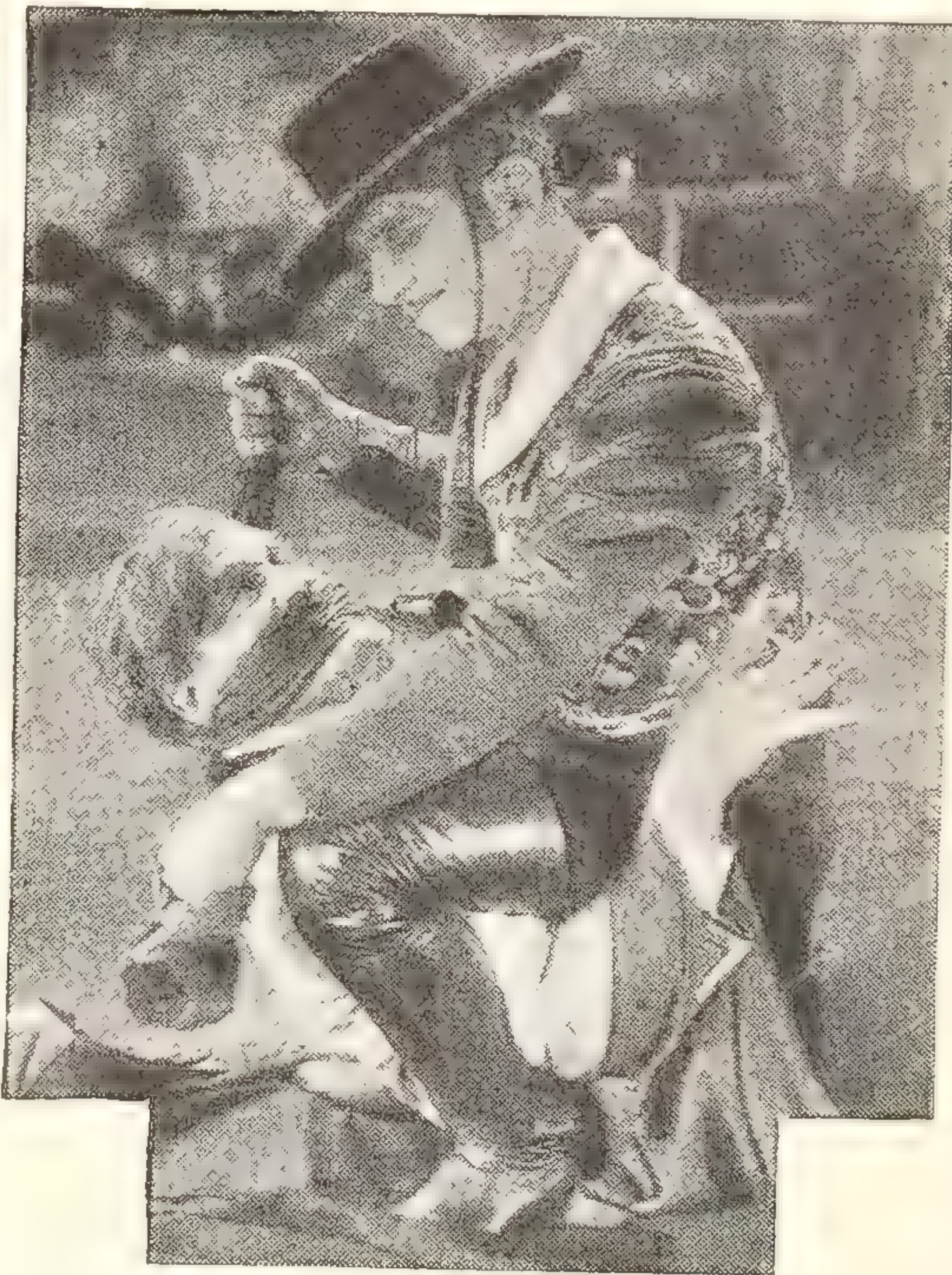
*Don Cesar*, the applause drowned out the music.

The first half of *Don Q* is thrilling all the way. Fairbanks as *Don Cesar De Vega*, "the man with the whip," snaps himself into trouble. His friend, the Archduke Paul, is murdered; suspicion points to him. He disappears to clear his name. The second half is concerned

with his efforts, daring and amusing, to confound the real culprit, and to capture the lovely Dolores, beloved also by the villain. You may think there is too much fooling towards the end; that the whip, cleverly as it is snapped, is overworked; that the same results might have been attained with fewer fights and less slapstick. But, after all, you will not find such stirring entertainment as *Don Q* very often, so why not accept with thanks?

Fairbanks is one actor who deliberately occupies the center of the set, which in his pictures is more like a stage, without arousing antagonism. He features himself as a dashing hero, and he is one. Besides, his cast have opportunities to shine; and they do. Warner Oland is charming as a capricious prince before he is killed off. Mary Astor is a beautiful heroine. Donald Crisp, who directed, also makes a villain you love to hiss.

There can't be too many Zorros.



☞ Douglas Fairbanks has the unquenchable spirit of adventure. He will never grow old nor permit his audience to.



¶ It is gay and youthful; spontaneity, sparkle, good humor — that's BEGGAR ON HORSEBACK.

# The Beggar on Horseback

¶ Hark, Hark —



¶ Gertrude Short, Edward Everett Horton, Erwin Connelly, and James Mason help make this a glorious nightmare.

THE Beggar is coming to town—if he hasn't already arrived. Stage directions at this point include a couple of stage-hands in the wings making a noise like hoof-beats, for this Beggar rides in—on horseback.

By this time, every little boy and girl will have deduced that *Beggar on Horseback* has made his bow to the usual distinguished audience at the Criterion Theatre, and he won't be far wrong. By the way, this audience wasn't so awfully distinguished, to get right down to it; but that's the thing to say about an audience, and who am I to break a tradition like that?

All that matters, after all, is that *Beggar on Horseback* is one grand show. Anybody who fails to appreciate its charm and humor belongs on a censor board. No, no, my friends, be not misled. There is nothing, absolutely nothing, in this picture to offend the tiny tots. It is a "family picture." But in case this would keep you away, I must admit that it is one family picture that is one hundred per cent entertaining. The huge electric sign above the theatre won't recommend *Beggar on Horseback* half as effectively as its loving friends. Of which I, with a humble bow, am one. I don't know when a movie has shown me such a good time.

The play by George S. Kaufman and Marc Connelly was too much of a good thing for me. It was too terribly clever. At times it stuck out its tongue and acted smarty. The picture, directed by James Cruze and acted by the best cast he could have assembled, is just the opposite. It is gay and it is youthful. Spontaneity—sparkle—

good humor—that's *Beggar on Horseback*. It is satirical if you choose to take it that way. Otherwise it is a glorious nightmare. For those who look askance, whatever that means, at a little satire or imagination in the movies, there is always a romance to engage the attention. And that old Merlin, the movie camera, certainly struts his stuff! You never saw such tricks as he pulls. The screen version has it all over the stage play when it comes to merry magic. People vanish before the hero's very eyes, and appear again. Fantastic sets add to the glamor.

In case you have any doubts about my opinion of this fantasy, let me call your attention to the-acting. Edward Everett Horton, who appears infrequently in the films presumably because there are few parts good enough for him to play, is the beggar. There's no one like him in pictures; but then you could say that about Ben Turpin. Horton is inimitable; he is quaint and appealing rather than downright funny. I like them that way. The second best helping goes to Gertrude Short who, now that she has become a veritable sylph instead of a kewpie, can afford to accept. She plays the rich girl who offers a means of escape through marriage to the ambitious young beggar, a composer who is forced to write jazz for a living. Gertrude, too, is unique. Usually when you say this about a girl you admit she's a freak or a fright. Miss Short is neither. She is an impish creature with exceptional talents for comedy. She has the sure-fire touch so rare among actresses. She'll develop into a second Normand if they give her the chance.

Esther Ralston plays the patient girl who is the angel of mercy in the composer's wild dreams. Cruze has apparently watched Miss Ralston's work for traces of that over-sweet quality which is apt to cloy. I can hear him say, warningly, "Don't smile." As a result, Esther is very convincing. We want better pictures. This is one.



# SIEGFRIED

☞ Glamor from Germany.

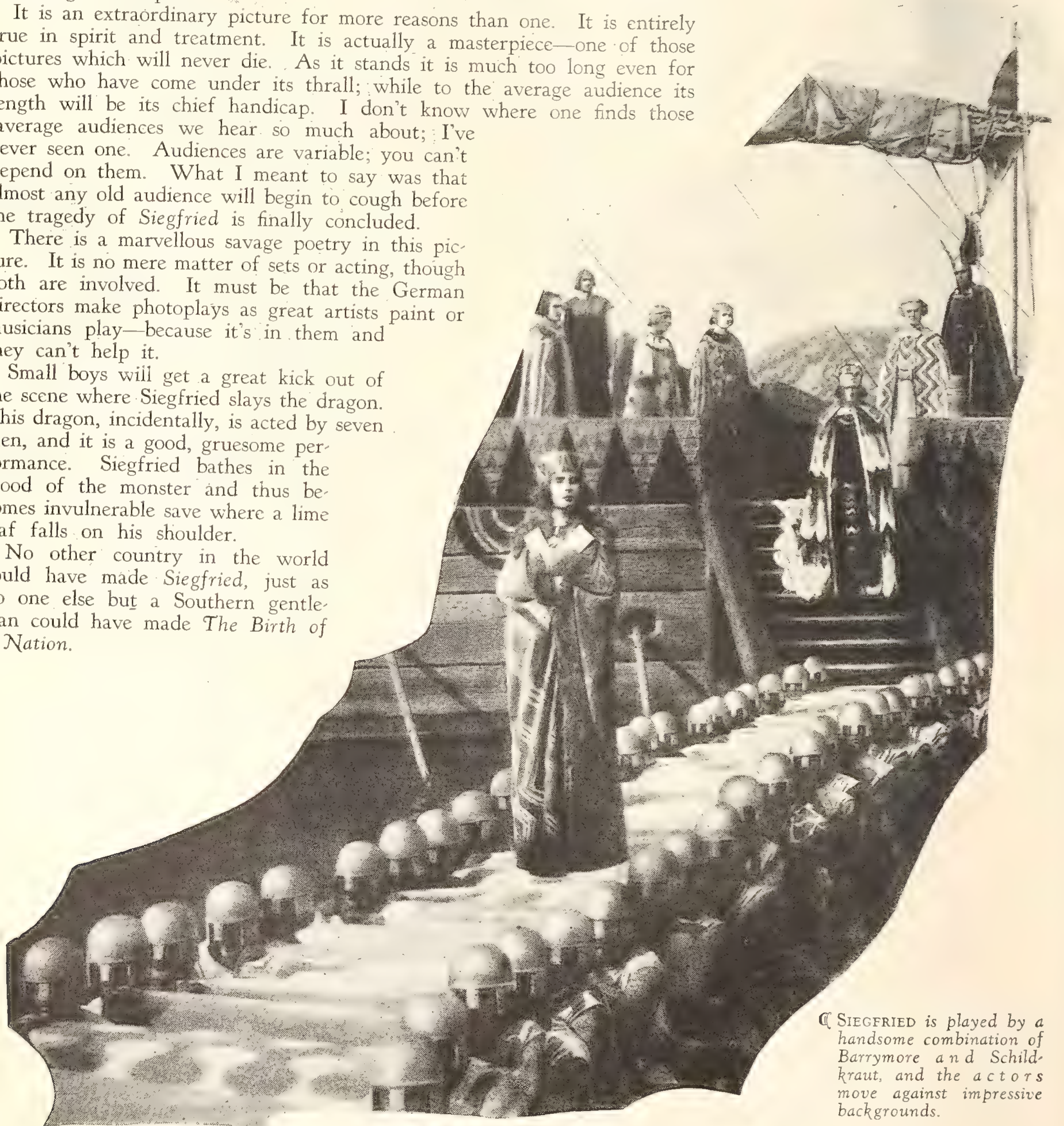
I DON'T know what it is, but the Germans have it. Here is the latest big picture from the studio which gave us *The Last Laugh*. The name of it is *Siegfried*, which will not be changed to *The Broken Vow* or *He Loved Another*, because it is a German picture. Fritz Lang directed; and as you may have guessed, it is based on the legend of the dragon-slaying prince, the same heroic figure who inspired the Wagnerian opera.

It is an extraordinary picture for more reasons than one. It is entirely true in spirit and treatment. It is actually a masterpiece—one of those pictures which will never die. As it stands it is much too long even for those who have come under its thrall; while to the average audience its length will be its chief handicap. I don't know where one finds those average audiences we hear so much about; I've never seen one. Audiences are variable; you can't depend on them. What I meant to say was that almost any old audience will begin to cough before the tragedy of *Siegfried* is finally concluded.

There is a marvellous savage poetry in this picture. It is no mere matter of sets or acting, though both are involved. It must be that the German directors make photoplays as great artists paint or musicians play—because it's in them and they can't help it.

Small boys will get a great kick out of the scene where Siegfried slays the dragon. This dragon, incidentally, is acted by seven men, and it is a good, gruesome performance. Siegfried bathes in the blood of the monster and thus becomes invulnerable save where a lime leaf falls on his shoulder.

No other country in the world could have made *Siegfried*, just as no one else but a Southern gentleman could have made *The Birth of a Nation*.



☞ SIEGFRIED is played by a handsome combination of Barrymore and Schildkraut, and the actors move against impressive backgrounds.



# The CRIMSON RUNNER

☞ *Rhapsody in Red*

YOU may kill each other tomorrow, but tonight belongs to the Baron and me!" cries Priscilla Dean in *The Crimson Runner*. Now, isn't that a peach of a title? I came in on it, and I thought I was back at the Gaiety in my home-town seeing one of the first two-reelers. The trouble with Priscilla's picture is that it's considerably more than two reels.

There's a fancy-dress ball in it, too. And Alan Hale plays the Baron. I dare you!



☞ Priscilla Dean again is enmeshed in thrilling adventures.

☞ It's a relief to see a picture that is just good entertainment without frills.

## *If Marriage Fails*

☞ Let us Look into our Crystal Ball

YOU know, I was wishing for one of those films with a fortune-teller making passes at a crystal ball; and I found it, just like that. And whether it's a good picture or not, I don't know. But I found it darned good entertainment. In case you might want to go to see it yourself, I will be kind enough to tell you the title: *If Marriage Fails*—?

C. Gardner Sullivan, the man who used to turn out with amazing regularity some of the great old Tom Ince Triangles, such as *Shell 43* and—that other one, it was 'way back in — but don't let's get personal. Anyway, Sullivan is still prolific; now that he supervises his own pictures he has not retired to his easy-chair. He has devised an amusing story of a mis-mated pair, throwing in the fortune-teller, a beautiful young Italian, for good

measure. And it's very good measure since she's played by Jacqueline Logan. Silly wife goes to have fortune told with faithful husband as escort. Husband meets heroine. See? But Sullivan manages to twist his old plot into new channels or at least provides fresh scenery.

Here comes my confession. Clive Brooks plays the husband. If you don't like him as much as I do, maybe this appraisal of *If Marriage Fails*—? will sound like wild extravagance. Clive—I call him that because I don't know him—achieves a characterization by his own quiet methods; he doesn't act. But he's thoroughly charming. Miss Logan is more convincing than I ever saw her; and Belle Bennett is good, too. Isn't it a relief to see a picture that is just good entertainment without frills and with — Clive Brook?



# The White Monkey



⌘ George Ascott in his make-up as the white monkey used as a symbol in Galsworthy's story.

## ⌘ Not an Animal Picture



Won't  
John  
Galsworthy  
be surprised

I N fact, I don't know just where to put *The White Monkey* on my list, unless under funny pictures. I mean, I'm not one of those who regard John Galsworthy as the twentieth-century Shakespeare; and there's only one of his books I would pick for filming and that *The Dark Flower*. So it isn't outraged refinement that is speaking. If Barbara La Marr and company had turned out an entertaining picture I wouldn't have minded their committing murder on the story. But nothing at all happened.

It's one of those pictures laid in England, which seems to be the signal for the director to get self-conscious and the actors to get worse. The latter persist in wearing clothes that would be appropriate only in a British burlesque, and one actor, poor soul, is directed to practice putting in his office. The scenario or title writer gets into the spirit of the thing and has his Englishman say "Bah Jove" and his cockney cry "Cripes!" That makes it unanimous as far as I am concerned.

Miss LaMarr doesn't help out an awful lot. She acts sleepy all the time. I don't blame her, I'm sure. At that, she should be handed a bouquet — of the floral variety, mind you — for casting the lovely little Flora Le Breton in the only other feminine rôle in the piece. Flora, you're a bad, bad girl to use so much make-up; but outside of that I can't find any fault with you at all. And dear me, how I did try! You're too pretty, you know.

Charles Emmett Mack, in the midst of all the mannequins, seems real. I never thought so before; but the general atmosphere of *The White Monkey* made me feel funny, or maybe it was the heat.

⌘ Even Barbara LaMarr acts sleepy, and I don't blame her, I'm sure.



⌘ Charles Emmett Mack (do you remember him in "America"?) seems real.



# The Teaser

## ¶ Just a Cut-up

ORDINARILY, there is nothing calculated to stir one up so much as the picture about the good little bad girl—the mischievous little darling who dashes around breaking hearts and reputations and homes and who says by way of explanation as she shakes back her curls, "I was only teasing."

But, by some magic or other, Laura La Plante in *The Teaser* makes one of those girls perfectly devastating. Perhaps she is inspired by the direction, which is of the Lubitsch school yet lacking in smartness. Almost all of the little fellows who try to imitate the talented Teuton believe that subtle comedy consists of planting a villain's sinister reputation by having him pull a very long black silk stocking out of his bureau drawer. There's a black silk stocking held out by a young man in *The Teaser*, but with innocent intentions. Pat O'Malley as a cigar salesman comes to the debut of his erstwhile sweetheart Laura and brings as tribute a pair of the very best quality ladies' hose. What's more, he holds 'em up so all the genteel guests can inspect them. It's a grand scene.

As I said, *The Teaser* performed by any other craftsmen would be simply awful. The heroine mixes up her aristocratic aunt's affairs, becomes involved with a married man, and goes to his apartment, walks home from an automobile ride or, rather, drives home in a milk wagon, and otherwise does all the cute things that such heroines are supposed to do. Laura does them and you love her. The aunt is played by Hedda Hopper and you love her, too—and you know what rich movie aunts usually are. Walter McGrail, Wyndham Standing and, of course,



¶ Pat O'Malley as a cigar salesman and Laura La Plante as his erstwhile sweetheart put on one grand scene!

Pat, contribute nobly. As for the scene which brings the principals together in the married man's bachelor apartment, and Laura's explanation of how they all happened to be there, it's as smartly farcical as anything that's been done.

As for Laura, she doesn't deserve much credit for her youth and charm; she was born that way. But she has improved immeasurably the past year, and has acquired a very pretty gift of comedy. That's her own affair, and I hope she sticks to it.

¶ A brisk farce with riotously funny gags and a very deft performance by Reginald Denny.

## I'll Show You the Town ¶ Reggie Mixes In

GOODNESS gracious, who would have believed it! Not me—er, I—at any rate. When I first saw Reginald Denny I put him in his place—that is, on my own little white list of movie men I can worry along without. Nice, good-looking, and all that, but hardly a torch-bearer about to light the way to bigger and better things in celluloid. Now I must beg his pardon. The only trouble with this is that as Mr. Denny probably never heard that I didn't like him, he isn't likely to throw his hat in the air over my sudden change of heart.

The reason for the conversion is *I'll Show You the*

*Town*. It's a brisk farce with Reggie playing a college professor who is supposedly immune to feminine wiles. There are no less than four lovely ladies in the cast, so you can imagine the complications. That's about all there is to it, except for riotously funny gags and a very deft performance by Denny himself. Marian Nixon as the heroine is well-behaved but never innocuous. And now I must begin anew. Erase Reginald's name from my list and add it to the other which includes Harold Lloyd, Harry Langdon, Douglas MacLean, and Raymond Griffith.



# The Little French Girl

Ⓐ *Read the Book, or See the Picture—Don't Do Both*

**T**HE old, old story, children, so you just curl up your little toes under your nighties and go to sleep if you don't like it. And you might as well go to sleep right now without waiting for the story.

There's a slogan exhibitors sometimes use to boost a film. "Read the book, then see the picture." It's a wonder said exhibitors haven't been mobbed by the irate customers who took the advice. Some of the irate ones have come to me through the mails—a great, great many of them during Better Mail Week. All of these complained that, having read the book and then seen the picture, they were out with their little hatchets for the producers, the star, the director, the scenario writer, and the head carpenter. They wail, "Nothing like it—not the slightest resemblance. Why, Mamie in the book had red hair and, will you believe it, on the screen she was a brunette. And Paul would never have worn a panama hat to the garden party; you know he wouldn't."

Too true. A novel in screen form is faithful to the original only once in a blue moon—and you know how often *that* is. Something mysterious happens to that book, and its own author would never recognize it. Often the authors disclaim their parenthood, the wicked things. A pretty pink check from the producers, and what do they care if their brain children are—er—ravished? Nobody seems to care except those unfortunates who—see above.

In a few cases, such as *Wife of the Centaur*, *Proud Flesh*, and *Are Parents People?* the readers have no cause for complaint. The spirit was retained; good entertainment was achieved. In others, such as *So Big* and *The Little French Girl*, sincere efforts were apparently made to preserve the stories in cans of celluloid; but the efforts for me at least, failed. (Sobs.)

*The Little French Girl* presented a great, big problem. It was a delicate and charming story of contrasts. Ann Douglas Sedgwick is apt at suggestion rather than reality. Herbert Brenon, when he made the picture, seemed to try too hard. With another cast he might have succeeded. If I'd been casting, Pauline Frederick would have been urged to play the mother; Pauline Starke, Betty Bronson or Lila Lee the heroine; and Percy Marmont the patient Englishman. But I wasn't casting; and don't you write in anything about stones, either!



Ⓐ Mary Brian, the heroine, looks like a great big French doll.



# Are Parents People?

¶ *Extra! New Plot Revealed!*



**N**O arrests are apt to be made, however. Instead, thanks will be given to those concerned in the making of *Are Parents People?* It is new and refreshing.

It has a brand-new idea; a new director; a new star; a new leading man; and a new "find." Reading from left to right, we have the story by Alice Duer Miller; the direction of young Malcolm St. Clair, who has hitherto confined his activities to the slapstick comedy lots; Betty Bronson emerging as a piquant and permanent personality; the stalwart Laurence Gray, reminiscent of Wally Reid; and a dazzling bit of characterization by Andre de Beranger.

We may add without fear of contradiction two polished performances, Adolphe Menjou's as the father, Florence Vidor's as the mother, who are "so busy being incompatible they haven't time to take care of their daughter." Daughter, a most modern young lady, devises a means to call their attention to her welfare. Incidentally, she discovers a delicious doctor and becomes his life patient. It's all such a lot of fun; it is very young, and frothy; and all the people in it are such real people, even the wrangling parents. It is Betty Bronson's business to show us she can stand alone, without Barrie's props; and she does. She's a wonderful child—as fascinating, as elfin, and original as she gave promise of being in *Peter Pan*. Here she proves herself; she's not a happy accident; she gives signs of a quality as rare, every bit, as Mary's or Miss Gish's. How she can use her hands! What an altogether whimsical little thing she is, anyway!

It isn't often that there is more than one star in a picture. But, from my point of view, Laurence Gray looms as large in his manly way as Betty does in hers. He is handsome, yet his is the virile variety of good looks which makes girls gurggle, "Isn't he rough?" With encouragement, he may develop into a star possibility. Something in his smile made me think of the beloved "Wally." He won't take his place; nobody could; but he can make a place for himself.

¶ Adolphe Menjou and Florence Vidor as the parents give polished performances, and Betty Bronson proves her ability a second time.

If the rest of you ask for "new faces," I cry for them. While I appreciate Florence and Mr. Menjou, I rejoiced most in the youngsters. The third discovery is Beranger, who contributes a

priceless caricature of a movie matinee idol. Is this the same actor who, as George Beranger, used to work for Griffith? If so, his performance in *Are Parents People?* is less surprising but just as clever.

St. Clair has more promise than any other young director right now. That goes, even if they give him a sex story to do next. He'll probably turn it upside down if they do. My advice to young girls, and their young men, too, is to miss nothing that Mr. St. Clair does in the future, if you want to have a good time. *Are Parents People?* is a good way to begin. See it now!

## WILDFIRE

¶ *A Hot-Weather Pitcher*

**W**ILDFIRE is great summer stuff. It is guaranteed not to cause the audience any annoying enthusiasm or incite applause. There are horse races in it, and a burning stable; but not even these will help to wilt your collar. It is very satisfactory that way.

When I say this, I seem to forget that Aileen Pringle is able to induce strong emotion particularly among the gent-mun present. If you are not immune to Aileen, you may find *Wildfire* a highly disturbing picture. For Miss Pringle has never been more delightful. She seems to have forgotten she ever played in an elinor-glyn. May her amnesia continue.





Photograph by Eugene Robert Richee

GLORIA SWANSON

*Who is hard at work on*  
"THE COAST OF FOLLY."



# Molly-O Mentions:—

## "Siege" makes you surrender

**T**O-DAY we saw "Siege" and we say this for it, right at the beginning—we won't forget it by to-morrow. Here is something entirely new in the movies, at least it seemed new to us, a story without a villain or a sex theme, and yet a powerful story. It deals with a set of vivid and distinct personalities, the clash of their wills, and the very substance of their souls. It gets so close to life—not a sugar-coated, impossible life—but life as we live it, so that it is more than a picture. It is something amazingly real!

Aunt Augusta Ruyland rules the Ruyland Steel Mills and the whole Ruyland family as well. She is a despot in spite of her age and her apparent frailness. She knows her own power and she never fails to use it. Mary Alden is wonderful in this part. At first we felt Aunt Augusta to be a bit far fetched, just another story character, but Mary Alden convinced us that Aunt Augusta was not only plausible, but real. We understood her even though we resented her, and we pitied her simply because we couldn't hate her!

Kenyon Ruyland, the young nephew, returns to town to take over his partnership in the mills. And with him he brings his bride, Frederika, although Aunt Augusta had already picked him out a wife. The big theme of the story is the siege between the old aunt and the young bride. In the new generation, Aunt Augusta finds something she cannot bend or break. She tried her best, first by open antagonism and then by subtle scheming. But in the slim, young wife, this hard, grim old woman meets her Waterloo.



“Go lightly with the lipstick, or Aunt Augusta will think you're a painted woman.” Virginia Valli and Eugene O'Brien in "Siege."

Virginia Valli is splendid as Frederika. Not once did she seem to act, but always she lives her part so naturally and whole-heartedly that she is a joy! Eugene O'Brien is great as Kenyon Ruyland, her husband. And our hat is off to Marc McDermott. He takes the part of Norval Ruyland, dumb since birth, and he gives to the character one of the most amazing, most powerful, and yet most delicate portrayals we have ever seen. A mighty fine cast and a mighty fine picture!

## "The Bandit's Baby" Takes the Prize

**T**HE BANDIT'S BABY" is the kind of a picture you won't forget in a hurry. It will stick out a bright spot in your memory when many another flickering film has faded into oblivion. To tell the truth—we were crazy about it! Fred Thomson will have to look to his laurels if he plays opposite Baby Mary Louise Miller very often. Of all the celluloid babies we have ever seen, she takes the prize! And she does it right in the picture too! Sure, there's a Baby Show, and Mary Louise walks away with the honors. Once you have seen her smile, you won't wonder at it. She looks good enough to eat! (Continued on page 75)



“Helen Foster and Baby Mary Louise Fuller supply the human interest in "The Bandit's Baby." Fred Thomson is the bandit.





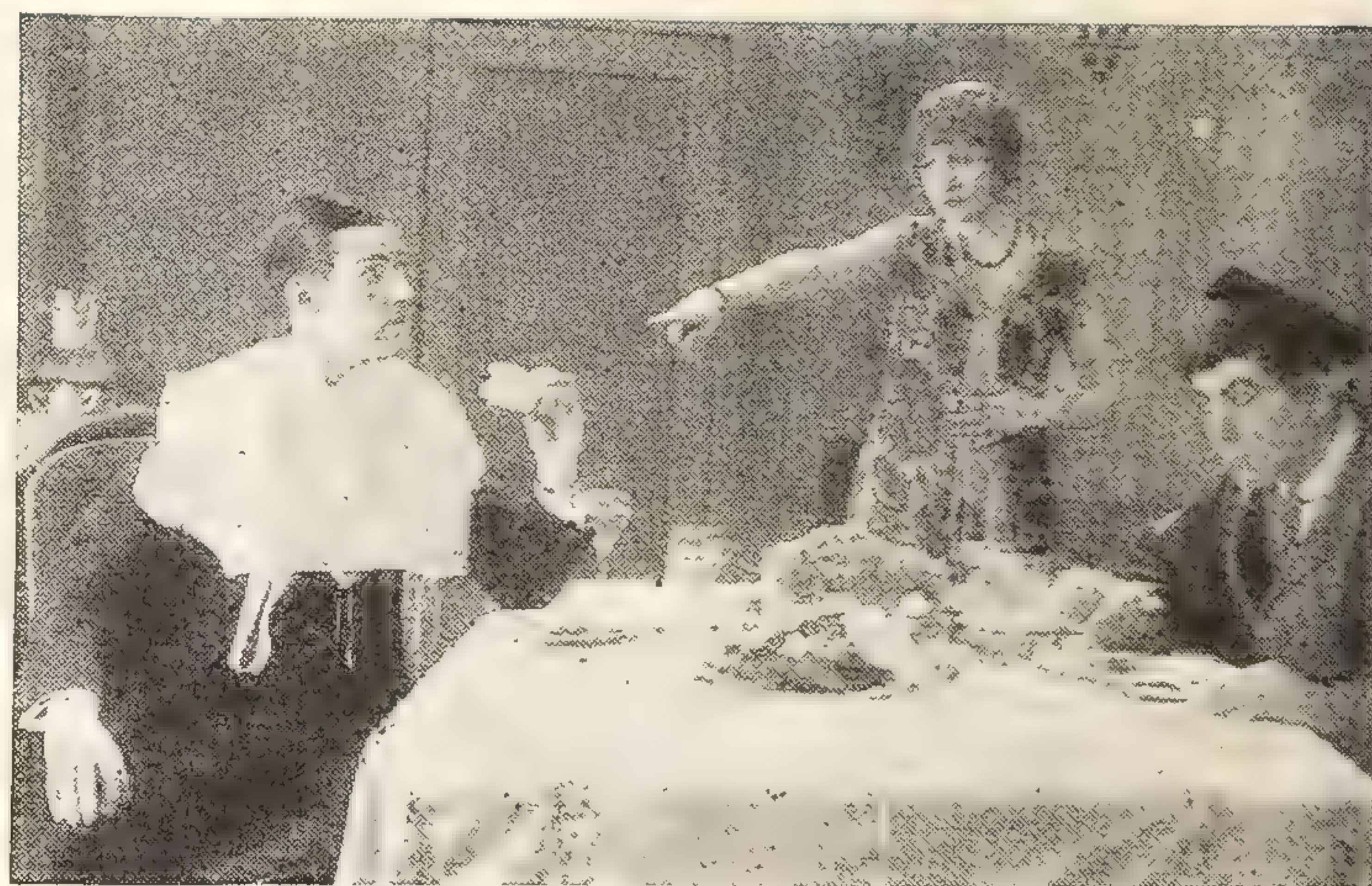
Q Charley Chase in "What Price Goofy" has the blessing of a jealous wife. This Mrs. Jump is Katherine Grant, and Noah Young is the second-story man. Well the way they go on is something re-e-diculous, you can hardly keep from laughing.

## Go Chase Yourself

THAT IS, IF YOU WANT TO LAUGH



You see the trained dog brings things that Jump hides, and when he hides incriminating "undies" the pup brings forth havoc, disaster, and calamity in pink silk.



Q There are many comedians, but this page is set aside for the glorification of Charley Chase, a darn good funny man.



# in Pictures



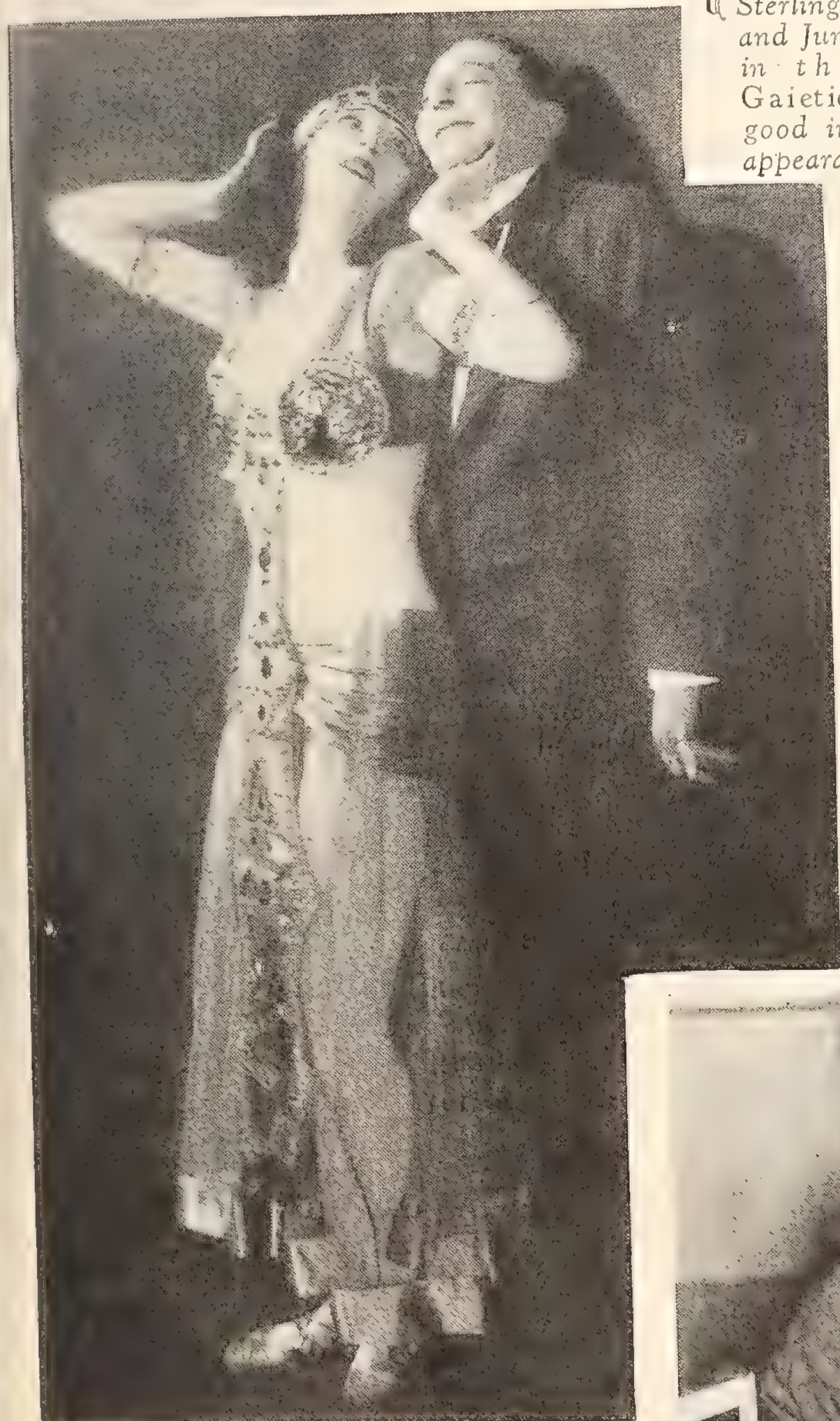
Photograph by  
Ira D. Schwarz

☞ Sterling Holloway and June Cochrane in the "Garrick Gaieties" make good in their first appearance.



Photograph by Muray Studios

☞ Eleanor Shaler in the "Garrick Gaieties," the Theatre Guild summer show. This organization has been very successful in the production of highbrow drama, and their first revue attempt brings a freshness that forecasts similar success in lighter mood.



Photograph by White Studio

☞ Ann Delafield and Charles Davis in "Bachelor's Brides."



Photograph by  
White Studio

☞ Louis Wolheim and William Boyd in the play, "What Price Glory," by Lawrence Stallings and Maxwell Anderson. The Will Hays organization forbade the screening of "What Price Glory" but "The Big Parade," by Stallings, brings the spirit of the doughboy to the screen.



# Alma Rubens in



Photograph by Will Walling, Jr.

*Q The dresses worn by Alma Rubens are very simple, but how charmingly they become her!*



**T**HE question most frequently asked of screen stars concerns their clothes. The girls of the movies look so fetching that it is not to be marvelled at that others want to know their dress secrets. No one of all the cinema beauties has more style than Alma Rubens. These semi-made dresses, in which Miss Rubens looks her cutest best, can be bought for you, if you wish, through SCREENLAND SHOPPING SERVICE.

Screenland Shopping Service, 236 West 55th Street, New York City, will be glad to buy for you any of these attractive frocks. Send check or money-order, together with size and color desired.

MODEL 231: Two-piece frock cut from Balbriggan. The collar and cuffs are made up of a fine quality white Crepe de Chine. The pockets are finely tailored and set in the blouse. Two inverted kick plaits are cut out and can easily be put together. Sizes 14 to 20 and 34 to 40.

Colors — Copen, Green and Henna.

PRICE \$8.50





# her SCREENLAND Dresses

Photographs posed especially by  
Miss Rubens for SCREENLAND.



Photograph by  
Will Walling, Jr.

☞ This is to give you a better view of  
the blouse of this two-piece frock  
which is hidden behind the hat on  
the opposite page.

MODEL 232: Cut from fine quality of Flannel.  
A leather collar with gilt buttons all made up.  
The cuffs are finished off with a row of silk and  
are made up. The pocket is finished off with a  
row of silk. Gilt buttons down the front of the  
waist. Buckle matches collar. One inverted plait  
is cut out. Sizes 14 to 20 and 34 to 44.

Colors — Grey, Navy and Rosewood.

PRICE \$10.00



Photograph by Will Walling, Jr.







☞ Kathleen Bennett is following in her illustrious sister's footsteps on the pathway to screen fame. Here she is (left) with sister, Enid, who in private life is Mrs. Fred Niblo. She is playing small rôles in Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer productions.

Dear Boss:

**Y**OURS of the last instant received and contents noted and in reply would state that the most recent quotations by, of and for Hollywood's filmy famous for the current month are considerably above par. In fact it's been quite a bright month, outstanding because of the number of wise cracks in the epidemic of wit which have not been used on this or any other stage this season. As a matter of fact it is the first month that we really have not missed Will Rogers.

Therefore with your kind permission and the consent of the Hollywood Chamber of Commerce may I not dedicate the sweat month of August to the tender mercies of our readers as "Have-You-Heard-This-One-Month." This of course with the understanding that all alleged and so-called green room stories will be sent to you by separate cover and not for publication, for even the little

# Gossip

from

## HOLLYWOOD

By H. B. K. Willis

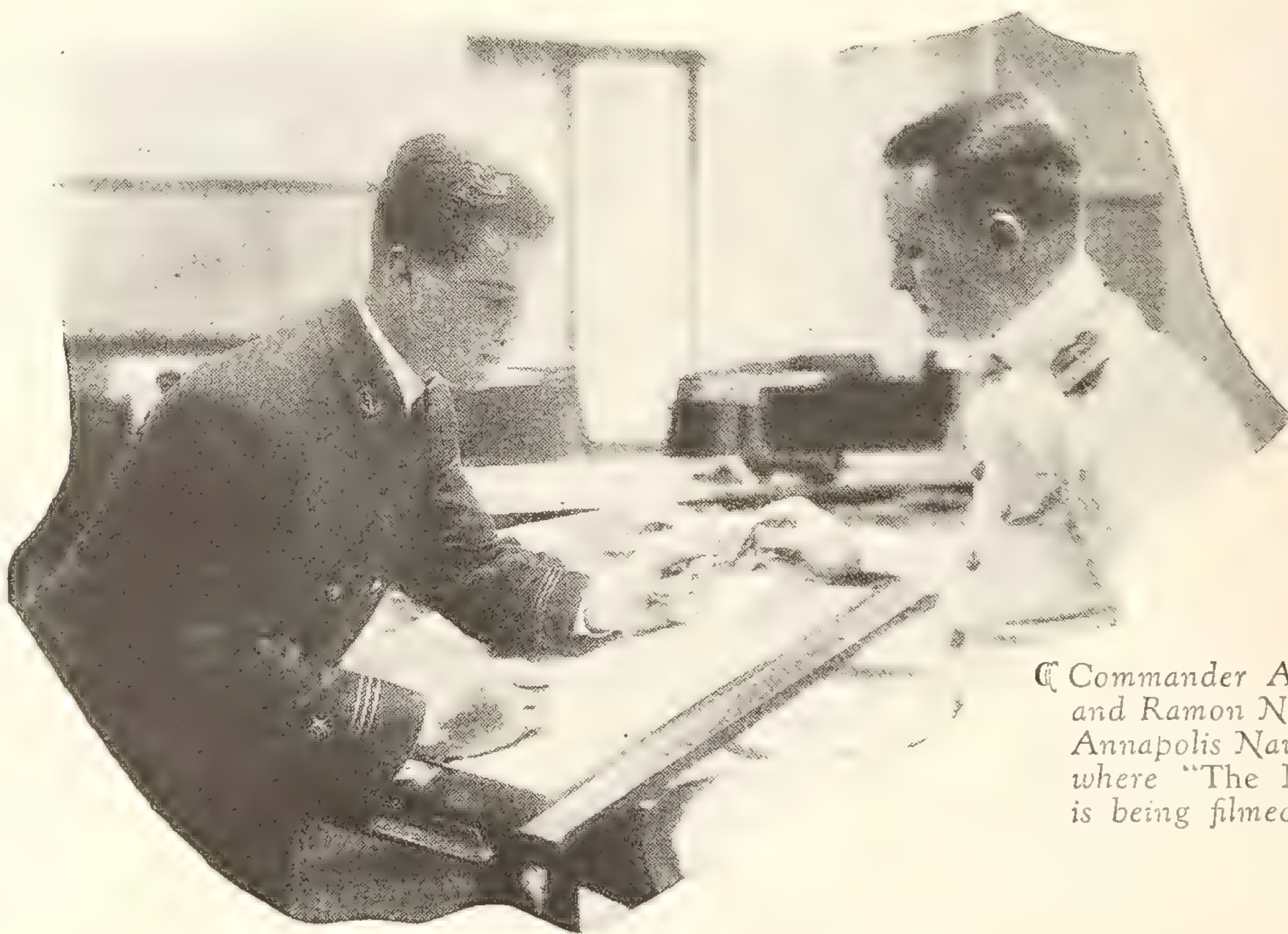
boysies and girlsies of the cinema must have their little joke.

— o —

In the first place consider this gem from the lips of Mabel Normand than whom there is no whomer, to wit:

Mabel has sort of been in seclusion for some months past due to circumstances beyond her control let us say. But the other day she burst forth as brightly as the well-worn noonday sun in the Montmartre cafe, where the cinemese eat their noonday and other meals, clad in smart riding breeches.

Instantly there was a rush to her table and such a "to do" ensued! Every one in the place was glad to see



☞ Commander Andrew Jones and Ramon Novarro at the Annapolis Naval Academy, where "The Midshipman" is being filmed.



her back again and said so with mouths full of soup and otherwise. They slapped her on the back and wrung her hand *a la* Kiwanese and with a dash of Booster.

"What's the idea of all this, Mabel?" queried Charlie Chaplin as he pointed a shaking finger at her trim legs and her smart equestrian apparel (that sort of sounds better than pants). "I didn't know you were fond of horses?"

"I never knew I was until now," Mabel answered with that little crooked smile of hers. "THEY," she added pointedly, "never paw any one without provocation."

And the laugh was on Chaplin again.

— o —

Peggy Hopkins Joyce — Countess Morner — though I can't say that I know what she has to mourn about — is back in Hollywood again. She is responsible for a wise crack by Mal St. Clair, the Paramount director, that has all Hollywood giggling.

It happened up at Ford Sterling's where the cocktail shaker is said to sound the knell of parting day. Mickie Neilan, St. Clair and a lot of other notables were there when the dashing Peggy slithered in and bent a hefty look upon Mal that made him swallow the olive in the malted milk he was drinking.

"What do you think of the fair Peggy?" Mal was asked at the studio the next day.

"Me? Why I wasn't able to think! D'ye know that woman fairly undressed me with her eyes!"

— o —

Another wag, as yet anonymous, has caused all the flicker folk to snicker whenever Eddie Sutherland's name is mentioned. Eddie, you know, is the youngest director in the infant industry — (credit is hereby given to Will Hays) — and until recently was the one-fifth of the family of which Marjorie Daw was the other four-fifths.

When the courts dissolved the banns the papers all published reams about it as newspapers are wont to do.

"Eddie Sutherland's off the newspapermen," the anonymous wag declared the next day in the Lasky cafeteria when the actors



☞ Jackie Coogan has become an adept golfer, under the expert instruction of Joe Kirkwood, well known professional. Jackie's next picture will be "Dirty Hands."

were after their lunch in full cry.

"Naw? And why?" some willing foil queried.

"They published the story about his divorce and never used his picture."

— o —

Whenever Alan Dwan, the Lasky director, disapproves of something, he scowls and glowers and growls:



☞ Patsy Ruth Miller practices high diving right in her own backyard — all you have to do to acquire these little comforts in life is — to become a successful movie star.

"That's all wet!"

That's Dwannian for "Take it away while I am still able to control myself."

He is now directing Gloria Swanson in "The Coast of Folly."

The other day while walking backward to determine a point of vantage for his cameraman, George Webber, to "set up" on for a shot, Dwan backed into a fountain not of the prop variety though it was filled with prop water.

The cast giggled and waited for the heavens to fall as Dwan, soaking wet, scrambled out of the pool.





☞ Girls, here's a fashion tip! Lovely Norma Shearer is the very last word in sweater and cap. Norma plays opposite Lon Chaney in "The Tower of Lies."

"That's all wet!" Gloria shrieked amid chuckles. "I advise you to go in for custard pie classics, Mr. Dwan, because you can make such wonderful low comedy falls!"

"How could I but help fall for you, Madame," Dwan responded, *con espressione*.

— o —

The bird who wouldn't go to see "The Hunchback of Notre Dame" because he was tired of college pictures —

The bozo who recommended Ibsen's "Doll's House" for the kiddies —

And the hombre who thought "The Red Lantern" was a railroad picture have another comrade.

He is a "gent" from California uncut who sauntered on the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer set on which King Vidor was putting some actors through their paces.

"What picture are you making?" he asked Vidor.

"The Big Parade," King vidored, which means to reply brusquely.

"Oh," said the "gent" with a dim gleam of intelligence flickering in his eye. "A circus picture, eh?"

Clenching his megaphone until it bled Vidor explained carefully that "The Big Parade" was a war picture, written by Laurence Stallings, co-author of "What Price Glory" and author of "Plumes," who knows all about wars because he fought and lost a leg in one which was something he had never done in a circus.

The following is proof of the old saw that no man is a hero to his wallet: Two men were waiting in line for seats at a Los Angeles photoplay house. They were discussing the merits and demerits of certain scenarios recently produced. They made modest suggestions as to how they thought they could have improved several of those under the hammer of their conversation.

Behind them stood a forty minute egg and his lady "fren." The egg could restrain himself no longer and burst forth raucously to his fair demoiselle.

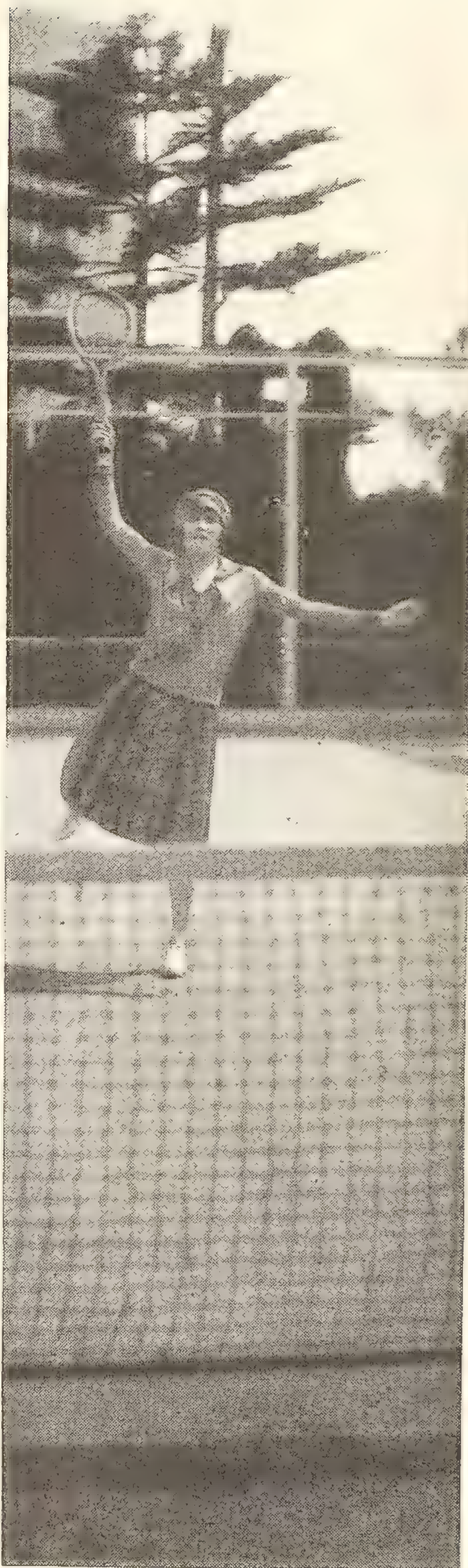
"Dese guys who tink dey know so much about scenarios make me sick. If they ever tried to write one dey wouldn't be so flip."

The two men nudged each other vigorously and were glad to duck into the theater to escape the furious gaze of the egg's sympathizers.

One of the men was Ernst Lubitsch, the famous director, whose script technique is widely known. The other was Carey Wilson, one of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's big league scenario staff.

— o —

Tito Schipa, famous Italian grand opera tenor, for years has enjoyed Lew Cody's screen blandishments.



☞ Diana Miller is a Fox player and tennis is her joy, when the camera is looking — anyway.



☞ Douglas MacLean gets the season's record catch of barracuda off Santa Catalina Island just before starting work on his initial Paramount picture.

Lew, equally for years, has enjoyed canned Schipa on his phonograph.

Recently the two met at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer lot while Tito was out here visiting his "lettla" brother, Carlo.

Cody rehearsed one of his most high-powered love scenes for Tito.

Tito, not to be outdone, turned on his high-voltage warbling apparatus.



Each marvelled at the other's excellence.

Then Tito did a love scene and Cody sang.

"What a pretty neck-tie you are wearing," Tito said in admiring Cody's voice.

It was not necessary for Tito to promise Lew he would stay out of pictures nor Lew to promise Tito he would not storm the operatic stage.

— o —

The other day I was out at Lasky's, just snooping around, and I met a SCREENLAND favorite, Walter McGrail, the handsome hero with the quarter-sawed face who does heavy parts for 1500 iron men a week for Fox and other producers who have that much.

I had a copy of SCREENLAND in my hand. I showed it to him and extolled its merits. I really like it, especially my stuff, Boss.

"Well, what do you think of it?" I asked him.

Without an instant's delay he answered, "It hits the McGrail on the head."



Ⓒ Rod La Rocque returns to Los Angeles from Europe and is met at the station by Edmund Burns. Rod is working on "The Coming of Amos" and Edmund Burns on "Hell's Highroad" at the De Mille Studio.

Also, Boss, I know you have always had the highest regard for Corinne Griffith and all her works but since all of us writing guys must stick together I must ask you not to pay any more attention to her until she disciplines that smart aleck press agent of hers, Harry D. Wilson, who was quite a Hollywood character as long as he was president of the Wampas. You know what that is and who cares?

You know that between times of writing you some chatter for SCREENLAND each month and working on a newspaper I have been studying to become a young and vigorous osteopath.

Well, Boss, I graduated in June and I thought it would



Ⓒ Ten guesses — and the first nine don't count! It's Gloria Swanson as Mary Pickford in her first picture since her return to the States — "The Coast of Folly."

be nice of me so I sent Harry Wilson a nice engraved invitation to Commencement. Of course I knew he would never become a patient of mine. He's too tight.

Did I get any thanks from him? I should not. Instead just this:

Dr. H. B. K. Willis,

Somewhere in Los Angeles.

Sir:

Your Form B advertisement announcing your presentation to the world at large as a quack doctor received in the usual manner and placed carefully away in waste basket three.

If you are as good a doctor as a writer, God help those upon whom you inflict your services. The proper thing now is to tie in with a good undertaker. I know a chap who is not doing so good. He would welcome a split percentage on all cases given him. Name on request.

Anyway, good luck. I don't hold out much hopes for you, but anyway good luck, old swallow tail.

Love and no kisses,

(Signed) HARRY D. WILSON.

All I can say is I bet Harry is the undertaker who wants the split. If he thinks I am going to try and help him out with punctuation and spelling and grammar any



more, he's crazy.

Hoping you are the same, I am,

*Yours hastily;*

Doc.

P. S.—I hope he loses his job and has to go to work.

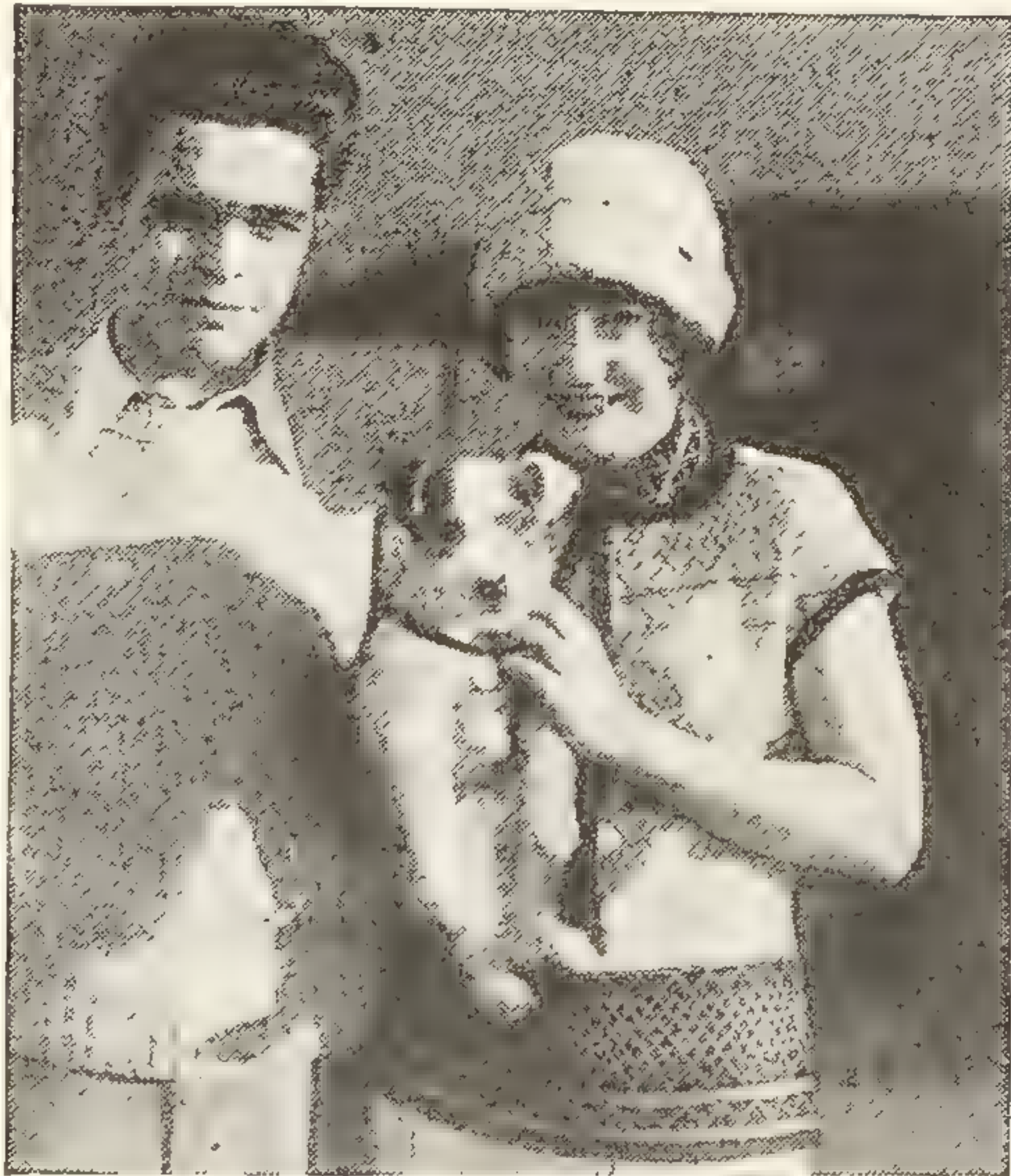
Doc.

P. P. S.—I think you should also know that at the present time there are about forty or fifty prominent actor persons in Hollywood who would like to put turpentine in Marion Davies' face cream.

Recently one of Manhattan's typewriting demigoddesses anent the cinema was out here on a junket. Florence Lawrence, who does movies on the Los Angeles Examiner, gave what was called a "location lunch" for her and all of the big actors and actresses came to the caviar with their make-up, and all that sort of thing, on. Marion Davies was there too. Everybody seemed pleased with the party until the next morning when in Miss Lawrence's department appeared a story entitled "Hollywood Stars Honor Marion Davies" in which the Manhattan guest of honor was hardly mentioned.

That's the reason why the stars are peeved.

Personally I feel they should be more broad-minded since Miss Davies hardly gets any publicity at all, especially in the Hearst papers. She only had ten columns in the Examiner the morning after "Zander the Great" opened.



☞ Pandro Berman, son of Harry M. Berman, sales manager of F.B.O. and himself an assistant director, with Alberta Vaughn, his favorite screen star.



☞ Mr. and Mrs. Bert Lytell. Taken shortly after their marriage in Mexico City. Mrs. Lytell, formerly Claire Windsor, will be seen shortly in "The White Desert," while Bert has the leading rôle in "Never the Twain Shall Meet."

Conway Tearle will not conduct "The Viennese Medley"—No, just act up in the leading rôle for First National. Anna Q. Nilsson, May Allison and Ian Keith will also meddle. Action began recently at the West Coast Studio and to supply the proper Viennese flavor Hungarian goulash was served. Shirley Mason, Dorothy Sebastian and Barbara Bedford surround and exalt Lewis Stone these days in "Joseph Greer," but he has, alas, a heart of Stone.

— o —

The dour Buster Keaton had something to smile at recently: Work started on "Go West," his new picture.



☞ Joe and Bob Keaton and their mother, Natalie Talmadge Keaton, on the patio of the Buster Keaton home in Hollywood.

Not only is he to take his glum way through the rôle of a young man cast among many cows, which in itself tends to humor, but he is also the author, in collaboration with Raymond Cannon. It is a well-known fact that authors of comedies invariably laugh at their own com-ics. Do you suppose Buster could resist the temptation? What Price Cachinnation?

— o —

"Graustark," originally a celebrated novel by George Barr McCutcheon, has been adapted to the screen for Norma's starring vehicle. "Graustark" is presented as a modern kingdom nestling in the mountains of the south of Europe.

The film version presents McCutcheon's romantic story practically in its original form. Norma has the



the lovely Princess Yevie, although surrounded by the lingering formalities of old-world customs, manages to defy convention and break through royal restrictions to love and happiness. Eugene O'Brien comes back once more to be Norma's leading man.

—O—

Constance Talmadge's new starring rôle in "Her Sister From Paris" presents her as two distinct personalities—first as a meek young housewife and later as a dashing, captivating, madcap Parisian stage dancer.

The story is laid in Vienna and deals with Constance's screamingly funny attempts to force her husband to demonstrate his love for her. Ronald Colman plays the husband. There is another man, played by George K. Arthur, who enters into the plot and forms the third side to the eternal triangle.



C Ann Pennington, famous Follies star at the Christie Studios, Hollywood, where she will appear with John Eltinge in "Madame Lucy." With her are Bobby Vernon and Natalie Joyce.

Direction of "Her Sister From Paris" is entrusted to Sidney Franklin, who directed many of the Talmadge successes.

—O—

Edwin Carewe, producer for First National, has a citrus ranch, but what has this to do with his work on "The Sea Woman," his next picture? The answer is something about Blanche Sweet who is his star—you know—"My ranch may be citrus but my Blanche is Sweet."

—O—

Jean Hersholt is second only to the whip in "Don Q," and therefore logically Henry King casts him for the part of riding master in "Stella Dallas."



C Corinne Griffith, who is soon to start work on the screen version of Brady's stage success, "Forever After."

—O—

John Barrymore will make "The Sea Beast" for Warner and Millard Webb will direct. It's an out of door part as ordered, and John is enthusiastic over this New Bedford whaling story and his part.

—O—

Traffic on one of Hollywood's busiest corners suffered last week when Walter Hiers, fat screen comedian, played the rôle of policeman for several hours. Cameras recorded Hiers' ludicrous efforts for sequences in his new comedy.



C Harry Langdon, bold brave fireman and hero of "His First Flame," a Mack Sennett comedy which has just been completed.



# They SAY

By *Marion of*  
HOLLYWOOD

*"Rain, rain go away  
And come some other  
Hollywood day."*

**Y**ES, we're having more rain. Some New Yorker told me once how glad he is to hear of rain in California. I don't know why. He's a nice fellow, too—likes the movies and everything, but just enjoys hearing that the rain falls on the just and unjust alike. We're not so particular out here; at least, some of us. Florence Vidor says she doesn't care whether it rains or not, because Lois Wilson is in New York and they couldn't play tennis anyway. Buster Collier says he doesn't like it because it's hard enough to keep his hair from curling in the dry weather. With others of us, though, praying for rain means "sure enough" and not "just maybe." The other day I met an extra player who seemed to be searching the heavens for pearls. I asked the reason. "Well," he answered, "if it rains tomorrow, presto, a day's work and eats; if it shines tomorrow, presto, no work, no eats." And the next one is searching for stars, because if it shines there will be work and eats. So how can the heavens play square with the prayers?

Fine chance a poor press agent has trying to get in a word with a great celebrity on his return to Hollywood after a year and eight months. I refer to Richard—Richard Dix. He came back from New York this week and in a couple of months I expect to be able to find out if my old friend with the classy uniform still holds out in his tower on 42nd and Fifth Ave.

"Say, Rich," I said, "does that—fine look——"

"Well, I'll be gol-derned! If there isn't Richard Dix. Hello, there, Rich. When'd you get back? How's the little old city?"

Then once again—

"Say, Rich, in New York does that good looking pol——"

"Can you beat that? Look who's here! Little Richard Dix in person—not a movie. Hul-lo, Rich-ard!"

"Say, Rich, listen. Remember that good-looking cop who stands on 42nd St. and——"

But what's the use? Not a chance in the world. Richard knows 'em all, and they all want to say "howdy," and I guess the quickest way to find out about my good-looking policeman will be to take a trip to little old New York.



Marie Prevost, on a dog-fishing expedition, in one reel.

Richard Dix isn't the only New Yorker Hollywood-bound. Within two days, in addition to a couple hundred thousand shriners, the following have reached the "land of sunshine":

John Barrymore, Esther Ralston, Lowell Sherman, Mary Brian, Neil Hamilton and Tom Mix. The funny part of it is that they're all "glad to be back," but "New York is sure a great place."

Herb Rawlinson is handing out cigars these days on account of because there's a brand new baby in the family. That's the best part of living in Hollywood—you hardly ever have to buy your own smokes! But Herb, all smiles, says it's great stuff to be a dad, and would even go as high as two smokes all around.





¶ Harold Lloyd, Mrs. Harold Lloyd, Mrs. Joseph Schenck and Miss Constance Talmadge leading the Shriner's Parade in Los Angeles.

On the William Fox lot they've given Alma Rubens a new title. Instead of "Mistress of the Hunt" it's "Big Sister to the Cats." A few days ago a friendly little meow perched herself on the window-casing of Miss Rubens' dressing-room bungalow. Miss Rubens donated a glass of milk to its cause. The next day three cats came to call. More milk. The word seems to have been passed around the cat colony that the Rubens bungalow is the cat's whiskers.

In Hollywood, about two blocks of it, is a spot that goes under the name of "Poverty Row." And it's just exactly what the name implies — poverty row. Folks make pictures there, but practically all of the pictures made mean more than just a picture to the man who produces it. Sometimes a life's savings are put into a production, the amount turns out to be a wee bit short, and the hopes have to be discarded and turned over to somebody else. That's poverty row — everybody saving, saving, saving, and dreaming of the great day when success will come down their lowly street. Yes, it comes once in a while.

The twenty-fifth man—that's David Dunbar for the rôle he plays in "Ben Hur." And as the twenty-fifth man he got the part. Fred Niblo hunted all over Hollywood to find a real actor-rider, a man who could be an artist and a horseman at the same time. That man was Dave, of the Southern Texas drawl, and it's lucky for Otto Ledderer that Dave was true to the reputation of his native state. The scene called for Dunbar, on a fiery steed, to make a leap clear over Ledderer as he stopped to pick a letter from the ground. After trying 23

actors, Niblo decided he'd use a regular rider. After trying the rider, Niblo decided he'd have to find somebody more than a rider, and they called on Dave. I asked him if he weren't afraid of hurting Ledderer. He answered that to the horse it was like taking a fence, except that the horse would let his hoof hit a fence or a dummy, but never a human being. Just the same, they tell me it was a wonderful piece of horsemanship, and could only have been done by an expert horseman. And it's little things like that which make life interesting for Ledderer!

I see where Rudolph



¶ "Help! Help! It's a bear!" Bryan Foy, Fox director (in cap) calls for help.



¶ Belle Bennett signed to play the title rôle in "Stella Dallas."

Valentino is going to play the part of a Russian in his next picture; and judging from the title "untamed" at that. Perhaps Rudy will create a new kind of lover. The one thing I'm convinced he'll never get away from, though, is "The Sheik." Sheiks may come and Sheiks may go, but Rudy's sheik will go on forever. If any of you have taken my advice to listen in on Saturday night over "KNX, Los Angeles," you know that a week or so ago was "Rudolph Valentino Night." Rudy talked to the whole wide waiting world, and we all became acquainted with the fact that he smokes a pipe! However, the most interesting part of the





Q John Barrymore is met by Jack Warner on his arrival in Hollywood to make two pictures for Warner Brothers.

program was the fact that from the moment he was on the air, request after request came in for him to sing the "Kashmira Love Song." Do you remember in "The Sheik," where he sings

*"Pale hands I loved  
Beside the Shalimar  
Where art thou now?  
Where art thou now?"*

Yep, everybody wanted to hear him sing it in person! He couldn't sing it, though, on account of a cold, but some time in the future, when the cold's better, the sheik love song will be floating on the air to the rhythm of the sheik himself.

Irvin Willat is sending forth a plea to those of us who know nothing about his next production, "The Ancient Highway." I have to admit how guilty I would have been about it, because when I heard the title, I could see stretched before me a long, straight, beautiful road, reaching as far as my eyes could travel. But I was all wrong! It's not road. It's straight, long and beautiful, but it's a water-way instead of a road-way.

When I heard of possibilities of Jackie Coogan being trained by David Belasco to be some day a great Hamlet, it reminded me of a time about five years ago when Jackie was very small and I happened to come down in the same elevator of a big building with him. "Hello," I said to him. "Hello," he



Q Earle Fox and silver fox in Fox picture, "A Terrible Fox-Pox."

answered. "Want to see what I've got in my hand?" He opened his small hand, cup-like. There wasn't a thing there. "See," he said, "it's a elephant, and when I get out of this elevator with him, I'm goin' to take him on the street and ride all up and down on top of him and make him act." If Jackie could make an elephant act, Hamlet ought to be easy for him!



Q Madge Bellamy and "Quack." Madge is just completing "Lightnin'."

The Research Departments of the various studios in Hollywood are going on a strike! They think it's about time producers make a few modern stories where they won't have to be looking up all sorts of funny clothing, vehicles, homes and the like. Think them



over. Take "Ben Hur," "The Wanderer," "Graustark," "Not So Long Ago," and a few like that, and try to imagine the endless time and searching it takes to make every detail absolutely correct.

signed, including Henry B. Walthall, Lilyan Tashman and Forrest Stanley.

"The Girl Who Wouldn't Work"—Gee! we would like to have that title!

— o —

"I am concentrating on love in my forthcoming pictures," says Samuel Goldwyn, "because I sense that public sentiment is veering away from wild melodrama and returning to the love stories of distinction and power."

This from the bridegroom proves again that all is well with Francis Howard's husband. Perhaps the wild melodramas are produced by bachelors.

— o —

Squash, the indoor game which has proven so popular among the prominent film actors, is a great muscle developer. Edmund Lowe, one of the most constant devotees of the sport, discovered the other day that his right arm has become more developed than his left because he handles the squash racket from his right side.

This is as bad as in the pre-Volstead days — only those were "squishes."



☞ Buck Jones has his hands full in "Lazy"

When the production "Not So Long Ago" was to be started, Director Sidney Olcott told Ricardo Cortez that Burnsides would be necessary. The next day Cortez again asked Olcott about the peculiar necessity he'd have to have for the picture. Again it was "Burnsides." Ric would have understood if he had been informed to grow "side-burns," but it wasn't "side-burns" — it was "Burnsides," with a capital "B." After searching in most of the Los Angeles libraries, Cortez found that although "side-burns" and "Burnsides" are one and the same thing, the proper appellation is "Burnsides," so-called because General Burnsides, of Civil War fame, was the first to introduce that peculiar style of hair-cut in the United States. It's just one of those little things which show us how motion pictures educate us when we don't even know it or try to get an education.

— o —

B. P. Schulberg announced this week the signing of Lionel Barrymore for the leading masculine rôle in "The Girl Who Wouldn't Work," which will be the initial Preferred Picture to be made by the new director "find," Marcel De Sano. While the feminine lead has not yet been selected, several of the other principals have already been

☞ Lloyd Hughes has a follow-through like a bill collector.





# The GAMBLE of Picture Work

¶ It holds in Hollywood the picturesque wanderers of earth, and to the young and ambitious it is a dicing with Fate.

By Abraham Goldener

PROBABLY the best known refrain in Hollywood, though hardly the most popular, is "Nothing today." To casting directors and agencies, these two words seem to be the most important of any in Mr. Webster's authoritative work on cross words.

After weeks of listening to the refrain, the immediate and apparently bleak future assumed a new hue, when one evening there came a call from an agency to report on the Valentino set at eight the next morning, dressed in dark street clothes.

Morning found me on hand in front of the studios, waiting patiently with several others for the agency representative to appear so that all of us might pass through the gates. Waiting with those who had been called were many others not on the call, yet hoping that something would turn up whereby they would be selected for a day's work. Dark types prevailed, and on every side were Latins of all ages and descriptions. A few moments before eight, the agency's man arrived, quickly checked us in, and had us assigned to dressing rooms. Decidedly interesting is the group of actors, near actors and would-be actors known as extras. To the screen they have come from all walks in life. Their stories form little dramas more absorbing even than those they play so minor a part in.

In the dressing room with me is a gentleman past sixty, who carries himself with a military air and appears not more than forty-five. Long before I came to Hollywood to battle the hardest game in the world,

I had seen this gentleman playing dignified physician, business men, army officers of superior rank and aristocrats of all types. I had seen him as King George and as the ill-fated Czar of Russia. Answering my surprise inquiry, he told me that extra work was done only

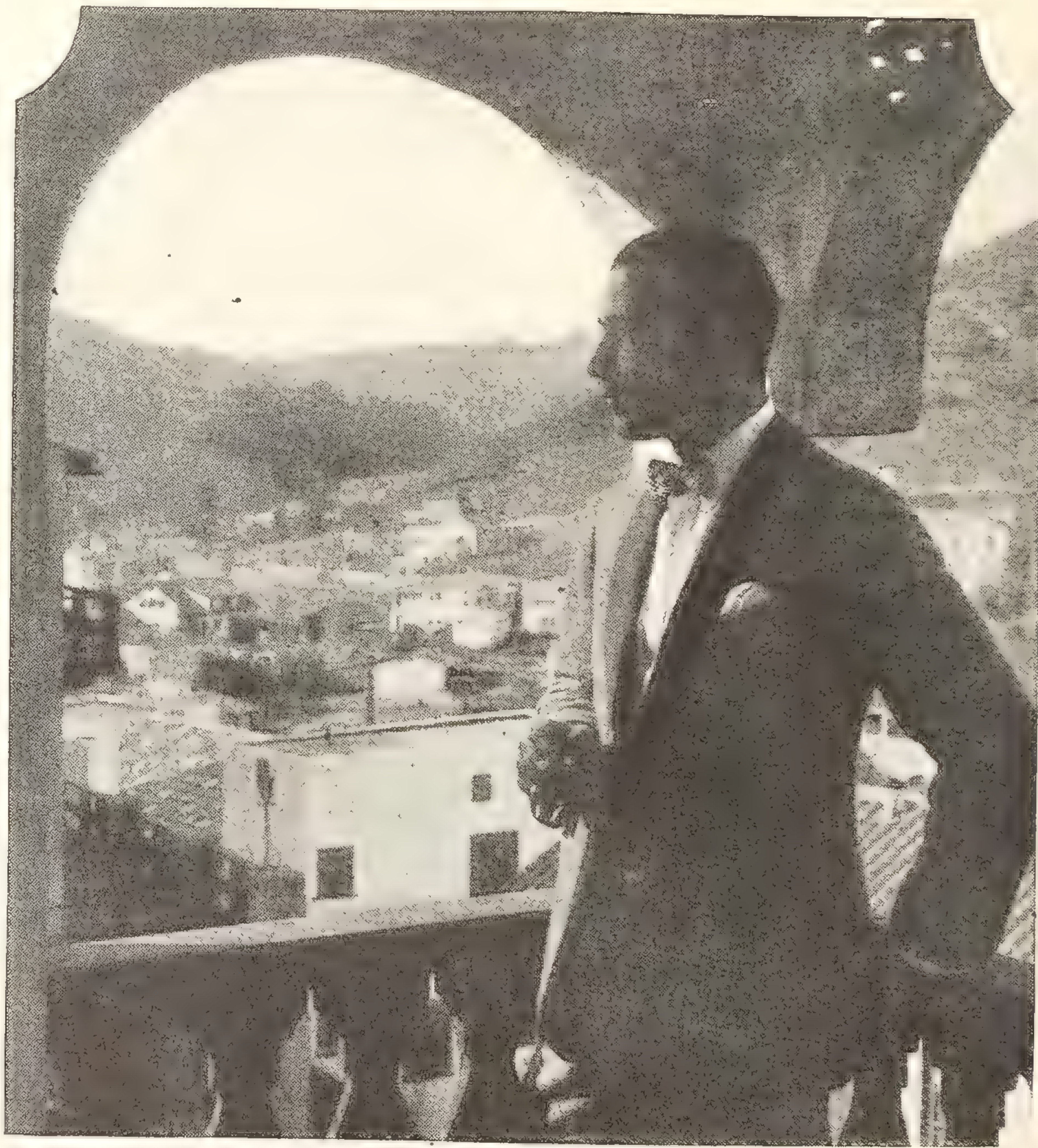
preference to being idle while waiting for his type of part to turn up. "But," said he, as he sparingly applied his makeup, "they'll have to pay me more if they want a real makeup." He has been all over the world, a soldier in several armies; he was a witness in the famous Dreyfus case and an officer in the French Zouave. Before casting his lot with pictures he was a cook among husky lumbermen. He

has worked for almost every director and has a vast fund of the inside and intimate stories concerning picture people.

My other dressing room mate is one Andie (name), who is industrious, applying a makeup that would do credit to a star and asking how many days we expect to work. A typical Frenchman, courteous and considerate, he is an old-timer in pictures and did his first work on the other side with Max Linder, the French comedian.

We are fast friends by the time our makeup is on and start for the set together. It is an open-air café somewhere in Italy and looks for all the world to have been set down in the courtyard of a medieval castle. The dressing of the set is not fully complete, so we wait . . . and wait. Despite California's vaunted sunshine overcoats are neces-

## A "different" story of being an extra with Valentino.



Photograph by Nealson Smith

¶ Rudolph Valentino in the patio of his Hollywood home. The view shows historic Cahuenga Pass.



y for comfort. There is a little stove on the set that appears to be but a prop, for it throws forth no heat. We have ample time to renew old acquaintances and make new ones, while the little orchestra, consisting of organ and a violin, deviates from its mission of supplying inspirational music to the players and tries to keep the extras in a happy mood. Nothing is more tedious, more tiresome, than waiting on a set.

The set is dressed and Dick Johnson, the director's assistant, is moving quietly through the crowd selecting and placing, with a practised eye, the various types in positions of best vantage. Johnson is a somewhat different type among assistants. He has an eye for detail and obtains his results quietly without blazoning his authority. A graduate of Stanford, he can boast an M. A. degree, which meant nothing when he started as a property man years ago. His ultimate ambition, naturally, is direction, and in spite of the many disillusionments that come from close contact with picture making, his ideals still exist and persist.

The other assistant, Barton Adams, is a fine chap but quite the opposite of Johnson. He, too, knows his business, but in a good-natured way is rather inclined to show his authority. Yet he can hardly be blamed with a position akin to that of a corporal in the army. He must see that his superiors' orders are performed. His name is a historic one and out of curiosity I asked if he was connected with the famous Boston family of Adamses and learned that his father claimed relationship with the family. I could not help but wonder what staid, dignified, old John Quincy Adams would say if he could be lured into a studio and find a member of the family engaged in making canned amusement.

Moving about the set, adding glasses here, a chair there, filling wine glasses with ginger ale, dusting a table and answering questions from his assistants is that most important of factors, the head props. On him falls the burden of wrath if the properties called for in the scene plot are not on hand and in their proper places. He must bear all troubles and griefs on the set, he must be able to supply anything called for on short notice. Phil De Esco, who holds down this responsible position, is considered one of the best property men in Hollywood; and if gossip is true, he is one of the few real members of the nobility working in pictures.

Standing in the center of the set appraisingly looking over the arrangement of the cafe is Natacha Rambova, who won fame as an art director long before she became the wife of the sheik of the screen. Everywhere one hears tales of Mrs. Valentino's lording it over people connected with the organization, but this must have been an off day. No displays of authority or temperament in evidence. It is noticeable that the director and his assistants listen to her suggestions and she appears to know what is what in a studio.

(Editor's Note: Mrs. Valentino, since this story was written, has organized her own company and is producing "What Price Beauty." Mr. Valentino has in the meantime joined the United Artists.)

The lights are being adjusted, some are "killed," others retained—finally the scene is ready. The director care-

fully, painstakingly, explains the action desired. The rehearsal starts—the troubadours sing and strum their guitars as they stroll from table to table. Time and again they go through the same motions and the same song until it becomes monotonous. One troubadour seems able to call exactly the same expression to his face for every scene, while the extra playing the waiter does the same little walk over and over again until he seems to have walked two miles in a little space of not more than fifty feet.

In my experience as an extra I have watched many directors at work and each is an interesting study with a method distinctly his own. Years ago Joseph Henabery was doing little extra bits in single reel comedies. He deserted them to act under the great Griffith. Later he became one of Griffith's assistants. He had a hand in the making of the "Birth of a Nation." He works slowly, carefully, deliberately. One wonders how with this mode of working he could have produced such fast moving picture successes as the early Fairbanks produc-

tions. He explains a scene thoroughly, even going through the action himself, and after satisfactory rehearsals shoots the scene from various angles and many times. While directing a scene, he reminds one of the prizefighter who enters the ring with a smile and carries that same smile to victory or defeat. Henabery's smile is always with him and seems to combine an honest delight at the satisfactory progress of the action with that of hopefulness and encouragement.

Valentino comes on the set and is the cynosure of all eyes. Generally, leading men and women mean

nothing to the initiated extra, but somehow the sheik holds an unexplainable fascination for all. He is minus the famous beard and looks quite debonair and handsome. Rumors have been afloat that Valentino had acquired a bit of the enlarged head that grows on many who reach the heights of screen fame, but his action on the set belies the truth of the stories. He is very friendly with two extras who evidently are friends of the days when Valentino welcomed extra work.

What an actor he is! He listens attentively to the suggestions of the director and then, without effort, puts himself into the rôle he plays. He exemplifies his art with an ease and gracefulness that carries every scene he enacts. To me the man rightfully deserves the place he has in filmdom, for he has brains and knows how to use them.

A dramatic note of which Valentino is unaware is that a little extra girl on the set once played ingenues in serials that had Valentino playing extras. Since those days, Margaret Kemp has been a dancer in musical comedy, gone through a long siege of illness, and is now trying to come back via the extra route. They forget quickly in pictures, and one who drops out must start all over again.

There is a bustle of activity. We are to be in the next shot. Chairs are straightened. Tables dusted. Makeup boxes come to the front. Hasty dabs of powder on ghastly faces. Lip sticks and eyebrow pencils very much in evidence. Who knows but what the camera may favorably catch some of us and pave the way for bigger things.

## TOO LATE!

*So many requests for information concerning the Paramount School have been received that SCREENLAND takes this method of advising that the registration was closed before the letters reached us.*



## Try a Motion Picture "Location Lunch"—Continued from page 35

another stage in the same studio in "The Half Way Girl," offered some pleasing suggestions. One sliced chicken sandwich, one of jelly, and one consisting of thinly sliced bread, lettuce and sliced tomato, should be sufficient for any actor or actress, she says. Of course with the sandwiches should go a piece of cake and some fruit, with hot coffee, if possible.

A suggestion which sounds very reasonable is offered by Lloyd Hughes, young leading man, who is playing opposite Miss Kenyon in "The Half Way Girl." Hughes is practical and believes in plain food either on or off location. He says the only way to provide satisfactory lunches is to do away with the old idea of preparing sandwiches and individual boxes of food.

"Take your bread along in regular loaf form," he advises. "Also take your butter in prints, your cold meats in bulk. Then, when lunch time arrives whoever is in charge of the lunches can slice the bread and make fresh sandwiches right there. In that way you never have dry bread, which is terrible for lunch. Take your fruit in

bulk—apples, pears, peaches if in season, or bananas or oranges. If tomatoes are in the market I always like them, for they are very thirst-quenching. Take them whole. Then when you hand out the newly made sandwiches give a tomato along with each. Take your pies right in the tins and cut them as needed. They will not be smashed this way and taste much nicer. A big can of coffee is always acceptable."

"Give me plenty of sour pickles and three or four good ham sandwiches and I want no more," says Ben Lyon, another featured player. "I always give away the pie and cake and sweets," added Ben. "Good meat sandwiches and pickles with a glass of water is enough for anybody."

Earl Hudson, head of one of the eastern production units, insists that a satisfactory lunch be provided, a lunch that will please everybody. The contents: sandwiches—one chicken, one ham, one lettuce and tomato, a piece of cheese, a pickle, fruit, a piece of pie or cake and cookies.

As this is the season of the year when picnic lunches are somewhat in order and

many of the moving picture fans are wondering just what would be nice to take along, we asked T. L. Armstrong, head of one of the commissary departments, for a few suggestions.

"Of course," said Armstrong, "in making up the lunches for the moving picture casts one must take into consideration the cost. If the cost is held down, so is the lunch, and *vice versa*. But for private picnics there are many little dainties that one can provide at slight cost.

"For example, take a box of fresh strawberries. If you carried them along in the usual manner they would be smashed and you would have nothing but a juicy mess when you reached the lunch place. But take those berries and pack them in a little shoe box. Lay a layer of firm berries on the bottom, then cover with a coating of sugar until you cannot see the berries.

"If you like sardines take them in the original boxes. Take a loaf of bread and some butter, and make your sandwiches when you are ready to eat them. In this way you have fresh bread that is not soaked with oil, and there is nothing mussy."

## When You have a Screen Test—Continued from page 37

of a graceful exit provided the comedy. Each girl strutted her stuff. They sprang everything from Mae Murray's wiggle to Nita Naldi's slinky locomotion. A good time was had by all!

A long jump to Culver City, where I stopped in Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's to see tests taken. Lina Basquette, another promising recruit from the Follies, was all wrapped up in a tiger skin coat and emoting all over the set. I facetiously inquired if she were testing for an Elinor Glyn story. The funny part of it—she was! A remarkable imitation, at that. Hal LeSueur was next and made a heroic effort to look natural. He was testing for a part in Cabanne's picture, starring Novarro. A nice boy—I hope he got it.

At First National I met an attractive novitiate. Joyce Compson. She has just won a contract there. I asked her what her sensations were facing the camera:

"I felt as though a huge cannon were trained on me and was apt to go off any minute and scatter me promiscuously about the lot!"

I ran across Art McCord on the lot. He is an expert cameraman and could write a book on tests.

"Tell me—are the stars nervous on tests?" Even persistently popular stars have to take tests, you know.

"Colleen Moore is," Art said positively. "Miss Moore is the most painstaking star, both in regard to material garb and mental mood, of any star I ever tested. She is extremely uneasy taking the test, and nervous as a novice watching them run off."

It occurred to me to get an actor's viewpoint while I was about it. I looked up Lewis Stone:

"Tests are the devil," declared Mr. Stone. "What I hate about tests is the way they rise up and smite you. Solecisms of dress and demeanor you never suspected are thrown in your face by the minute reproduction of the screen."

Edwin Carewe blew in. Opportunely.

"I compare tests to first nights," he said. "The really great actor is keyed to high pitch when the curtain rises on a new production. A screen star tackles a new rôle under the same mental strain."

I had heard enough to convince me that tests were real trials, even to the experienced player. I sought another slant to the subject through professional amenity. I called on Barrett Kiesling. Mr. Kiesling tells the world what it should know about the deep-laid plans of Cecil B. DeMille.

Tests are a fetish of DeMille's. He probably takes more tests than any man in the industry. It accounts probably for the gorgeous detail of his pictures. He takes test after test of each player. Lillian Rich was tried in every shade and sort of blonde wig before he was satisfied with the one she wore to such good advantage in *The Golden Bed*. He tests fabrics for photographic effects, jewels—once he took numerous tests of rings to get one suitable to a certain close-up.

Mr. Kiesling took me in the projection room—had some DeMille tests run off. Watching them, I appreciated the meticulous care Mr. DeMille takes to get perfection of attire and psychology of mood. His fastidiousness, his exactitude, showed in every test. Leatrice Joy, with her hair arranged different ways to determine the most effective headdress; a girl in various wigs to ascertain the shade of hair best suited to

her skin; a study in make-up—itself a comprehensive subject. All so interesting I hated to tear myself away.

I paused at M-G-M long enough to get Bob McIntyre's opinion. Mr. McIntyre is the rather ponderously wrought casting director at Metro's. He knows a lot about tests, naturally—

Mr. McIntyre claims real screen personality will show in spite of faulty make-up and self-consciousness. He insists true talent reveals itself in a mere glance, a gesture. Sitting in a projection room one day, he saw the test of a girl. Obviously of no camera experience, and plainly frightened. A terrible test, really, but there was a subtle something there that prompted him to ask where the girl was. Nobody knew. Two years later, in a different studio, the same girl came to him for a test.

"Any experience?" he asked her.

"None," she replied.

"Ever have a test made?"

"Once," she confessed.

The girl was Eleanor Boardman.

I cast about for a producer or a director general to interview—might as well run the gamut. F. Richard Jones at Roach's! Just the man. Mr. Jones is known as a personality builder. He has a sextette on his hands now—Blanche Mehaffey, Katherine Grant, Martha Sleeper, Marjorie Whiteis, Kathleen Collins and Fay Wray. Through tests Mr. Jones is developing their personalities and doing nicely, thank you. His first requirement is beauty. Type, he says, is essentially inward.

The camera is a crucible where souls are tested for dross, a crucible which reveals the pure metal of greatness.



## Molly-O Mentions

(Continued from page 47)

There's more in a title of a picture than you will ever guess, since most of you don't sit in the box office and watch the results. The minute we got the notice for this picture, we were crazy to see it. "The Bandit's Baby! Anybody is crazy about a baby, and if that baby belongs to a bandit, things ought to be exciting—and they are!

Tom Bailey was outlawed from Three Forks as a suspect in a murder case. The sheriff would have tried him and hung him—maybe—but they couldn't catch him. Tom hid in the hills and had a great time eluding his captors. It wasn't hard, not when you consider he had Silver King to help him. There's a horse for you, if there ever was one! Next to babies, we're crazy about horses, especially fast racing white ones. There's a great race between Silver King and the Limited, with the baby toddling right into the arms of Death—at the other end of the line. It surely put lumps into our throats and made us hang on to our chairs.

Esther Lacy, the baby's half sister, is sweet and wistful, and when she leaves the baby with—a bandit—well she is a whole lot wiser than you give her credit for, and when she comes back for the baby, you don't blame her for taking the bandit as well! You'll get an awful laugh out of some of the funny things that happen when Tom Bailey turns nurse. Gun fire was a lot easier than putting the top on the baby's bottle. If you don't believe it, you want to see Fred Thomson doing both.

### "The Fighting Demon"

HELLO there, Dick Talmadge, glad to see you again! This latest picture of his, "The Fighting Demon," sure has a punch in it, in more ways than one.

It's all about young John Drake. When finished with college, he successfully designs safes and vaults. So when he is offered a big job in South America, it looks to John like a dream come true and he loses no time in accepting. But alas—when the boat leaves for South America, John is almost left behind. We said almost—and wait until you see how he catches it. With such a start off, things had to move pretty quick for John Drake, and they did. He meets Dolores D'Arcy on the boat and she certainly looks like the future Mrs. Drake to him.

It was a smooth enough voyage, but when John lands in



Rod La Rocque tells us this is how "The Well-Dressed Man" strolls the boulevards of Hollywood, but he doesn't get a chance to wear them in "The Coming of Amos," his next picture.

South America things get rough right away. His first night there all his money and passport are stolen. A pretty kettle of fish poor John Drake was in—far from home, broke, and desperately in love. You wonder what he's going to do about it, and so does John. But his chance to recuperate comes through a prize fight. John is ready to tackle anything, even a South American champion. Oscar had a good laugh watching John practise his little wallop, with a feather pillow for an opponent. Zip-p-p—suddenly the pillow ripped and you couldn't see John for the flying feathers. When the poor bird does locate himself in the mirror, he calmly remarks—"Oh I must have turned cuckoo."

There's a lot of big blows in this prize fight before John comes out on top. But the worst one comes to John outside the ring, when he learns that his job is in working for a bunch of crooks. They mean to force him to open the safe in the bank, a safe which John had designed and built, and which he knew by heart down to the smallest screw. But John is no thief. Neither was he so awfully willing to die when four nice shining revolvers were aimed at his heart. There was nothing for him to do but open the big steel door—and then—?

Well it's a safe bet that you'll get a thrill out of this dramatic wind up. John gets Dolores—so he's satisfied too.

### "Faint Perfume"

F AINT PERFUME," the famous novel by Zona Gale, has been done into a photoplay which is bound to follow up close on the amazing success of the book. There is one big thing about Miss Gale's work—she deals with real people. And so does the picture. You'll recognize every member of the squabbling Crumb family, and in spite of their pitiful bickerings you are sure to get a smile out of them. There are Tweet and Pearl, the girls, and Orrin, the son—the eternal wranglers. Ma Crumb has grown to be like them, or rather, they have grown to be like her. She thinks more of her carpets than she does of her character, and the scandal of the neighborhood means more to her than her own soul! So when Richmiel, the eldest daughter, comes home from Paris with her six-year-old son—and a divorce—Ma Crumb is torn between her anger and her fear of what people will say. Mary Alden plays the part of Ma Crumb, and she certainly knows how to handle the character.



## The First Thing I Notice About a Girl

(Continued from page 33)

and well dressed.

Feet aren't so much under control as either hands or eyes and they tell more. Irritability, nervousness, gayety — Well, haven't you noticed how more and more often on the screen feet are being used to express varying emotions?

Then watch!

By CECIL B. DE MILLE

HER shoes.

Shoes are an almost invariable test as to character.

Are they run down at the side, scuffed at the toe, untidily fastened? Are they extremely high-heeled? Are they out of keeping with the costume?

If a woman comes to me for a part in a picture, I look first at her shoes and then ask her to remove her hat. The shoes tell me if she has that attention to detail, that sense of the effect of the whole necessary to success. They are an index to neatness; to nervousness, and to taste.

Poise is shown by the way in which she removes her hat. Is she sure of herself? Has she mannerisms and affectations? The remark she makes about her hair, the manner in which her hands flutter to her head, even the way she takes the request, give me invaluable clues to her character.

I pay little attention to clothes, which may have been chosen by some one else, and a great deal to the small things that she seldom remembers to watch.

By WARNER BAXTER

HER lips and teeth.

You can tell so much from her lips. Thin lips, calculating, puritanical, approaching the fanatic; the small, mean mouth; the tight-lipped, obstinate, intolerant one; the loose-lipped, uncontrolled one; the wide and generous mouth; full, passionate lips that indicate too much of the sensual; the ascetic lips that indicate too little of the human.

If her mouth tilts up at the corners, she is optimistic by nature; if it droops habitually, she is a pessimist at heart.

Teeth seem to me to be so many "titles" that tell me what the story is all about.

Good healthy teeth indicate good health all over. Carefully tended teeth show the dainty woman. Bad dental work seems to me to indicate carelessness. A great gold-filling flashing every time she opens her mouth — discolored teeth — oh no!

By HUNTLY GORDON

I NOTICE her carriage first.

I like a girl who holds herself like a queen, or, rather, in the way you think of a queen as carrying herself — regally, as if she knew she were worth knowing.

Debutante slouches, or these flapper attitudes that seem to be taken by rag dolls flung suddenly across a room, always repel me. If a girl is too lackadaisical to stand up without lolling over all the furniture in sight, she isn't the girl to attract me at first sight.

Of course, I'm not speaking of the way they may turn out upon fuller acquaintance.

My father used to say that the way to judge a woman was by her feet and how she was shod. Probably her shoes affect the way she holds herself, so I notice her shoes if I'm forming an opinion of her.



Constance Talmadge and George K. Arthur, in "Her Sister from Paris."

By WALTER McGRAIL

CHARACTER is always shown by hands. A beautiful hand will hold me enthralled where a beautiful face will not get a second glance.

As a child, I remember I used to watch the hands of players whenever I went to the theatre and feel that I knew more about what that player was trying to express by the gestures or the position of his hands than by the lines he spoke.

Once upon a time, I went backstage when Richard Mansfield was playing "Beau Brummel," and found him walking around with his arms in the air.

"What are you doing that for?" I inquired.

"Don't you know," he returned, "that the hands are the greatest delineators of character you can possess? — I am holding them up so that the blood will run out of them, leaving them white and delicate and nervous for my scene."

After that, the first thing I notice about any one is his or her hands. I'm a student of them. After one look, I know more about the owner of them than her face could tell me in a thousand years.

By WALLACE MACDONALD

BARRIE started something when he said what he did about charm. It is the only thing that matters.

To me, charm means poise and manner, and it's what I look for first when I meet a woman.

Fussy, fidgety women who annoy you with a hundred meaningless movements a minute are unrestful and yet not stimulating.

The slow, stodgy woman is apt to be heavy and dull.

Perfect poise is not an accident. It is the result of training and thought, the fruit of years of study and care. It must be cultivated. Therefore, it's the first thing I look for in a woman.

By RUDOLPH VALENTINO

EYES are the first thing I notice about a woman.

They are the best barometer of a person's

character and personality — "the windows of the soul."

If her eyes are dull and vacant, I am not attracted. If they sparkle with fire or animation, I know at once that here is a woman worth while.

"Drink to me only with thine eyes  
And I will pledge with mine!"

sang the poet. There is the true understanding of the meaning that can be conveyed by the glance of a magnetic eye. There is an intoxication that needs no wine. And it's much more thrilling!

By BERT LYTELL

I HARDLY know what I first notice about her. Sometimes it's one thing, sometimes another.

But the thing I judge a woman by is her conversation.

If she can talk interestingly, I can forget what she looks like. In fact, there have been times when a very plain woman has become most attractive because I found that she could carry on a stimulating conversation. The real thing that is somewhere inside a person comes out when that person has completely forgotten herself and become absorbed in a fascinating topic.

If she is simply a "beautiful but dumb" girl, five minutes' talk with her makes it impossible for me to think her loveliness matters in the least. Insipid or stupid women have no charm for me.

By JOHN ROCHE

HER voice — oh, absolutely!

Maybe that is because I sing and have been singing since I was a child, or because I've studied voice for years.

A woman's voice could be heard in the dark, or from behind a curtain, and at once I could judge the sort of woman she might be — her education, her training, her approximate age, something of her real self.

What shrew ever failed to reveal a hint of temper in her voice? Doesn't conceit and selfishness show at almost the first words she utters? It does to me.

Carelessness appears in the sloppy of speech.

"Whereja wanna go?" Could that be the question of a charming woman? Enunciation reveals much. So does whining or an affected accent.

The voice is the key to personality.

## The Biggest Thing in the Movies

(Continued from page 23)

accompanying illustrations.

The Pacific Ocean is a much better actor than its friend, the Atlantic, and consequently gets much more work to do. The Pacific, true to its name, never becomes ruffled, excited or disturbed. It remains calm under the most distressing circumstances. It is not temperamental. At times it is capable of showing the deeper emotions. There is something beneath its surface.

The Atlantic, on the contrary, is a bad actor at times. It is not dependable. It is liable to lash into a fury in the middle of a scene and spoil it. Frequently it is entirely beyond control. That is why directors regard it as less satisfactory than the Pacific.

The Pacific is always there with the goods. Like many of the leading stars today, it made its first appearances in the Sennett comedies.

Literally it has earned its salt over and over again.





J. E. GREENSLADE

President of the National Salesmen's Training Association, but called by some "The Man Who Makes Men Rich."  
K-124



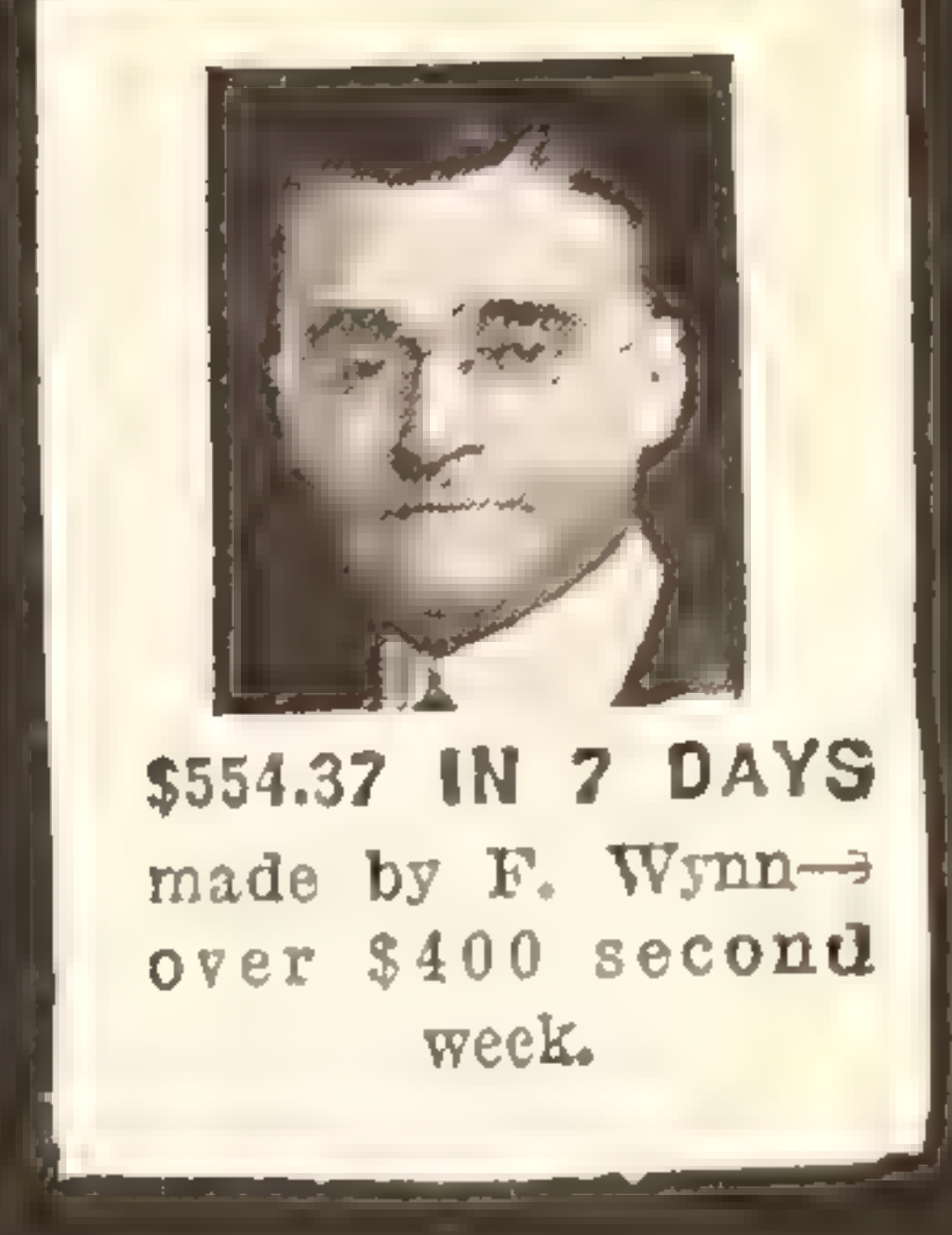
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week.

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for Men Who Read This Ad**

# Let Me Make You a Master Salesman! This New Easy Way

**I** DON'T care what you are now or what you think. The Association of which I am president will take you in short, easy steps and make a Master Salesman of you, put you in the same class with the big paymen who have all the good things of life.

Many have thought that Salesmen were "born." And that idea has kept many men from succeeding. But this Association of Master Salesmen has proved that any man can be taught the rules and principles that make men Master Salesmen. And you know as well as I do that Salesmen top the list of money-makers. They are the producers and you can be one of them.

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If you are as intelligent as the ordinary farmhand, postal clerk or stenographer, you can quickly master the simple A.B.C.'s of Selling. There are certain ways of approaching a prospect to get his undivided attention, certain ways to stimulate keen interest, certain ways to overcome objections, batter down prejudices, outwit competition and make the prospect act.

You can learn these principles at home in a short period of pleasant, inspiring study. And once you have mastered these secrets of Master Salesmanship, you can take advantage of the employment department of the Association without charge. They will help you select and secure a position as soon as you are qualified and ready.

This is a real opportunity, for during the last year the Association received calls for 43,846 salesmen from the biggest sales organizations in America. And these men are the same as you see above—men who make from \$5,000 to \$10,000 a year in salary and commission.

These are only four out of hundreds of similar records in the Association files. Our members make good because the Association has specialized for seventeen years in teaching the Art and Science of Salesmanship and teaches the most unusual principles ever laid down for quick success.

The book you see below has been the starting point for thousands of men who are now successful salesmen. This book, "Modern Salesmanship," is now FREE and it will be sent to every man who fills out and returns the coupon below.

## Rush the Coupon

If I were asking ten or twenty dollars for this book you might hesitate. But I am not. It is Free. And since it may mean the turning point in your life, when you leave forever behind you the drudgery and low pay of routine work for the fascinating, big pay job of the salesman, it certainly is worth your time and the two cents you will have to spend to get this amazing book and read for yourself the astonishing facts given between its two covers. You have everything to gain and not one cent to lose, so mail the coupon today, sure.

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Richard Talmadge and Lorraine Eason as John Drake and Dolores Darcy in "The Fighting Demon."

## When the Movies Come to Tutuila

(Continued from page 31)

padded eagerly, and against shapes of huts and naval officers' houses with tall palms standing like ghostly sentinels, there broke quick flashes of white—all moving one way, trailing laughter behind them.

A native band played distantly. By and by American sailors and marines poured from the barracks to mingle among tattooed braves while Samoan belles with red hibiscus pinned into their hair—they wanted a sweetheart and advertised their desire naively—offered inviting eyes. It was movie-night in Pango, an *al fresco* show.

There was comedy. They yelled at Chaplin, all of them, white and brown, for humor is universal. The topical and a shot of New York fetched a homesick groan from a gob, though the liquid-eyed daughter of ancient chiefs beside him oo-oo-ooed her disbelief that such places could be. I watched but soon forgot them for a full-blooded Samoan and his *tapu*—although she might not have been—to discover if all emotions responded to the screen and its tears as well as its laughter, to those moments that fill a civilized throat.

Titles mattered little. Few there could read. But without glancing at the sheet I saw reflected in those dusky faces every turn of drama, every despair, every happiness that Norma Talmadge mirrored. Their hands would tighten, too. Little undertones escaped them. Sometimes a breath was caught, held and emitted slowly in relief as Norma's danger passed.

Afterwards the throng dissolved, drifting into night, languorous, incensey, dreamy with tropic scents. The long roll of ocean took up its cadence now that the band was silent. Life went on, but it struck me

differently just then. Rather than mere life, a continuation of the screen's enchantment; for up from beach to ragged silhouettes of mountain-peaks all jungle-grown, ran currents of romance, hate, love, greed, happiness, pride, all those emotional volts that charge a motion picture. Here they were uncorrupted passions.

"Sending photoplays to the islands!" a gentleman of purblind-reform and anti-everything predilections once protested to me. "Isn't it enough that films should pervert the morals of this country without permitting them to do the same thing among ignorant natives? Still," he consoled himself, "it is very gratifying to know that the savages won't understand them."

Foolish for a hundred reasons, wasn't he? Deep down in the bottom of their hearts, movies understand life more truly than most of us. For all the million-dollar sets that sophisticate them, they retain the simplicity of an island legend, and though the world may have progressed beyond native comprehension movies still link the world with nature born in the poorest and the proudest alike.

Donald McMillan, Arctic explorer, had the whole glassy expanse of the Frozen North for his theatre, the midnight-sun for his exit-lights and Eskimos for his audience when strips of celluloid formed the only thread between himself and home. From igloos and winter fastnesses Eskimos emerged to see new marvels painted on the skies; yet these screen figures were as real and as close to them as heroes of their myths. Martin Johnson swung a sheet on a beach in the New Hebrides; tribal chiefs and warriors still cannibals understood.

Harold Stegall, a missionary, carries two hundred reels of film through the Belgian Congo. News of his coming pierces the jungle by mysterious means no white man can solve, and throughout the day painted natives stream through inaccessible wilderness to crowd around his movie-show at nightfall, watching, enjoying all.

The slapstick, the drama, the educational—the chuckle, the tear, the gasp of wonderment. They know! Know as well as we do! For what difference does dress make when, emotionally, movies strip us all to the skin?

And speaking of missionaries let me call Mabel Normand a truer apostle of happiness than ever assaulted the South Sea folk with fire and brimstone in the missionary-manner. Down there they miss her from the screen.

## Before They Were Famous

(Continued from page 29)

we paid little attention to the girls and didn't notice them leaving the store. When the waitress came up and presented the whole bill, we were not only dumbfounded but frightened. We cried a little, then laughed a little, and got so hysterical that finally the owner of the store came up. He told us we could go if we'd promise to make good the next day. In spite of the stifling heat of the outdoor air, we actually felt exhilarated when we opened that door and escaped. And when we saw those two girls down the street, we saw red!

That Norma has always been a clever actress can be proved by an incident when our quartette entered the public library after having been scolded for being too noisy. Irene instructed Norma and me to enter first and go upstairs as the grouchy librarian couldn't be seen anywhere around. We went up, while Dorothy and Irene stayed down. As soon as we got upstairs, there was that awful librarian who had called us down. We dodged from bookcase to bookcase, and finally I managed to get downstairs to join the two girls. But Norma had been left behind, and we stood wondering what would happen to her. After a long time, down she came, arm in arm with the cranky librarian. They were smiling and chatting like bosom chums, and Norma had convinced her that she was the world's prize bookworm!

Norma once got up a surprise party for me. While she was rounding up the boys and girls she wanted to attend, I became angry at so much whispering and ran home. Hardly had I reached the door than I heard Norma calling. She was crying, and so was I; and between sobs she told me all about the party. She made me promise to act surprised when the others came, so that they would have a better time. We kissed and made up, and the party was a big success—ice-cream and cake, Post Office, Throw the Pillow, and all the rest. Norma was equally popular with both girls and boys—every one loved her.

Norma hasn't changed one particle from the day I first knew her. She is exactly the same sympathetic, loving, and understanding girl that she always was. After we left Erasmus, Norma joined the Vitagraph Company in Flatbush. Irene and I were living in North Dakota when we saw Norma's first picture; we were with a bunch of girls, and I don't believe I ever was so excited in my life. I have followed her pictures and successes very closely ever since and have corresponded with her from time to time. I feel it a great honor ever to have known her.





M. J. MCGOWAN  
Chief Chemist



# Scientist discovers *fat solvent*

Now you can reduce any or every part of your figure with amazing new Reducine Cream which melts away excess fat—slenderizing the figure to perfect proportions without drugs, strenuous exercise, rubber suits or painful denial of any kind.

Lady! If you have a single ounce of unwelcome flesh on your figure—here's good news for you. Getting thin is now pleurably simple and easy for anyone.

For I, M. J. McGowan, after five years of tireless research, have made the discovery you have all been waiting for. At last I can tell you how to reduce quickly, comfortably—without the bother of tiresome exercises, without the boredom of stupid diet, without resorting to enervating salt baths, without rubber suits or belts, or my advice isn't going to cost you one single penny.

My discovery I call Reducine—McGowan's Reducine. It is not a medicine, a bath salt or a course of useless gymnastics. No—Reducine is a pleasant Cream that you can

apply in the privacy of your own room, patting it gently onto the parts you want to slenderize and promptly you will notice a change. A harmless chemical reaction takes place, during which the excess fat is literally dissolved away, leaving the figure slim and properly rounded, giving the lithe grace to the body every man and woman desires.

## Complete 21-Day Treatment Results Guaranteed or Money Back

No matter how much or how little overweight you are, I guarantee that my Reducine Cream will reduce any, or every part of your body, quickly, surely. I do not merely promise these results—I guarantee them.

Even one jar of Reducine often effects astonishing weight reduction. But the complete treatment consists of three jars—used over a period of 21 days.

In prescribing three jars of the McGowan Reducine, I am prescribing a complete reducing treatment for *permanent reducing*. You will see results from the outset—but three jars will make these results complete.

## A Fresh Jar Sent Every 7 Days 3 Jars in All

I do not send all three jars at once—for Reducine, to be more efficient, should be used when it is fresh. That is why I will not sell it in drug or department stores. Because of the perishable nature of its reducing ingredient, I insist that you get only the freshly compounded product—put out under my direct and personal supervision. You need not pay in advance—each jar is sent C. O. D.

## I Take All the Risk—You Are the Sole Judge

When you realize that many imitations of Reducine are now being sold at from \$3.50 to \$5 a jar, at retail, you will realize how astoundingly low is the price we ask. This price is made possible only by the fact that we supply you direct from the laboratory, cutting out the middleman's profit.

## Send No Money—Just Sign the Coupon

I am not going to ask you to send one penny with your order. Just sign the coupon and mail it to me today. Your first one-pound jar of Reducine will go forward at once by return mail—and you can pay the postman \$2.47 (plus few cents postage). 7 days later, the second jar will be sent C. O. D. \$2.47 (plus postage), and 7 days later—the third jar—C. O. D. \$2.47 (plus postage).

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12½" A Slender neck

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Name.....

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If you prefer to remit for the entire treatment in advance, you may enclose \$7 with coupon, and the three jars of Reducine will be sent postpaid—one every 7 days—for the 21-day treatment.



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Covers the grey, and restores the color to grey, faded, bleached, or streaky hair, leaving it Soft, Glossy and Natural.

Works so well no one will know the color has been restored. Covers ALL the grey; covers ANY grey, no matter how stubborn or how caused.

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Eau de Henna comes in colors: Black, dark brown, medium brown, light brown, drab, blond, auburn. State color desired. Price postpaid \$2.50 or C. O. D. \$2.65.

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So many married couples yearn for children that thousands of copies of a new book by Dr. H. Will Elders are being distributed without cost to childless women. Any family interested in overcoming conditions of nature that hinder the gift of children should write for this free book today. It describes a simple home treatment based on the use of Steriltone, a wonderful scientific tonic that has had marvelous success all over the country in relieving constitutional weakness.

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Youth-Ami Laboratories, Dept. F, 30 E. 20th St., New York



© Dorothy Gish and Rod La Rocque  
in "Night Life of New York."

## My Public—Continued from page 19

who once wrote on her biography slip, after education, "Vasar," has presumably retired. Her sisters are shameless. Some of them do not hesitate to write "No." Others are not backward about confessing that they came from the stage, or the typewriter, or the ribbons. They do not prattle about their Public.

In fact, the present holders of the title believe it's all in fun, and act accordingly. You can't kid them about their Public; they'll say they haven't any. They usually report, when you visit them for confirmation of the latest engagement report, "Be yourself! You started that one, and you know it. Let's talk about something interesting."

Poor old Art!

Now that he has really come to stay, he isn't called by his right name. The movie has grown from a red, squirming infant into a giant with a lofty brow, but they don't make the fuss over him that they used to. The prodigy has grown up, that's all.

And so all the movie stars who used to furnish delicious copy have passed on, and in their place are a lot of nice, charming people who have learned which fork to use but don't brag about it. These new stars refuse to take themselves seriously. They work hard, and that's all there is to it. I haven't heard the old speech for years.

But they haven't forgotten that they have an audience. How can they, when that audience determines whether or not their new contract will call for a raise, so that they can go to Europe for their vacation; or buy that country house; or send Sonny to school? It's that audience that decides the type of pictures they are going to make the coming season. Society dramas or middle-class comedies? Poor little rich girl or struggling slum child? Western or Manhattan motif? It's up to you!

Call up Lillian Gish and ask her about

her first picture under her new contract. Lillian, the ethereal and serious-minded; the great actress of the films; the future Duse. Does she sigh and say, "Ah, the classics—the dear, dear classics! I simply must do a classic for my next picture." She does not! She takes you to Hicks' for a soda, and while she stands at the counter sipping through a straw, remarks that she wished she knew what they would like to see her in. "They" meant her Public, but she wasn't thinking of them as a Public; she was thinking of them as persons. She wanted to do a modern story, if she could find one. The reason she couldn't do *The Outsider*, from a modern and recent stage play, was because the heroine, a little crippled girl, seemed to recall a similar character in another current success.

"I think," said Lillian, "that they like to cry with me, because I still get letters



© Percy Marmont and Mary Brian in  
"The Street of Forgotten Men."





a few drops  
ed into the  
and almost  
mediately you  
see "listless  
s" begin to  
on new life,  
lustre, new  
ky sheen—  
y ends and  
ggly strands  
ling into glo-  
s waves, and  
s.

And in 20 minutes  
your mirror shows you a  
new head of hair—marcelled  
and curled as you like it best;  
with a natural wave that no  
artificial beauty-parlor proc-  
ess could possibly duplicate.



## Marvelous New Spanish Liquid

# Makes any hair beautifully curly in 20 minutes

### The Spanish Beggar's Priceless Gift

By Winnifred Ralston

FROM the day we started to school, Charity Winthrop and I were called the touseled-hair twins.

Our mothers despaired of us. Our hair simply wouldn't behave.

As we grew older the hated name still clung to us. It followed us through the grades and to boarding school. Then Charity's family moved to Spain and I didn't see her again until last New Year's eve.

A party of us had gone to the Drake Hotel for dinner that night. As usual I was terribly embarrassed and ashamed of my hair.

Horribly self-conscious I was sitting at the table, scarcely touching my food, wishing I were home. It seemed that everyone had wonderful, lustrous, curly hair but me and I felt they were all laughing or, worse, pitying me behind my back.

My eyes strayed to the dance floor and there I saw a beautiful girl dancing with Tom Harvey. Her eye caught mine and to my surprise she smiled and started toward me.

About this girl's face was a halo of golden curls. I think she had the most beautiful hair I ever saw. My face must have turned scarlet as I compared it mentally with my own straggly, ugly mop.

Of course you have guessed her identity—Charity Winthrop who once had dull straight hair like mine.

It had been five long years since I had seen her. But I simply couldn't wait. I blurted out—"Charity Winthrop—tell me—what miracle has happened to your hair?"

She smiled and said mysteriously, "Come to my room and I will tell you the whole story."

#### Charity tells of the beggar's gift

"Our house in Madrid faced a little, old plaza where I often strolled after my siesta.



A Matchless Marcel



Lovely Curls

"Miguel, the beggar, always occupied the end bench of the south end of the plaza. I always dropped a few centavos in his hat when I passed and he soon grew to know me.

"The day before I left Madrid I stopped to bid him goodby and pressed a gold coin in his palm."

"Hija mia," he said, "You have been very kind to an old man. Digamelo (tell me) senorita; what is your heart most desires."

"I laughed at the idea, then said jokingly, "Miguel, my hair is straight and dull. I would have it lustrous and curly."

"Oigame, senorita," he said—"Many years ago—a Castilian prince was wedded to a Moorish beauty. Her hair was black as a raven's wing and straight as an arrow. Like you, this lady wanted los pelos rizos (curly hair). Her husband offered thousands of pesos to the man who would fulfill her wish. The prize fell to Pedro, the Droguero. Out of roots and herbs he brewed a potion that converted the princess' straight, unruly hair into a glorious mass of ringlet curls.

"Pedro, son of the son of Pedro, has that secret today. Years ago I did him a great service. Here you will find him, go to him and tell your wish."

"I called a coche and gave the driver the address Miguel had given me.

At the door of the apothecary shop, a funny old hawk-nosed Spaniard met me. I stammered out my explanation. When I finished, he bowed and vanished into his store. Presently he returned and handed me a bottle.

"Terribly excited—I could hardly wait until I reached home. When I was in my room alone, I took down my hair and applied the liquid as directed. In twenty minutes, not one second more, the transformation, which you have noted, had taken place.

"Come, Winnifred—apply it to your own hair and see what it can do for you."

Twenty minutes later, as I looked into Charity's mirror I could hardly believe my eyes. The impossible had happened. My dull straight hair had wound itself into curling tendrils. My head was a mass of ringlets and waves. It shone with a lustre it never had before.

You can imagine the amazement of the others in the party when I returned to the ballroom. Everybody noticed the change. Never did I have such a glorious night. I was popular. Men clustered about me. I had never been so happy.

The next morning when I awoke, I hardly dared look in my mirror fearing it had all been a dream. But it was true—gloriously true. My hair was curly and beautiful.

For a long time I kept the secret to myself, but I felt that all women should be given this remarkable beauty aid. So it has been made available through the Century Chemists. They have agreed to act as distributors under a most liberal trial offer, which makes this new found beauty secret available to all women, regardless of their financial status.

Now the golden opportunity is yours. You no longer have to spend large sums of money in beauty shops, or endanger your hair by "permanent waves," for this remarkable Spanish Curling Fluid, called "Wave-Sta" will bring you beautifully curly hair in 20 minutes. One application will keep your hair beautiful a week or more.

Don't delay another minute. Take advantage of this liberal trial offer now and always have the beautiful curly hair you want.

### Liberal Trial Offer

(Only One Bottle to a Family)

For a limited time, we are offering a full size bottle of "Wave-Sta" (Spanish Curling Fluid) at a price that covers only the cost of compounding, advertising and selling, which we figured down to \$1.97. (Please remember that this is a special offer for new users only and we cannot fill more than one order for each family at this price.) If you are not perfectly delighted with results after using "Wave-Sta" for 5 days, simply return the unused portion and your money will be refunded.

Under the terms of special trial offer you do not have to send any money in advance. Simply sign and mail the coupon. Then when the postman brings this remarkable beauty aid, just pay him \$1.97, plus a few cents postage, and your hair worries are ended forever.

This offer may not be repeated. Remember, we take all the risk. If "Wave-Sta" doesn't make your hair beautifully curly, give it new life, new lustre, new silky sheen, all you have to do is notify us and your money will be returned in full. Have you ever heard of a fairer offer?

CENTURY CHEMISTS

Jackson Blvd., at Desplaines St., Chicago, Ill.  
Send no money—simply sign and mail the coupon.

### Coupon

CENTURY CHEMISTS  
Jackson Blvd., at Desplaines St., Dept. 81  
Chicago, Ill.

Gentlemen: Please send me, in plain wrapper, by insured parcel post, a full sized bottle of "Wave-Sta" (Spanish Curling Fluid). I will pay postman the special trial price of \$1.97, plus few cents postage, on delivery, with the understanding that if, after a 5-day trial, I am not perfectly delighted with this magic curling liquid, I may return the unused contents in the bottle and you will immediately return my money in full.

Name.....

Address.....

Note: If you are apt to be out when the postman calls, you may enclose \$2 and "Wave-Sta" will be sent to you postpaid.



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**Newell Pharmacal Co., Dept. 771, St. Louis, Mo.**



Norma Talmadge and Rudolph Valentino bid farewell to Joseph Schenck. Can it be Norma is laughing at that hat?

asking for another part like *Broken Blossoms*. If they cry, they go away feeling happier. I believe they would rather cry than laugh, providing the tearful picture has a real message."

But she leaves it to you. Her Mimi in *La Boheme*, finally decided upon for her first part with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer will have sobs and to spare. If she makes you spoil your make-up, or induces a violent epidemic of choking among the masculine members of the audience, remember she's only trying to please.

Corinne Griffith has a reputation for indifference, although how she ever got it is too much for me. She is one of the keenest young stars I ever knew. She is very much in earnest about her pictures, and she wants to make good ones. But her beauty is against her. Producers seem to realize that her charm can carry almost any old kind of story to success. Corinne doesn't want to shine at the expense of her cast and continuity. She wants them to be as good as she is; then she will deserve the credit she gets.

Her languid glance is one of her chief assets on the screen; but the real Corinne displays little of the languid. She came to New York to film street scenes for her picture from Edna Ferber's story, *Classified*. In the hottest days, when every one was trying to forget it by assuring each other that it wasn't the heat, but the humidity, Corinne Griffith, the graceful, the chic, the bored beauty, was cooped up in a little old touring car of ancient vintage on a broiling street in downtown New York, where the thermometer registered 112, and going up. A scene is not taken just once or twice; the actors repeat it until the director is

satisfied. And location scenes are made over and over, because they can't be retaken later.

It was on the same location trip that Corinne and her cameraman did a little extra work on the east side. The kids down there are turned loose with huge hoses and sprinklers in hot weather, while a benevolent city smiles as they splash. Miss Griffith performed her required scenes, and her staff called it a day. But she didn't. She thought it might add zest to the New York atmosphere in her picture if she was seen watching the boys and girls. So she stayed on the job and had herself photographed doing it. And being photographed is no treat to her. She never has to beg for close-ups. I promised her I wouldn't mention it, but I was there, and an eye-witness is a privileged character. That scene may never be shown on the screen; but she wasn't going to let anything get by that might add to the success of the picture. Besides, it might "go over big."

When Gloria Swanson came home as the Marquise de la Falaise de la Coudraye, the eyes of the world were on her. She didn't have a word to say about "My Art," "My Public," or even "My Title." No. She dragged out old pictures of herself, taken when she was a Sennett bathing girl!

Douglas Fairbanks was the first actor I ever interviewed. He was called Doug then, and said "Gee Whiz!" all the time. He is called Douglas now, and I am pretty sure has not been guilty of such slang for years. Curiously enough, he seems more alive on the screen than off. But so long as he keeps on giving us such pictures as *The Thief of Bagdad* and *Don Q, Son of Zorro*, he is entitled to check his personality



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¶ If you are interested in photoplay writing, screen acting, motion picture directing, or motion picture production, the books listed below will be of great interest. Each book is handsomely bound in gold decorated cloth cover and will be delivered anywhere in the United States at prices mentioned. Canadian and foreign orders extra for shipment and duty.



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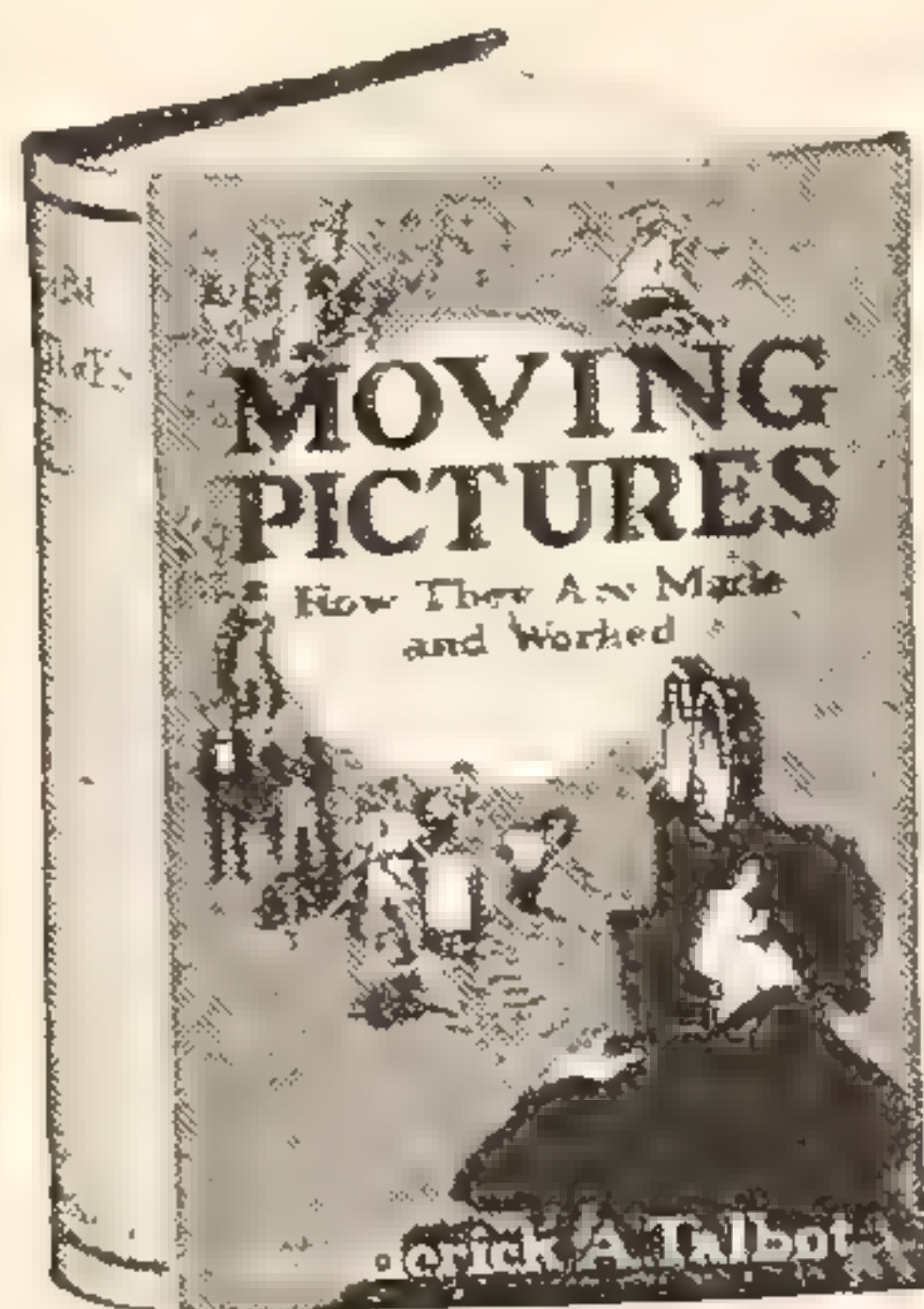
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## SCREENLAND MAGAZINE

BOOK DEPARTMENT

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## New Discovery Clears Body and Face of Objectionable Hair

**S**CIENCE has taken a rare old Oriental secret and perfected a remarkable soothing balsam that *eases out* superfluous hair in a jiffy—and at the same time *checks* its growth!

Hair on chin, on cheeks, on arms, on legs can now be removed—without the danger of having it grow back again heavier than ever before. Nothing like this extraordinary method has ever been known. It is safe, scientific, absolutely effective the first time it is applied. Beauty experts recommend it. Women heartily acclaim it. In case after case it is proving that unsightly, objectionable hair is unnecessary.

### What Is This Method?

Women who have vainly tried for years to get rid of objectionable hair on the face and body are astounded. What is this new method, they want to know? How does it achieve such marvelous results—not only lifting out the hair quickly and gently, but actually retarding its growth?

The process represents the newest, most scientific and correct method for destroying superfluous hair without electricity, without ordinary depilatories or "surface" methods that remove the hair temporarily, and often stimulate an even heavier growth of hair. The product itself is made of the finest Oriental balsams and is as easy to apply as a cold cream. The whole

process is quick and simple, and not at all unpleasant.

There is nothing messy or disagreeable about this new method—no bad odors to be tolerated—no painful breaking or pulling of the hair. It's wonderful—the very discovery you've been waiting for! Get rid of that unsightly hair at once. You can; in the privacy of your home.

### Free "The New Way to Destroy Objectionable Hair."

The whole fascinating story of this new method, what it is, how it works, what it will do for you, is told in this interesting little book, illustrated with actual photographs. We will be glad to send you a copy absolutely free and without obligation. See for yourself how easily, quickly and inexpensively superfluous hair troubles can be removed! Send for your copy of the free book TODAY! F. C. IRWIN, M.D., Dept. 88, 730 Fifth Ave., N. Y.

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George O'Brien takes his pet to location during the filming of "Havoc."

when he chooses. The actor has become a business man. "Mind your own business" is a good motto, whichever way you look at it.

Once upon a time, I used to be present when stars addressed their maids with the aid of slippers and hair-brushes hurled in their direction, because they read somewhere that artistes acted like that. At luncheon one day with a ready-made star, the filet de sole was returned to the cook through the air, with the star's compliments. But ho, for the good old days! Pola Negri, who might be forgiven for just a little display of temperament, considering her European education, completely demoralized the domestic staff of the Hotel Ambassador on her recent sojourn in New York. Lillian Gish, who lived in the same hotel, said that the maids fairly worshipped the Polish actress. She never lost her temper. She made no unreasonable demands. And she turned over half her floral offerings to these fans of the bed-chambers. By their maids you can get the goods on them—believe me, I know!

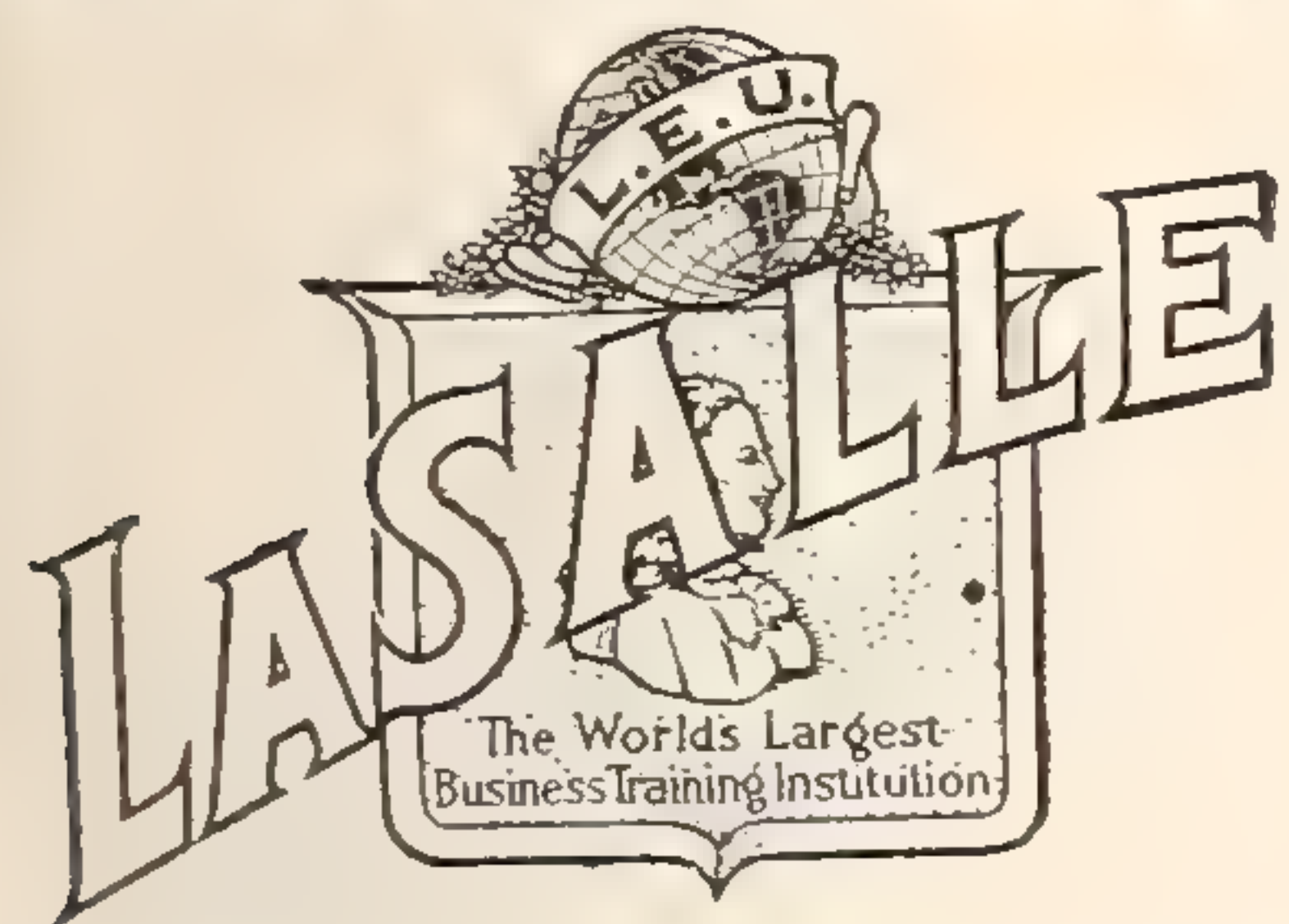
Temperament has gone out. Common sense has come in. Especially in the studios is prattle of art and public practically *verboten*. Spend an afternoon with Bebe Daniels, for instance. After she has done the same scene a dozen times she hops off the set and looks around for somebody to kid. Sometimes it is her leading man. Bebe is noted for her camaraderie, which, with Bebe, usually means that the handsome hero has his chair pulled out from under him; or the dignified movie father is suddenly seized and fox-trotted about the set. The director calls "Be-be!" With a mock salute Miss Daniels responds. "Pardon me while I give another masterpiece of dramatic expression to an eager world," she says as she snaps into it. Bebe is just one of the stars who works, and works hard, without talking about it. If her public walked in on her, she would kid them, too.

When such a phenomena as a really old-fashioned star occurs, film row begins to buzz. The latest was a beautiful brunette queen of comedy, heralded after a few pictures as a pulchritudinous find. She came





# Double and Triple Your Present Earnings —stopping this waste



## U. S. Government Saves \$750,000

The United States Government—which in the past has not been noted for economy—now recognizes the importance of a Traffic Department. During the year ended June 30, 1923, such a department, newly organized, worked out economies in packing, rating and routing shipments that saved the tax-payers more than \$750,000.

## Woolworth Company Saves \$200,000

In 1922 the Traffic Department of the Woolworth Company saved \$45,000—(1) by weighing freight and express shipments at the time of delivery and comparing the actual weights with the weights billed, and (2) by checking the charges to see that the proper classification had been applied and the correct rates assessed. The total amount saved by its Traffic Department in 1923 was in excess of \$200,000.

## State of Michigan Saves \$160,000

Two young men, trained by LaSalle Extension University, were largely responsible for saving the State of Michigan, over a two-year period, more than \$160,000. —This thru its newly created Traffic Department.

## Demurrage Charges in Error— Firm Saves \$9,870

Not long ago a manufacturing firm in Chicago decided to employ an expert traffic man. The first week the President of the concern handed him a check for \$13,460 and advised him that it covered demurrage charges on cars for the past four years—bills that had been "hanging fire." Upon going over these bills the Traffic Manager discovered that over two-thirds of them were in error, as the cars had been "run around" Chicago freight yards instead of incurring the demurrage as alleged. Settlement was made with the carriers for \$3,590, resulting in a saving of \$9,870.

## Manufacturer Revises Packing Methods— Saves \$136,000 in One Year

The way in which goods are packed is an important factor in determining classification. A plan worked out by the Traffic Department of a well known concern making Kitchen Cabinets—which provided for detaching the legs of the Cabinet and shipping the entire outfit in corrugated paper cartons—effected a saving which in 1923 amounted to \$136,000.

The loss to railroads and manufacturers, due to the improper crating of merchandise, runs into the millions of dollars. Practically every dollar of that loss is preventable.

*The trained Traffic Manager knows what to do to eliminate that loss. Every day his specialized training proves its worth in dollars-and-cents savings to the company that employs him—proves his right to a handsome salary.*

Take the matter of scientific packing. A well-known concern manufacturing Kitchen Cabinets—acting on the recommendation of its Traffic Manager—worked out a plan for detaching the legs of the Cabinet and shipping the entire outfit in corrugated paper cartons. In a single year the total saving resulting from this change amounted to \$136,000. How is *that* for an opportunity to show results?

Again—take the matter of classification, weighing and routing. In 1923, the saving effected by the Traffic Department of the Woolworth Company—thru the application of a scientific understanding of Traffic Management—amounted to more than \$200,000. Do you wonder that the man who heads that department commands a big five-figure salary?

How do men prove their title to such salaries?—*By saving big money for the firms they work for.*

## Traffic Management— A Field of Unlimited Opportunities

Traffic Management is a new and rapidly growing profession in which men who make good command incomes ranging from \$50

to \$200 a week, and even better. Ten thousand a year for an experienced and capable Traffic Manager is *not* large. At least three of the leading automobile manufacturers pay their Traffic Managers twice that figure.

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☐ **Traffic Management**  
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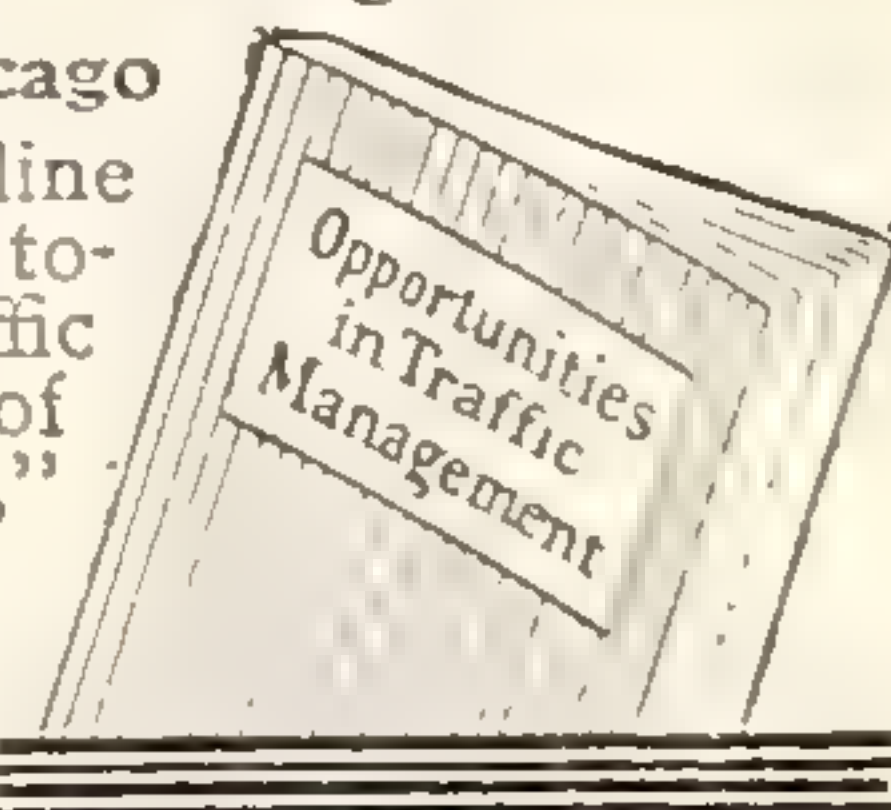
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Betty McCoy, Movie Actress, Los Angeles, whose photo is shown at the left, says: "I am delighted with the results from the use of The New National, which has given me a three-inch increase in size—a remarkable firmness and classic contour. A number of my friends have recently remarked on my improved appearance."

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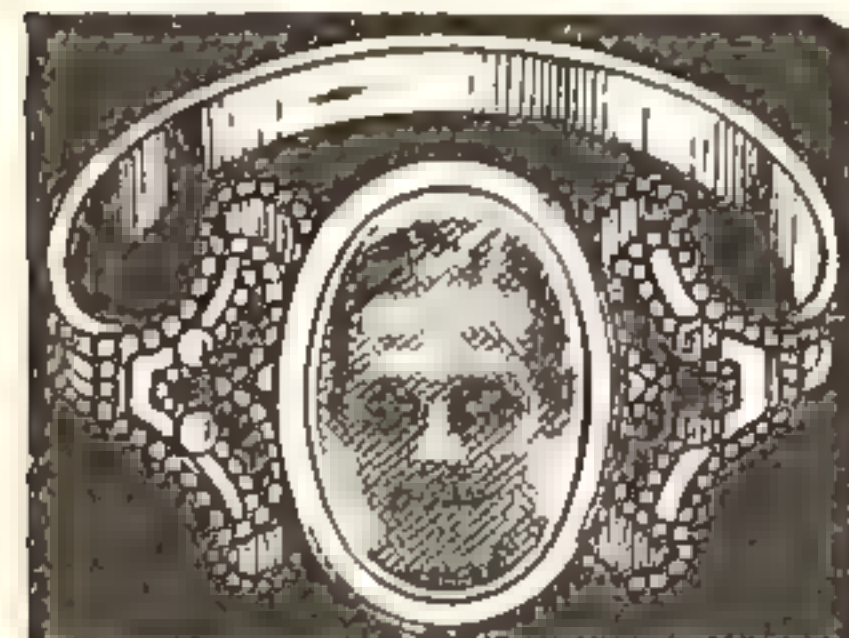
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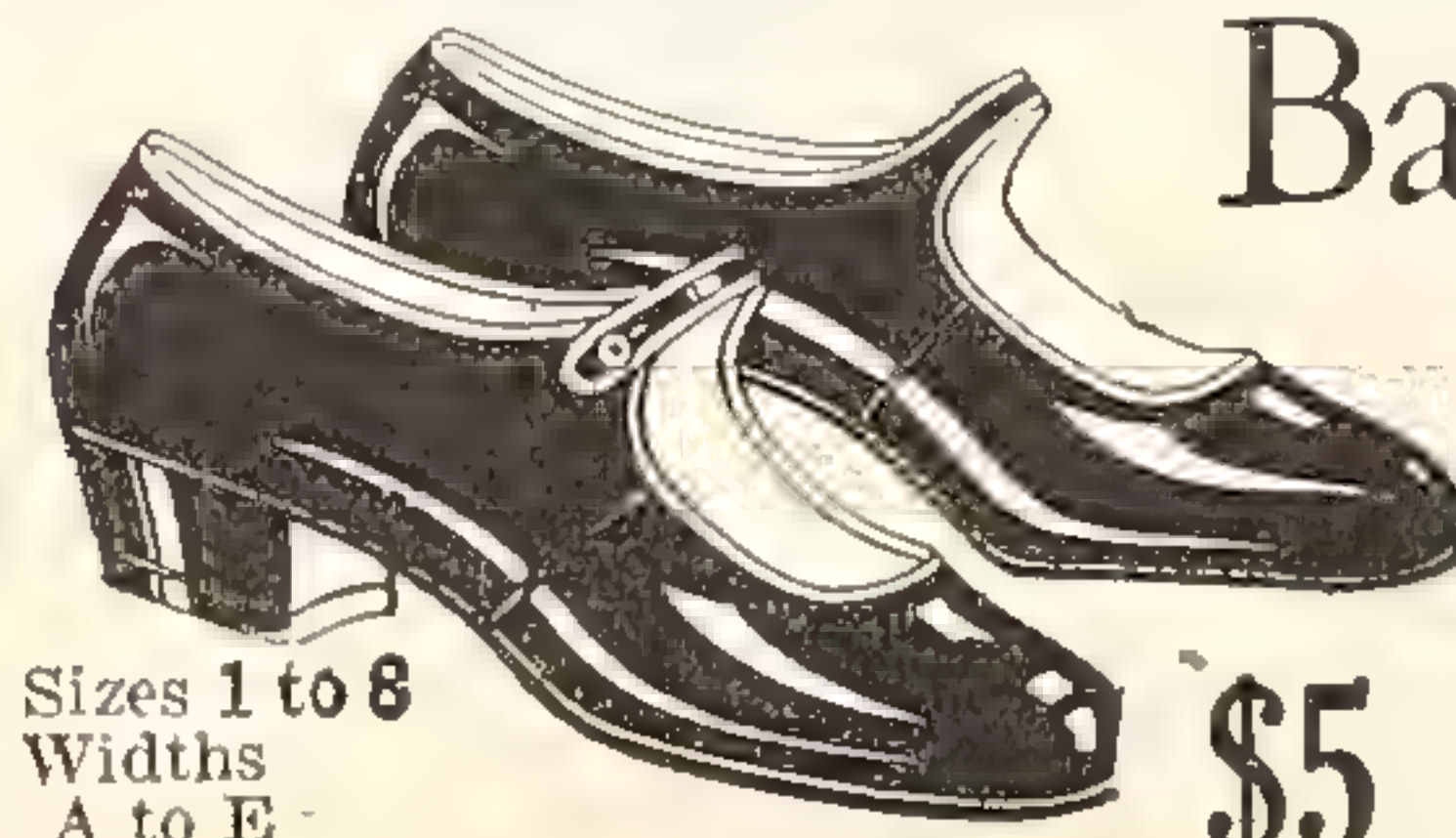
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to New York and caught a cold in the head. Maybe that was why she suddenly developed a complex. She began to talk about her duty to her fans, which was certainly interesting, since she hadn't any yet. She visited her home town and wouldn't speak to her old friends. The last I heard of her she was back in California, so busy talking about her work that she didn't have time to do any.

The best example of a satisfactory star I ever knew was Wally Reid. He was happy and careless and gay, always. He never spoke about his following and rarely alluded to his own pictures unless pressed. Yet he took his work seriously. He was intensely fond of it. His favorite rôle was Peter Ibbetson in *Forever*. He never forgot his friends. He answered their letters. And he inspired in them a devotion that did not die with him.

The up-stage star is the unpopular star. Tommy Meighan first told me what the expression meant. "And never be like that," smiled Tommy. He took his own advice. He hasn't changed. He is so much in earnest about his work that he sometimes fails to get the right perspective on it. But he is always open to advice, from anybody.

Just the other day, how all your little ears must have burned! D. W. Griffith was talking about you. "What," he wanted to know, "do they want?" He believes that his *Isn't Life Wonderful?* appealed to only a few; and he proceeded to answer his own question by reminding himself that *Way Down East* attracted more audiences and made more money than any of his pictures. Griffith is an experimenter. He does not say, never has said, "The public wants this, or that." He admits he doesn't know. But he keeps trying.

Cecil B. deMille, the other director whose personality is as familiar to you as the stars themselves, seems to have made up his mind what they want and sticks to it. So he may be said to have made up their minds for them. So far, he hasn't changed it.

No matter how important Harold Lloyd becomes, it is a safe bet he will never be deaf to the few dissenting voices among all the hurrahs. When he hears a "no" among the yesses, he wants to know why, and he comes right out and asks why. He isn't belligerent about it. You have a perfect right not to like his comedies if you feel like it. But he figures you may have a good reason and he wants to know it.

Douglas MacLean sometimes goes so far as to admit that he isn't always right as a fun-maker. He doesn't stop at that. He, too, demands a reason. It might help him next time.

Of course, there are the few who grab their salaries and spend them without any qualms of conscience about how they earned them. There is the married star whose husband answers every criticism of his wife's work with querulous questions as to how better criticisms may be bought. There are always the stars who work from day to day in any old picture for any cheap company, content so long as they make more than their fellows. There's the star who regards picture work as a funny way of killing time; she can't be buying clothes every day, and she's been to Europe. But these aren't the real stars. Take a good look at them because they won't be with us long.

And if you still run across an occasional speech about "My Public," remember that you were young once, yourself.



## The Little Ways of Love—Continued from page 17

hundred times. And that time you played Aunt Jemima——"

"Never mind that——" Auntie Peck stopped her with uplifted hands, "tell me how you happen to have this date with Herb. I didn't know you had been seeing him lately."

"I haven't been," Kitty admitted. "But then you can't expect an honest-to-goodness star to have much to do with a little extra girl like me. And Herb's so decent—so really splendid, you know, that he wouldn't follow a girl about just for the fun he might get out of it. I haven't seen him for ages really—but just as I was leaving the lot today, I ran right into him. Say, he was a sight for sore eyes! You know his hair—all slicked back with your best patent leather pumps—and his face—one grin from ear to ear—and his eyes——" Kitty paused. "His eyes—oh, well, never mind them; they are brown anyway. And he was honest-to-goodness glad to see me. He nearly shook my arm off and right away he said, 'Say, Kitty, if you aren't busy to-night—how about a little dinner at *The Tinkle Bell*?' And so there you are——" Kitty made a little curtsy, "And here I am on my way to meet him."

"Not in that outfit!" Auntie Peck exclaimed. "You surely aren't going to dinner with a real star in a blue jersey sport outfit. And if you are going at all, you had better hurry into some suitable frock. It is about two shakes to six o'clock now."

"You've said it," Kitty kicked a brown pump clear across the room, "I'll have to

Kitty had known the storms and the darkness and the burden of many hardships. There had been times when she did not laugh. Neither had she cried. But she had set her mouth in a firm little line and determined to win out against the world somehow. And the world had not been adamant to her grit and her courage and her Irish determination. She had left a sick mother in the east and sought for Fame and Fortune in Hollywood. Especially had she sought the Fortune, for the doctors at home had told her a long rest in a sanitarium would bring health and strength to her mother again. For quite a while Kitty had been more than content with the money which her "small part" work brought her. It meant there was enough to send home every week, especially if she made her own clothes and was careful not to spend too lavishly, as she saw some of the other girls on the lot doing. But that first time she played a tiny part in a picture with Herbert Boynton, she had begun to dream of Fame. Herb had worked for it—and found it. Perhaps if she found it too—well, that might make him more aware of her—not just as a sweet little Irish miss he liked to be friends with—but as some one very wonderful he might come to love.

Kitty O'Hara never told any one about her dream of Fame. Not even did she tell Auntie Peck with whom she had come to live. Most of the girls about the lot did tell their troubles and their joys to Martha Peck, wardrobe mistress of the True-art Picture Company. Sometimes she was cast



Conrad Nagel (right) as the Duke in "The Only Thing" is being taught to fence by Emilio, Hollywood's famous fencing master.

hurry. I'm wearing my white georgette tonight. Herb likes simple things—especially on me—he said so once—He's given me a lot of good advice, really!"

"Oh, is that so!" Auntie Peck hummed softly. "And has he ever given you any advice on the little ways of love?"

"No—he hasn't," Kitty began to unfasten her dress. "And besides, Herb isn't the least romantic. He's the best sport—and the finest friend a girl could have—and what more do you want, can you tell me?"

"Sure—I could tell you," Auntie Peck agreed, "but you wouldn't listen to me if I tried. I'll run along and see about getting some dinner of my own—ah me for a Loch-invar that wouldn't mind paying my dinner checks——"

Kitty laughed and made haste with her preparations. Her laugh was light as this tledown blown on the winds of the world. She was young and merry and carefree. To her all Life was good and the days were fair. Not always had the days been fair.

for small character parts, but whether on the lot or out on location, she was always Auntie Peck to the girls—and to the stars as well. Almost at once she had taken little Kitty O'Hara under her motherly wing, and a warm affection had grown up between them.

By seven Kitty was ready when Herb called for her in his sporting grey roadster. With a soft kiss for the elderly woman, and a "I'll bring you home something nice, old dear," she was away in a ripple of laughter and a mist of white georgette. It was an evening of June, balmy and sweet-scented and enchanting. Something within Kitty's heart was as magical and as sweet as the evening. Not every night did she have such fun as this. . .

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"I always like to dine here," Herb Boynton said as he helped her to alight. "It is  
(Continued on page 90)



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"Well now," he began when they had settled at a secluded table in a far corner and given their order to a waitress, "Well now, Kitty—such ages since we met—you'll have to go away back a month and tell me what you have been doing all that time."

Kitty laughed a little, but the laughter caught in her throat. "Oh—I haven't been doing anything wonderful," she said, "Playing a small flapper part in 'The Loves of Claire.' Awfully stupid—I've been bored to death. Oh Herb,"—she did not realize her earnestness and the intensity of her words—"I'd be so happy—oh just raving happy—if I could be a real success—you know—like you are—"

"Now see here, Kitty," Herb Boynton pushed aside his water glass and regarded her with troubled concern, "Don't begin to see success the way the world sees it. That would be all wrong of you, you know. Success isn't so much how big a thing we do—or in pictures, how great a part we have—but how well we do the part which is given us."

"I know, Herb," Kitty smiled at him in spite of herself, "I have heard you say all that before. I like hearing you say it again. But all the same—I'd like to really achieve something worth while. You have done it—"

"Not yet," he cut in. "You see, little miss, I have had every chance. A fellow doesn't realize how much his home training is going to count until he gets out into the world. And then he finds out. My mother and my father did everything that was right for me. They gave me ideals. They let me know how much good thoughts and decency and honor counted in the world. I would be little less than a cad if I didn't live up to what I have been taught. That is all I am doing in my work—putting into my pictures the best that I have—trying to show all the other fellows everywhere that being clean—and square—pays.

That's it—it pays—"

"And that is why every one likes you," Kitty conceded, "and why they all want more and more of you. You suit the boy parts, Herb. Some day they will give you a real man part—and then—" she twinkled across at him—"And then you'll have to do a really and truly love scene. Oh I know how you always steer clear of the love scenes—but some day—"

"Maybe by that time I will have met the real girl—" Herb looked away and out of the window in a short, embarrassed silence—"And maybe I'll know something about real love too. But I am in no hurry, Kitty. I couldn't play around with a girl the way some fellows do. When she comes—say, I'll know it—swift and sure—that she is the one and only girl in the world for me. She won't have to make eyes at me—and hold my hands in the dark and call me 'Honey-boy' when no one is listening. I won't have to be told when I meet her—I'll just know."

"That is it," Kitty agreed, "You'll know. My mother always says that love comes like violets in the night—You waken to a magical morning—and lo—they are blooming everywhere—"

THEY talked then of many things, shop mostly—some of the recent pictures they had seen—new faces about the studios—Herb's best boy friends—Aunty Peck and what a great-hearted character she was—of many things did they talk, but not once did Kitty open wide the door of her heart that Herbert Boynton might have one surprised peek within. They lingered long over their food. Later they went gaily out upon the floor and danced with the happy, care-free crowd. They danced the evening hours away—and little Kitty O'Hara lived every moment of this precious happiness.

Not often did she have such a wonderful night as this, not often did her dreams come so close to a realization—

It was close to midnight when she returned home. The little apartment was in darkness, and she tip-toed to her yellow and white room. She was glad Aunty Peck was fast asleep, glad she would never have to know—

She might have switched on the light and made ready for bed. The hour was late for her and there was a picture to be completed in the morning. She might have been sensible and sleepy, but alas—Love works some queer, old tricks. Instead she flung herself on the bed in the dark, and her whole young, lithe figure shook with sobs, great, heaving, swelling sobs.

"Oh, dear God—dear God," it was almost a prayer, "Why do we have to want what we know we can never have? Oh Herb—Herb—to be fine enough for you—"



good enough for you—I would—Oh, why didn't I stop loving him when I knew it would never do me any good?"

She did not hear a light step in her room, did not know that Auntie Peck was there beside her, folding her in her strong motherly arms, crooning to her in loving tones,

"There—there—Kitty—never mind—it will all work out somehow—things do, my dear—even Love—if we give it time. You will have to show that Herb—wake him up to the little ways of love—the little ways—"

"Oh no—no," Kitty sat up then and dried her eyes, "I wouldn't do that—I wouldn't. And besides—what makes you think I am crying about Herb," her voice quavered even though she strove to be calm, "What makes you know—I have never said word—never a word—"

"And that is just how I know. You're sweet girl, Kitty, my own—but you can't shut your heart to your old Auntie Peck. You never could fool me—But that Herb chap—he must be shown—blind as a bat he is—and about as smart, for all of his success. Now do what I say—play up to him a little; a winning smile—a bit holding of the hands—a little sweet word when other folks are not around—that will make him see—"

"Yes—that will make him see," Kitty repeated ironically, "what a little fool I am! Why, he would hate me then. He can't stand these soft, sentimental girls. That's one reason he likes me—as much as he does—because I am not soft—not sweetish. What can you do with a boy like that—when you know that the more he holds off—all the other girls—the more he does that—then the more you know he is the boy for you. He's built a little fence of prejudice all around his heart—and there isn't any way of getting inside—not any way that I know of—"

She pondered it all through the night and during the following days. And she never came any nearer to solving her problem. There was only one thing she could do—to go her jaunty way—and not to care—not to care a snap—

It was one morning a week later that Sheldon sent for her. Sheldon was Herb's director. She went with fear and hope fighting together in her heart. Sheldon greeted her warmly.

"Well, Miss O'Hara, we are casting for Herb Boynton's next picture—a real story if there ever was one—and he has suggested that you might be good for one of the small parts. I think you would do pretty well myself. I'll explain the idea to you."

Kitty sat down numbly. Here was another dream so wonderfully coming true. Ever since the days of "The Wild and Woolly Wests" she had longed for another part in a picture with Herb. She had nothing to say. She waited in a little speechless surprise.

"The story is a sure-fire comedy," the director went right along. "It is called 'Romeo Has His Day!' Nifty. In this story Herb is supposed to be the son of poor but ambitious parents. There is only one thing they can do—and that is to have him marry an heiress. But Herb isn't keen about marriage at all—"

Kitty laughed softly, "That part will suit him. He is the widest awake bachelor I ever heard about."

"Righto," Sheldon laughed with her. "This picture is going to rock the country from the Atlantic to the Pacific. These ambitious parents pick out the girl. She's no real beauty, or some young sheik would have married her long ago. She is more than flattered by Herb's attention, and

## "How I hoped you couldn't swim!"

THE flush of her radiant cheek as she cut the water in clean, swift strokes had aroused his chivalry. He had longed to rescue her, to do some heroic deed worthy of her vivid, glowing youth. But she had raced him far out to the pier and back. And now, with cheeks aglow, she sat in the full glare of the sunlit beach, rosier and lovelier than when she had started!

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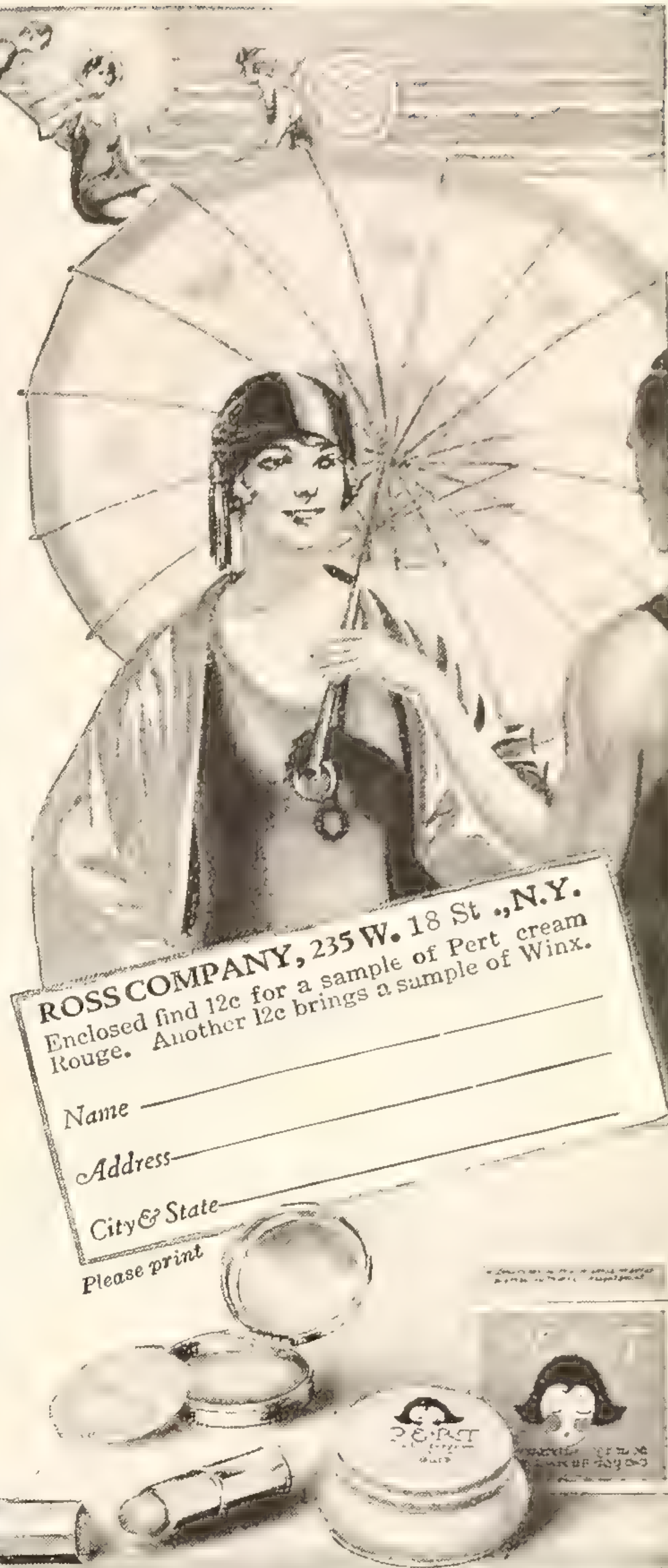
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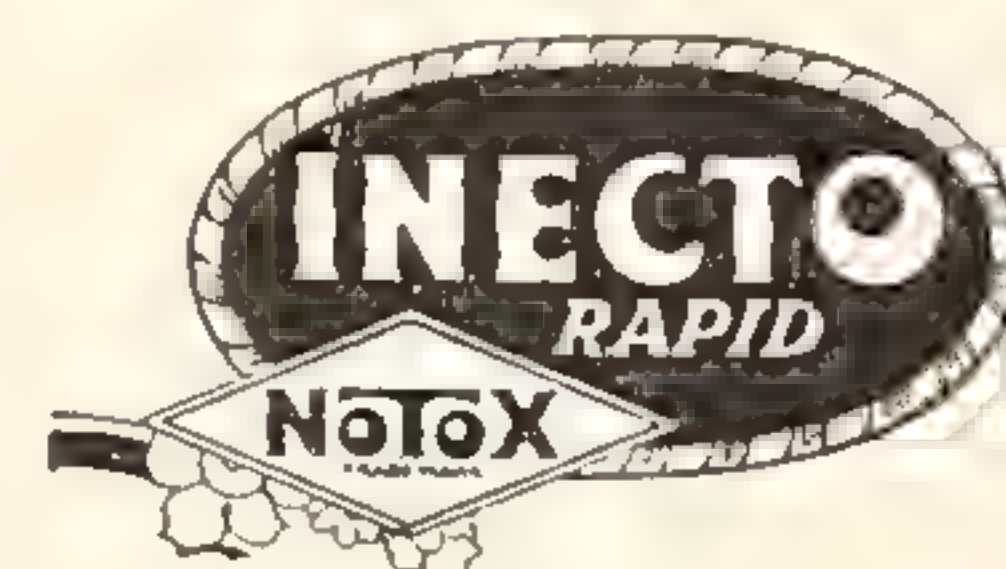
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when he finally brings himself to the point of proposing to her, she joyously accepts him—and the poor son finds himself cornered—and there doesn't seem the ghost of a chance of him ever getting free. Mary's little lamb had nothing on this heiress. Everywhere Herb goes, she must follow him too. One day he witnesses a lover's quarrel and he hits on the idea that if he can make his fiancée really jealous, she will in a fit of anger be sure to throw him over. So he makes love to every girl who comes into sight. Funny, eh—and Herb not knowing any more about love-making than a fish out of water. But Miss Heiress will not be daunted—she has a sweet and adoring nature, without a trace of jealousy. All this takes place at a famous summer resort, where Herb's parents have spent their last cent to put their son up at this swell hotel, so he can meet—and marry the girl they picked out.

"One of the serving maids at the hotel attracts Herb's attention, and one morning, just in a spirit of fun, he catches her and kisses her. And without knowing it he works the charm; Miss Heiress comes along just in time to see. She could stand him making love to all the girls on the boardwalk, but she would never forgive him for kissing a mere serving maid! Right on the spot she throws him down—and the poor little serving maid flees in a panic, knowing she will be fired once the management hears of it. She had no business, she knows, to flirt with the nice young man in the first place. But the young man writes her a nice note, tells the hotel manager it was all his fault, and begs him not to discharge her. Then Herb, free at last, goes out and gets a real job and becomes a rich man and a success in the way of his choice. Now what do you think of that for an idea?"

Kitty chuckled, "That will fit Herb like a glove," she said. "He surely is getting his success in his own way—and there isn't anybody living can make him marry the wrong girl—heiress or otherwise."

Sheldon eyed her with a close scrutiny. "I thought," he began, "that we might cast you as one of the boardwalk flappers. But now that you are here—and we have talked things over—say, how would you like to play the part of the little serving girl?"

"Why——" Kitty gasped—"I would like it—it would be—heaps of fun——"

"Then that settles it," Sheldon rose and held out his hand, "It's a bit larger part than usual, Miss O'Hara, but not the star part by a few good miles. I'll see that your salary has a fair increase—and I know you will make good."

LITTLE Kitty O'Hara walked home in a daze. She scarcely could believe this strange, funny thing which had happened to her. It was not the good fortune this time—not the increased salary—that stunned like tears in her eyes. It was the picture of which she thought—and their one big little scene! Herb would take her in his arms and kiss her. For a brief moment she would know a great joy. But Herb—Herb would not know it! He would not care! It would be merely another picture to him. And she would never be able to show him——

He phoned her that evening.

"Isn't it jolly," he exulted over the wire, "I knew Sheldon would see you had the brains for a decent part if he only had talk with you. And won't you make a ripping little serving maid—white apron—cap—and all! O I say Kitty—there are big things on the way for you. Just stick to the game and you'll be a star yet——"

Auntie Peck voiced her delight when the good news was told to her.

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"I've always said you should have your dance," she declared, "And there will be other things coming to you, my dear. And I'll take a bit advice from me—if there is any love scene coming your way—don't you see any opportunities?"

Sheldon was the kind of a director who had a few ideas of his own. He believed in the intelligence and understanding of his players once the story was made clear to them, and he did not go in for a tedious kind of rehearsals.

"Takes all the starch out of my players," he would comment, "I like to take each scene just as it comes. That's where I get the spontaneity and freshness . . ."

Almost at once they began work on the

He sighted her waiting in her neat black frock and her maid's crisp cap. He smiled and waved across at her.

And in that moment, as a dam breaks and the imprisoned waters pour through, all the pent-up emotions within her broke loose and flooded through her being. What did Fame matter? What did Fortune matter? What did she care for the whole world, whether it laughed and mocked her, whether it scorned and rejected her? There was Herb—hers—only he did not know he was hers—and without him, nothing in the wide world mattered to her at all. In a minute now—she would be in his arms—she would lift her lips for his kiss—and in that minute—precious, fleeting, lost—no, it



W. C. Fields and Carol Dempster in D. W. Griffiths' "Sally of the Sawdust."

terior scenes of the picture, and during the days Kitty saw much of Herb. During rest and lunch periods he always sought her out for a friendly chat and sometimes they would share the mid-day snack together. But as the days went on—and the great day came nearer and nearer—little Kitty O'Hara grew actually afraid.

"Oh what can I do," she half moaned the night, "What can I do? Herb is going to take me in his arms—just a quick, casual kiss—and then—oh I'll make a fool of myself sure—I may even break down—and cry—It is going to be terrible—and oh so wonderful too. . . ."

The very next morning Sheldon accosted her, "We are going to take that love scene this morning, Miss O'Hara, before we go ahead with the exteriors. Pretty sure you know just what to do—any questions you want to ask?"

Kitty shook her head, "I am pretty sure of my part," she said, and the words stuck in her throat. Her head swam and her heart went thump-thump. She wondered if Sheldon could hear the pounding of her heart—and what he would think of her if he did hear.

It had come—the great moment—so unexpectedly—too soon—even before she had time to steel herself to the ordeal. She stood apart watching them adjust the lights, watching them place the furniture for the scene; and as they arranged the last details, Herb entered from the far side of the room.

must not be lost—for she would tell him—she would let him know—

Herb strolled over to her side.

"I guess they are ready for us, Kitty," he said, "Come on now—and don't mind anything—it is only me—"

They began their little part—she sweeping in the supposed corridor of the hotel, he nearby flirting with her. Her eyes sought his, wide and questioning and dream-filled. A moment, and he swept her into his arms. Her arms went out and around his neck. . . .

"Oh Herb—Herb—" her voice was a half sob, "Hold me close—just this once, dear—I love you—and you don't care—and I know it—I don't care if I do spoil the old scene—I don't care about anything—just you—you—oh Herb—and kiss me—kiss me truly, Herb—and all my days—oh, I'll remember it—I'll—"

Sheldon whistled under his breath, "Get all of that," he called to the camera man, "Gosh, it is great stuff. I never knew the girl could act like that—why—she's the real thing—she's a wonder—and Herb—"

So short a time and it was over. Kitty suddenly turned and fled to her dressing room. They all heard the banging of the door. Herb alone stood bewildered. Sheldon went over and slapped him on the back.

"Say, that was great stuff, boy! You were right about Miss O'Hara—she has it in her—I'll see about giving her some leads

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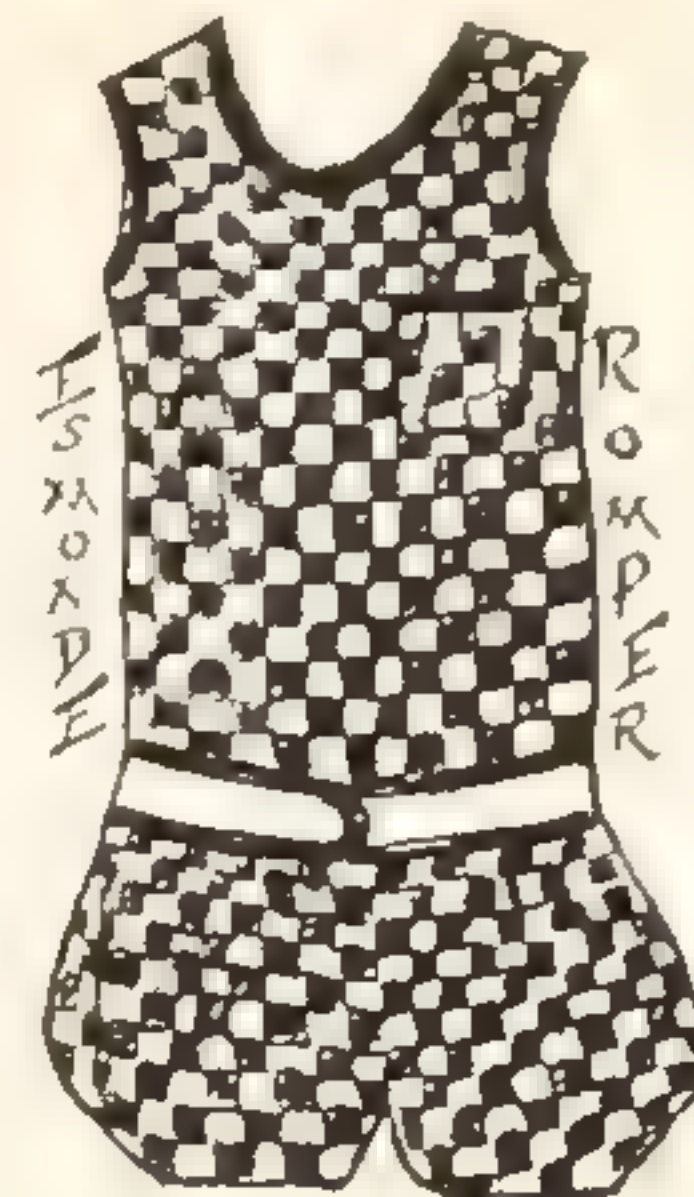
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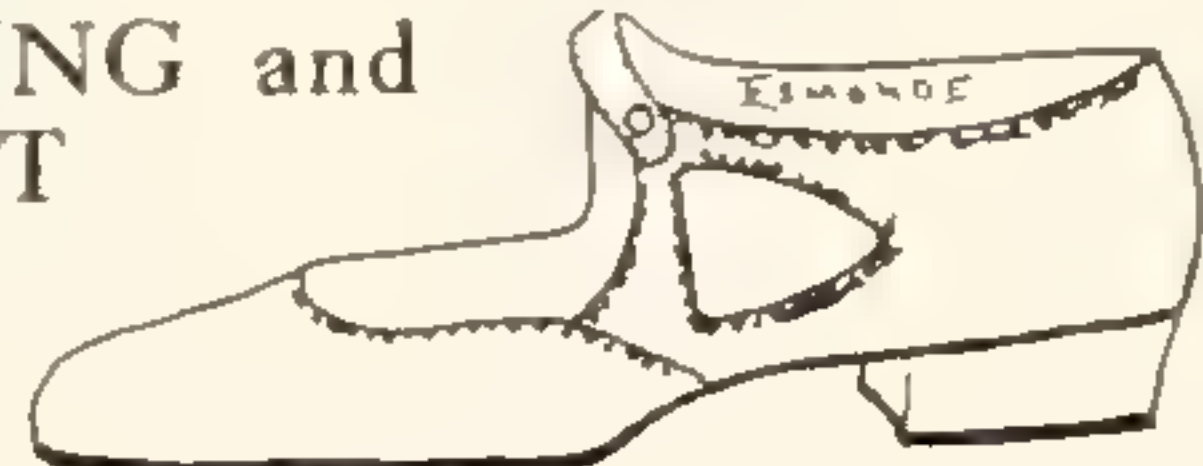
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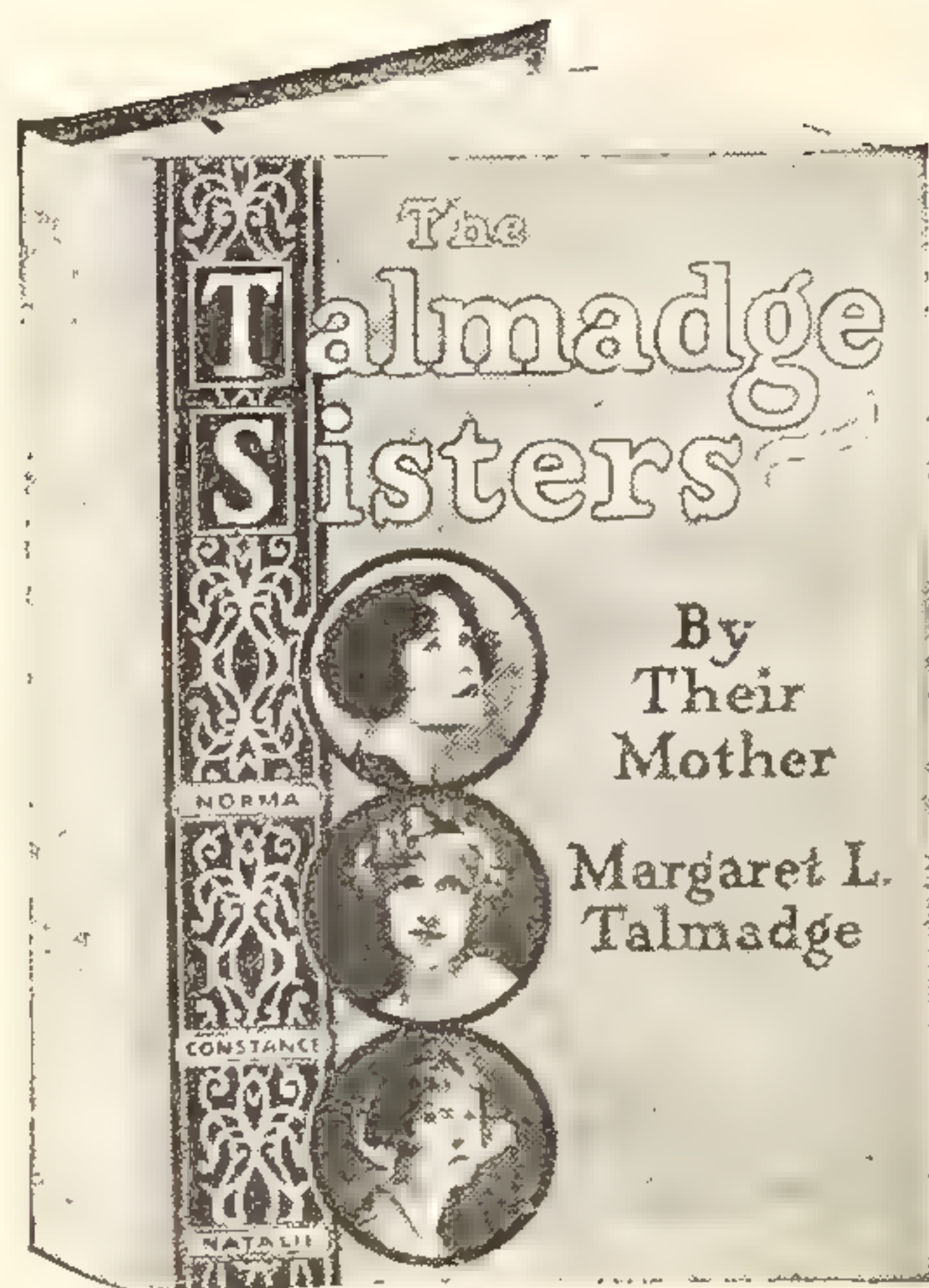
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—and later—there'll be a star part—a contract likely—"

"I am wondering," Herb spoke slowly, as though he scarcely realized that he spoke at all, "I am wondering if you couldn't swing the idea of this picture a little—so that Kitty's scene becomes the big part of the picture?"

"But I don't get you," Sheldon was puzzled.

"Suppose I find that the little serving maid is the real girl for me, and I break with Miss Heiress—and the maid is the one who makes a man out of me—because I haven't got the pep to make a man out of myself. Make it her picture—don't you see."

"But that will never do," Sheldon protested, "Why, Herb, this is one of your star films—you aren't going to give it away to somebody else—it can't be done—"

Herb drew the manager aside and they sat down on camp chairs to talk it out.

"Oh yes—it can be done," Herb was emphatic, "And that is the way I want it—cross my heart, it is. You see, Sheldon—it's like this—the part doesn't matter so much to me—the glory of it—if you want me to put it that way. But to that little girl—Kitty—say, it will mean everything! And you can't deny that she pulled a big one in the scene we just acted."

Sheldon eyed his youthful star with apparent misgiving.

"Herb," he said, "You aren't being a fool, are you? You aren't letting that girl's silly kiss go to your head?"

"But it wasn't a silly kiss," Herb denied hotly. "You don't understand—She was trying so hard to do the right thing—"

"And enjoying it," Sheldon offered. "Why, Herb, any girl on the lot would be crazy for a chance to kiss you like that—and Kitty O'Hara—a nice little thing all right—but just like all the rest of them..."

Herb Boynton stopped him with a gesture, "That's just where you are wrong, Sheldon—she isn't. She is a whole lot different—and finer—and nicer than any other girl about this lot. She isn't soft—not a vamp—the way you think. She's genuine—right down to the bottom of her heart—and I know! Get that—will you? This has got to be her picture. She'll make a man out of me yet—you mark my word."

"Well—we could twist the idea," Sheldon admitted at length, "Folks everywhere fall for the love stuff. It could be done. But, Herb, think it over, boy—it'll put your nose out of joint."

Herb laughed and got up, "That's all right," he said, "You go right ahead and punch my nose. I'm due for a knock-out when I come up against a game little sport like Kitty O'Hara."

At once he sought out Kitty's dressing room. A tearful voice responded to his knock,

"Hello—who's there?"

"It's me—it's Herb—Kitty—"

She came to the door and opened it a crack. "I know what you want," she sniffed, "You've come to tell me I'm fired."

"Nothing of the sort—and just to prove it—well, we're to go through that love scene again—a few little extra touches—Sheldon said it was great."

"You mean a re-take," Kitty showed her surprise, "Right now—oh Herb!"

"Sure—that's the idea—put some powder on your nose—and come along—"

He strolled down the corridor and waited. A few brief minutes, and she joined him.

"Come on, Kitty," he invited softly "right here in my arms where you belong—close, dear—just this once. Sure, I love



—love you—Kitty—better than anything else in the world. Such a dumb head but when you kissed me—little girl—I knew—swift and sure—just as I said I could. You're the only girl—in the world—for me. Kiss me again, little sweetheart—the way you did it before. . . ."

Out of the corner of her eye Kitty saw that they were alone on the set. Sheldon and the other players had departed. There was no camera eye watching them, and no camera man. If any one was near to see them at all, it was a kindly God who has never looked down upon lovers since the world began with a watchful and protecting eye.

"A retake," Herb whispered, "all by ourselves! And we'll keep on retaking forever."

## Let's All Go to the Movies

(Continued from page 14)

Vita Naldi create dramatic contrast in the second. Lewis Stone is also featured in that picture as well as in John M. Stahl's picture, "Fine Clothes." Having recovered from appendicitis Doris Kenyon has completed "The Half Way Girl" in time for Greater Movie Season. "The Lucky Devil" makes a pugilist and racing driver of Richard Dix.

"The Street of Forgotten Men" strikes a distinctive note—first, because its location is no more than an alley running off the Bowery, New York. But what a place! Professional mendicants congregate at the apple factory where perfectly normal, healthy men are converted into apparently homeless, legless, maimed or blind monstrosities who earn \$50 or \$100 a day begging around the streets of New York. Percy Armstrong, Mary Brian and Neil Hamilton had this cast. Then there's the nationwide release of "Ten Commandments"; there's "Siege," the big Universal special; there's—but what's the use! The list is limitless. With stars, studios and theatres everywhere co-operating to present a season that does honor to the screen, August could prove a hard blow to gloom-casters who mumble, "Movies ain't what they used to be," and a period of real enjoyment for others who are glad they're not.

And now show this to a critic, or more particularly to a calamity-howler. Call it a hundred years of humor.

Less than a century ago riding on railroads was regarded as so evil that the use of public school houses for a discussion of the railroad problem was prohibited. Proclamations declared "such things as railroads are impossibilities and rank infidelity." In 1826 a letter signed by the school board of Lancaster, Ohio, protested, "If God had signed that his intelligent creates should travel at the frightful speed of 15 miles an hour by steam, he would clearly have foreboded it through his holy prophets."

Eighty years ago medical men declared bath-tubs a menace to health. In 1843 Philadelphia tried to prohibit bathing between November 1 and March 15 by ordinance; in 1845 Boston made bathing unlawful except when prescribed by a physician and at the same time Virginia placed a luxury tax of \$30 a year on every bath-tub. Twenty-five years ago the bicycle and later the automobile were "agencies of the evil for the ruination of our youth."

All that sounds a good joke now. Yet were the people who said those things any kinder than those who today fail to recognize the importance of motion pictures?

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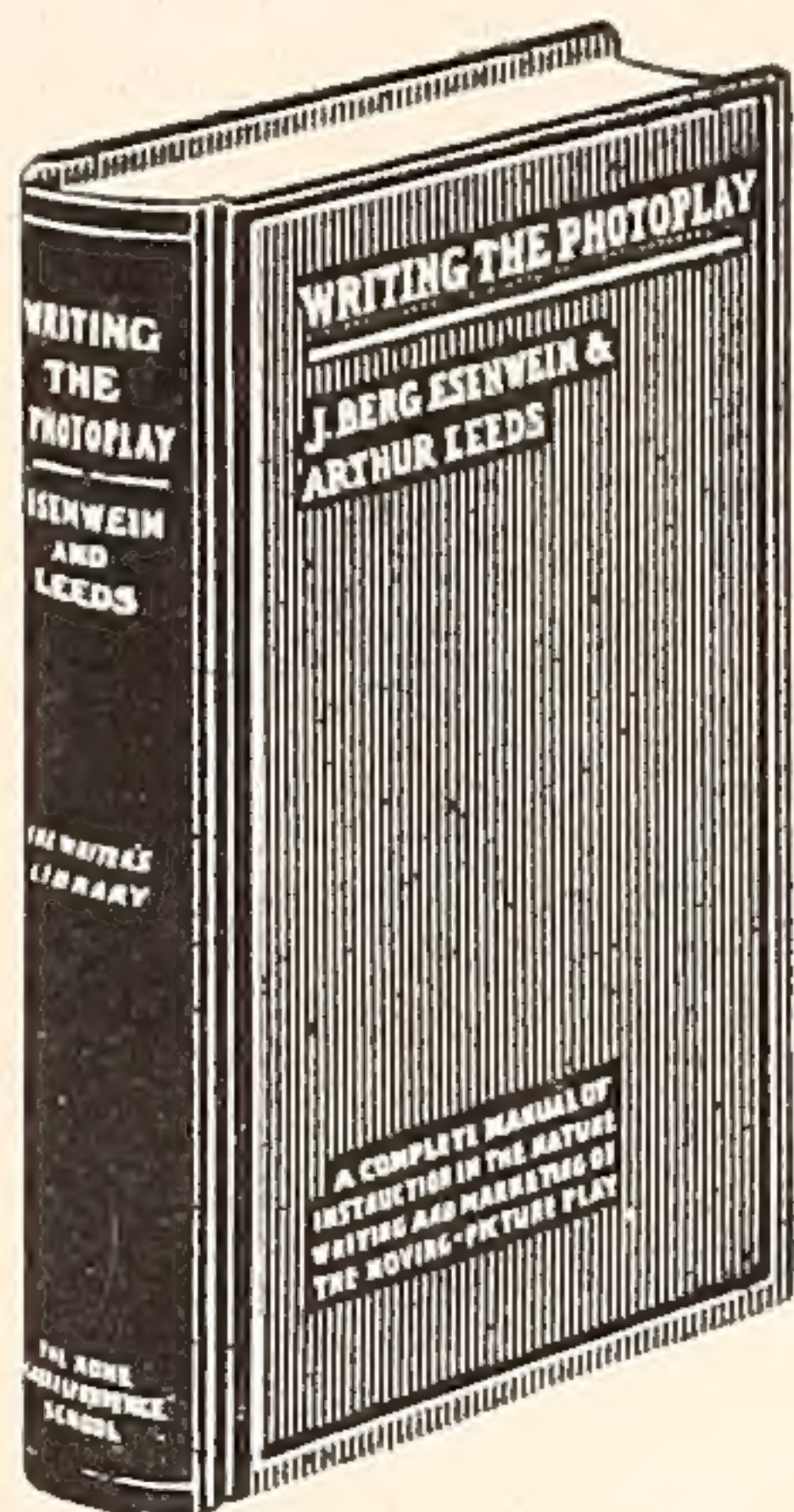
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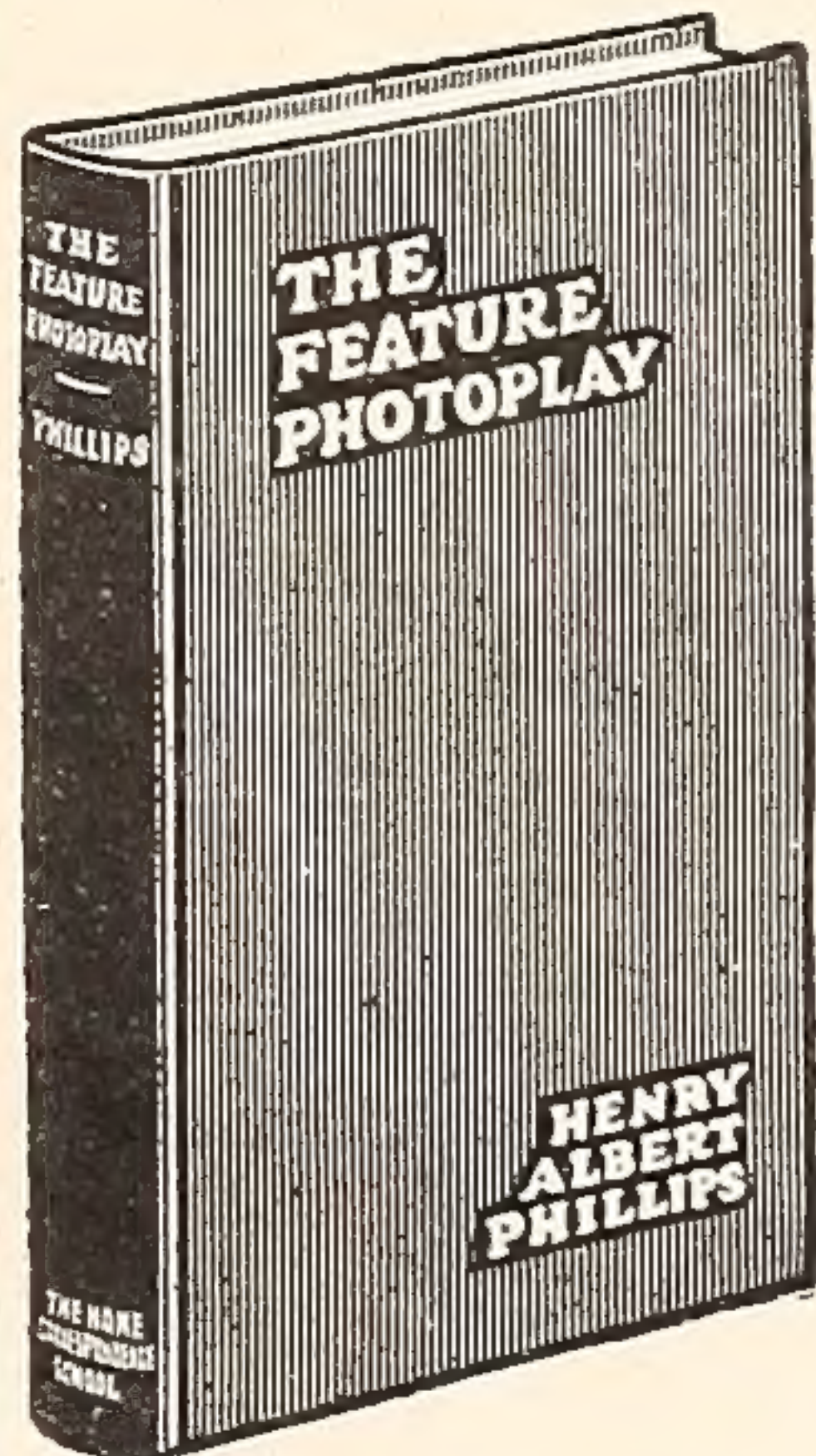


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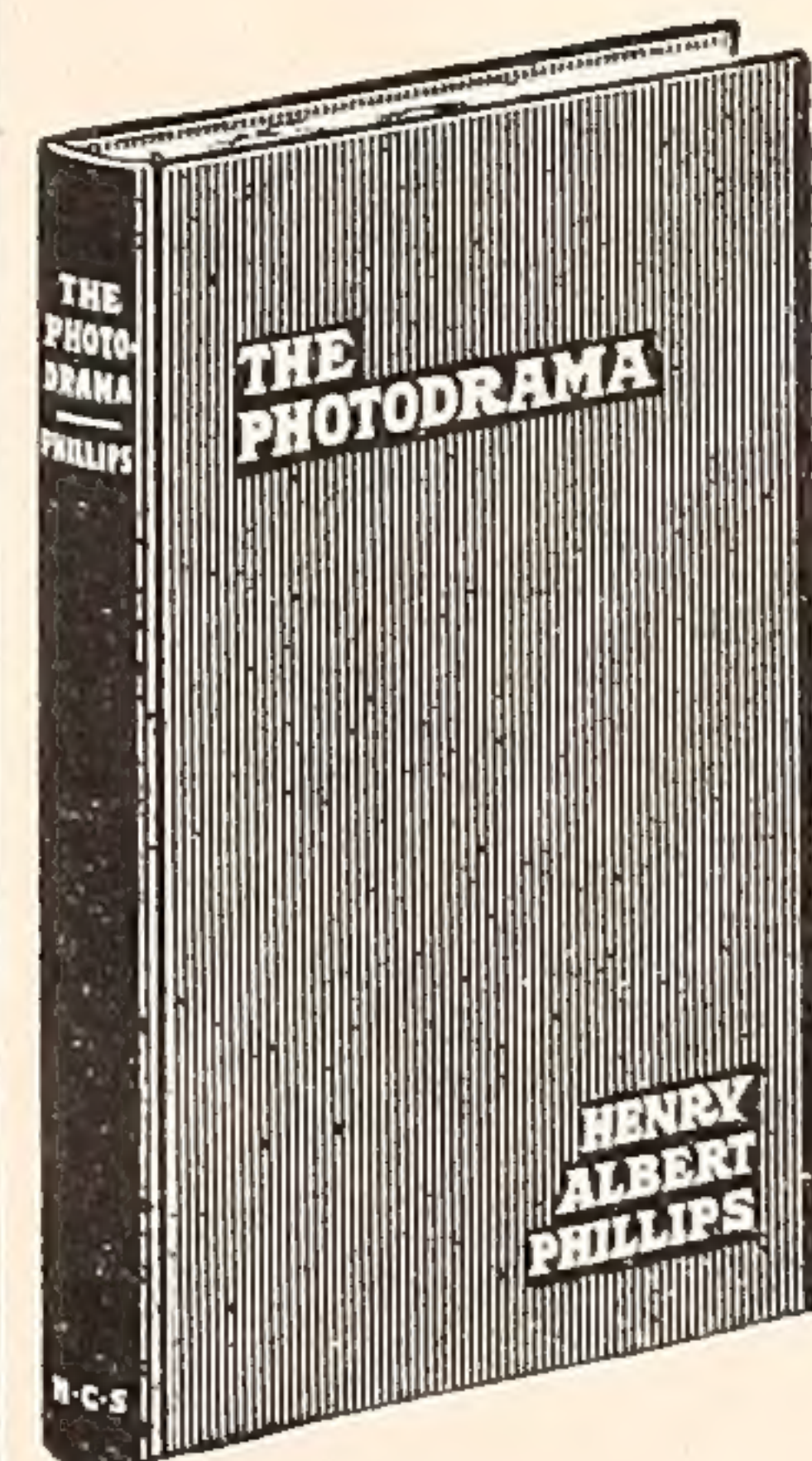
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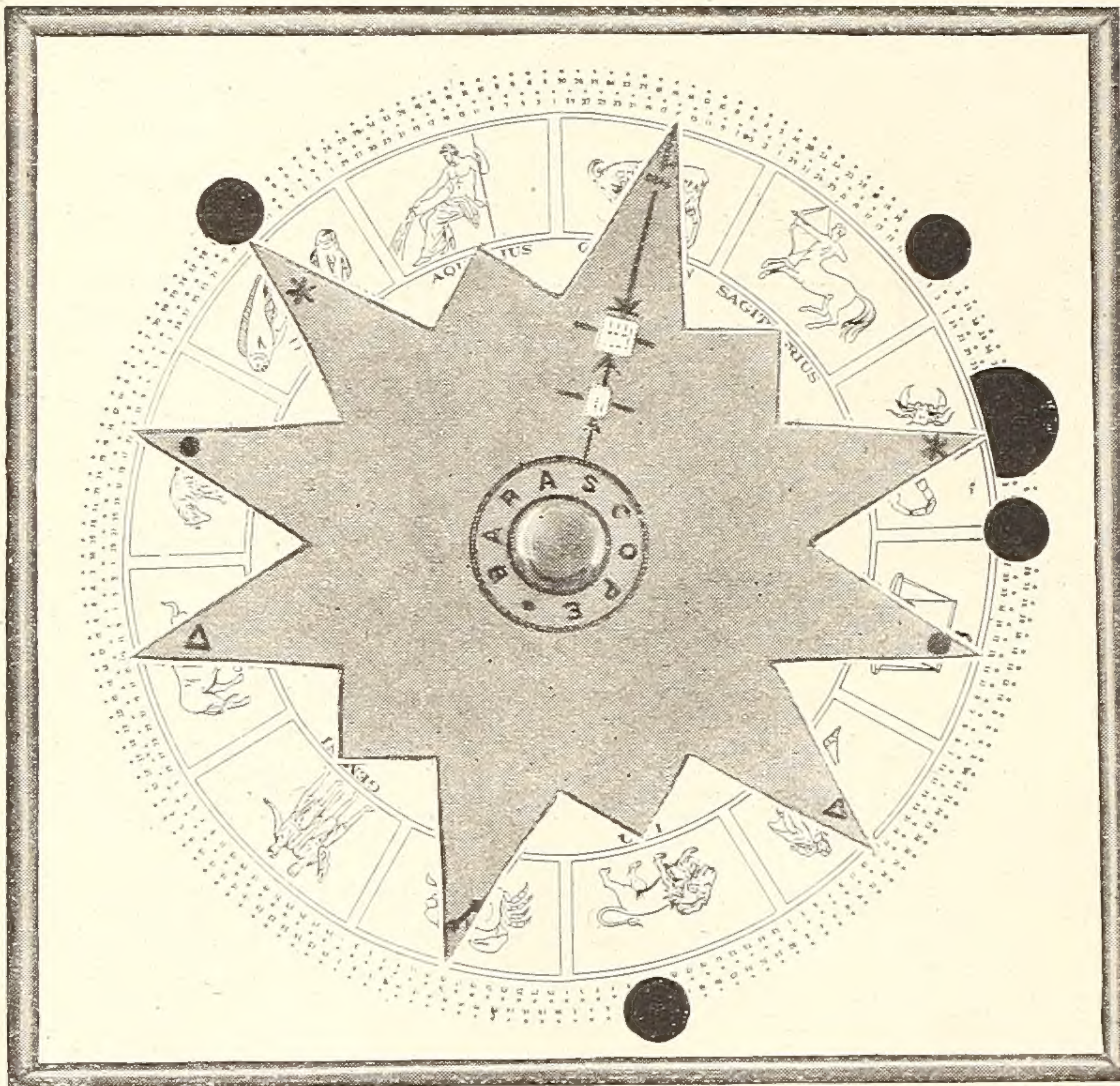
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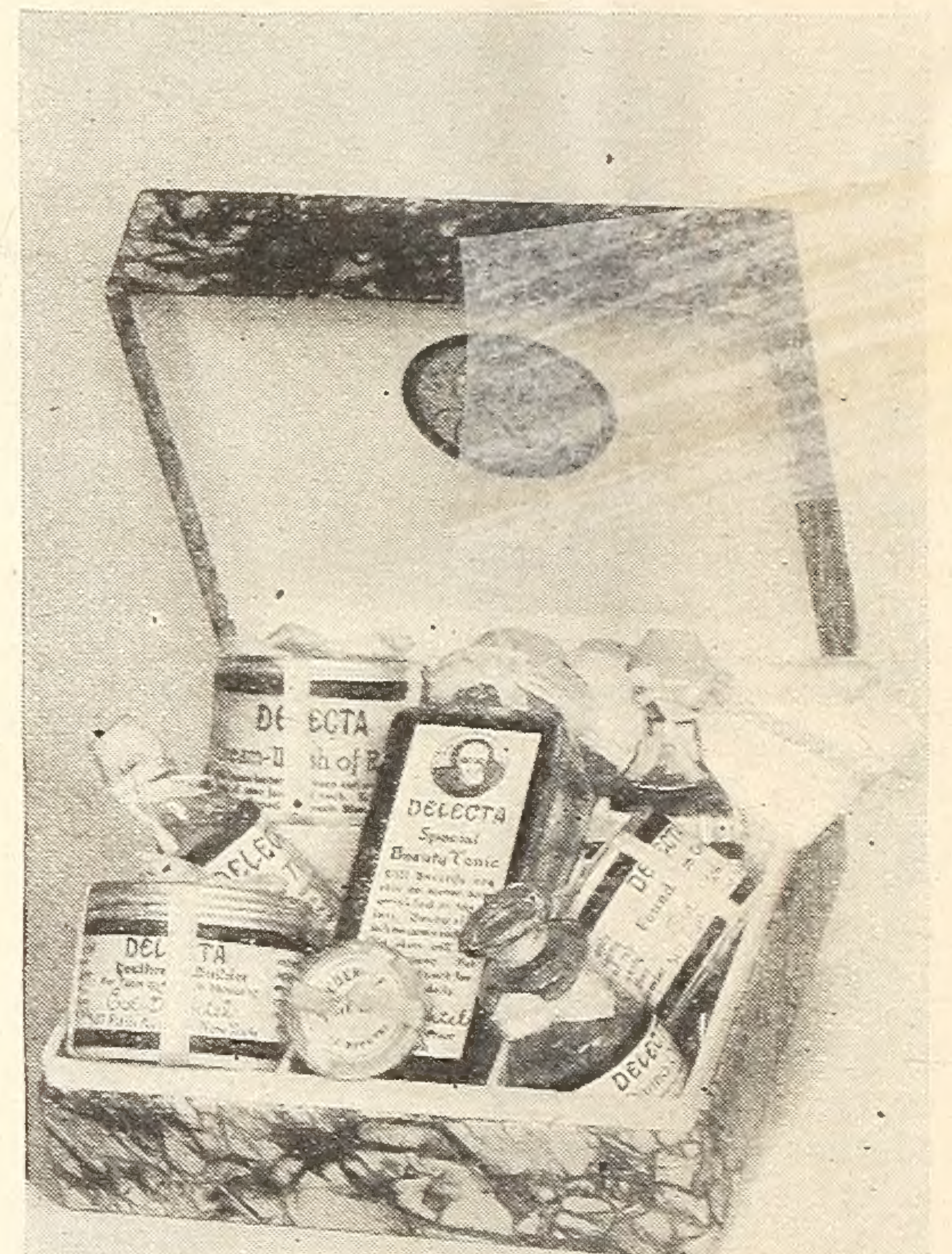
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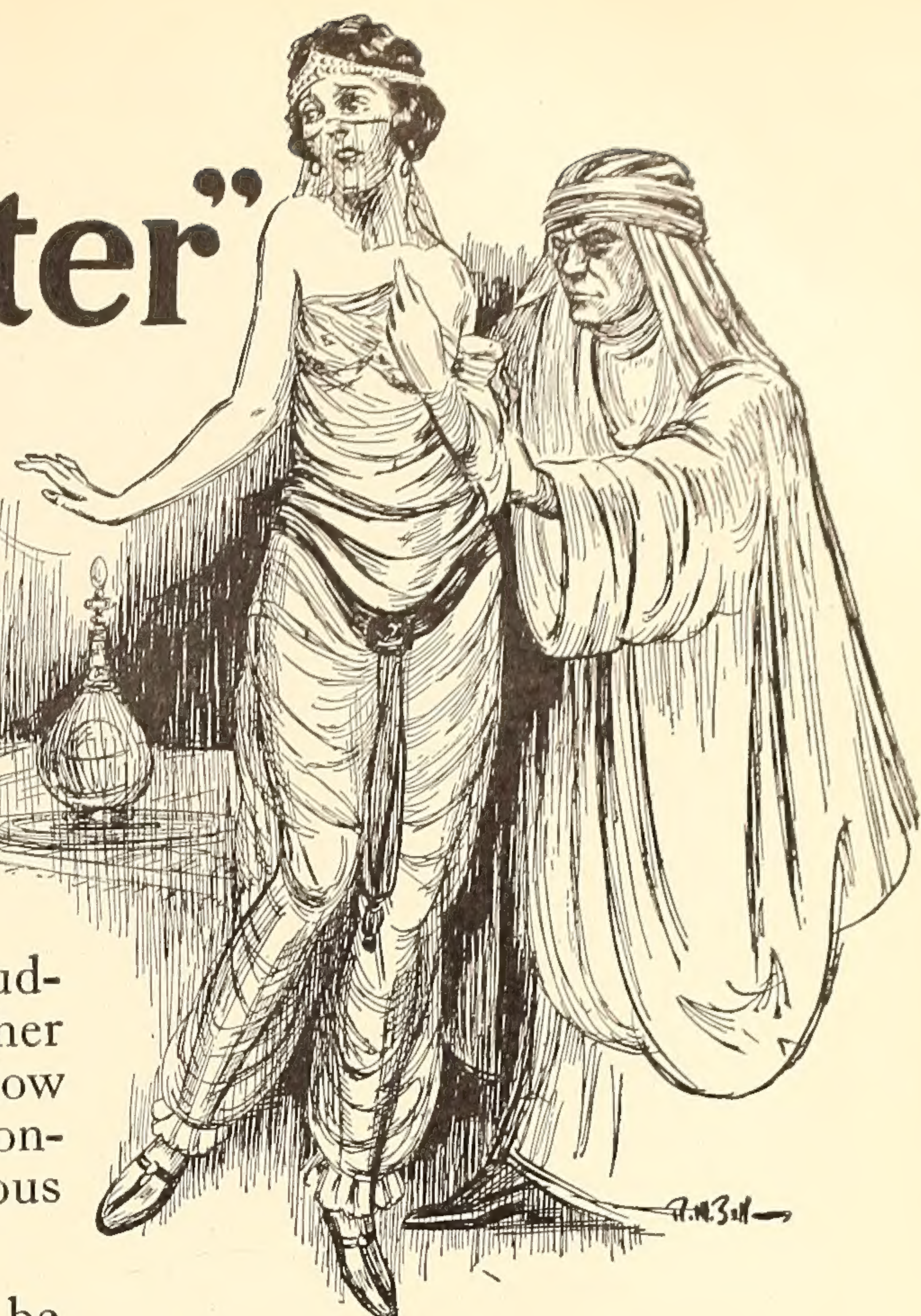
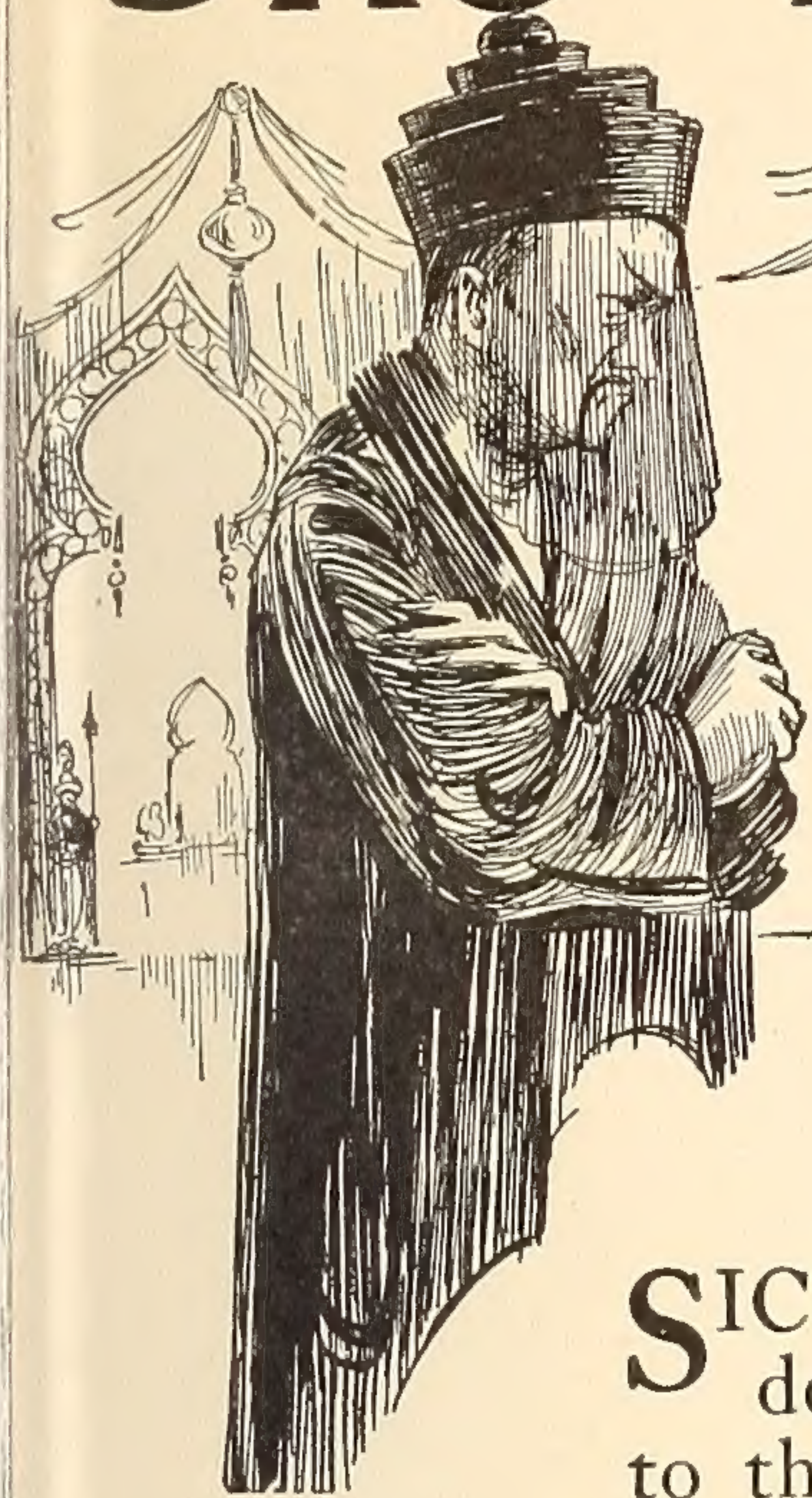
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